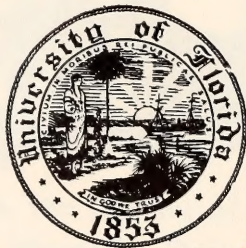


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THE
CITY WITHOUT WALLS



THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

An Anthology setting forth
the Drama of Human Life

arranged by

MARGARET CUSHING OSGOOD

And there came unto me one of the seven Angels and he carried me away in the Spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great City the holy Jerusalem, descending out of Heaven from God. And her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal.

And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the City had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the Glory of God did lighten it.

NEW YORK
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1936



PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I WISH to express my profound thanks to the authors representatives and publishers of the works from which I have drawn, and in particular to the following for permission to use copyright material:

To the Poet Laureate, Mr. John Masefield, and Messrs. Heinemann, for use of the poem 'Vagabond,' from *The Collected Poems of John Masefield*, published by William Heinemann, Ltd.

To Messrs. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., for a passage from *Sibyls and Seers*, by Edwyn Bevan; passages from *Religious Systems of the World*, by E. G. Browne; lyrics from *Mystic Lyrics of the Indian Ages*, translated by R. T. Gribble; 'To Earth, the Mother of All', 'To Aphrodite', 'To Pan', 'To Helios', 'To the Moon', from *Homeric Hymns* translated by Andrew Lang; and passages from *The Collected Works of J. M. Synge*.

To Messrs. Edward Arnold and Co., for a passage from *Milton*, by Walter Raleigh.

To Mr. Thomas Baker and Miss Geraldine E. Hodgson, for passages from *The Form of Perfect Living*, edited by G. E. Hodgson.

To Messrs. George Bell and Sons, Ltd., for passages from *The Mystics of Islam*, by R. A. Nicholson.

To Messrs Ernest Benn, Ltd., for two passages from *The Religious Songs of Connacht*, by Douglas Hyde.

To Messrs. Ernest Benn, Ltd., and Mr. W. B. Yeats, for permission to use the poem 'When you are old', from *The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats*; and to The Macmillan Company of New York, U.S.A.

To Messrs. A. and C. Black, Ltd., for passages from *Early Greek Philosophy*, by John Burnet; *The Apocalypse of Baruch*, translated by Canon R. H. Charles; and *Studies of the Greek Poets*, by John Addington Symonds.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To Mr. Basil Blackwell and Mrs. Gretchen Warren, for poems from *The Sword and Trackless Regions*, by Gretchen Warren.

To Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd., for passages from *Contemplation of the Dread and Love of God*, translated by F. M. M. Comper; and *Spiritual Instruction*, by Bertrand A. Wilberforce.

To Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd., and the Literary Executors of the late Francis Thompson, for passages from *The Poems of Francis Thompson*.

To The Cambridge University Press for passages from *The Vitality of Platonism*, by James Adam, including his translation of 'Cleanthes' Hymn to Zeus'; *The Odes of Solomon*, translated by J. H. Bernard; *The Homilies of Narsai*, translated by Dom. R. H. Connolly; *Zeus*, by A. B. Cook; *Catullus*, translated by F. W. Cornish; *Apocrypha Anecdota*, translated by M. R. James; *The Mysterious Universe*, by Sir James Jeans; *Tragedies of Sophocles*, translated by Sir Richard Jebb; *Essays and Addresses*, by Sir Richard Jebb; *Eastern Poetry and Prose*, translated by R. A. Nicholson, and *The Divine Shamsi Tabriz*, translated by R. A. Nicholson; *Studies in Literature*, by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch; *Rabi'a the Mystic*, by Margaret Smith; and *Process and Reality*, by A. N. Whitehead.

To Messrs Jonathan Cape, Ltd., for passages from *The Travel Diary of a Philosopher*, by Hermann Keyserling, translated by J. Holroyd Reece; and *Poems*, by Muriel Stuart.

To Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Ltd., for seven poems from *The Book of American Negro Spirituals*, edited by J. W. Johnson.

To Messrs. Chatto and Windus, Ltd., for passages from *The Cell of Self-Knowledge*, edited by E. G. Gardner.

To Messrs. Chatto and Windus, Ltd., and Miss Eleanor Hull, for verses from *The Poem Book of the Gael*, by Eleanor Hull.

To Messrs. Chatto and Windus, Ltd., and Miss Harriet Jay, for verses from *Judas Iscariot*, by Robert Buchanan.

To The Clarendon Press, Oxford, for numerous passages from 'The Sacred Books of the East'; viz., *The Akankheyya-Sutta*, translated by T. W. Rhys Davids; *The Bhagavadgita*, translated

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

by K. T. Telang; *The Buddha-Karita of Asvaghosha*, translated by E. B. Cowell; *The Dhammapada*, translated by F. Max Müller; *The Larger Sukhavati-Vyuha*, translated by F. Max Müller; *The Quran*, translated by E. H. Palmer; *The Tao-Teh-King*, and *Kwang-Tze*, translated by James Legge; *The Upanishads*, translated by F. Max Müller; *The Zend Avesta*, translated by L. H. Mills; and *Zoroaster*, translated by James Darmesteter.

To The Clarendon Press, Oxford, for passages from *Æschylus, Prometheus Bound*, translated by Robert Whitelaw; from *The Book of Enoch*, translated by Canon R. H. Charles; from *Chaucer*, edited by W. W. Skeat; from *The Rise of the Greek Epic*, and *Five Stages of Greek Religious Thought*, by Gilbert Murray; from *The Dialogues of Plato*, translated by B. Jowett; from *The Dialogues of Lucian*, translated by H. W. and F. G. Fowler; from *Virgil*, translated by John Jackson; and for the use of the poem, 'The Lover in Winter Plaineth for the Spring', from *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, edited by A. T. Quiller-Couch.

To Miss Pamela Churton Collins and The Clarendon Press, for passages from the late Professor J. Churton Collins's Introduction to Robert Whitelaw's *Æschylus, Prometheus Bound*.

To Messrs. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh, for passages from *The Apocryphal Gospels*, translated by Alexander Walker; and from the *Ante-Nicene Library*, edited by Drs. Alex. Roberts and J. Donaldson; (*First Epistle of Clement*).

To Messrs. T. and T. Clark, and Mrs. James Adam, for numerous passages from *Religious Teachings of Greece*, by the late James Adam.

To Messrs. W. Collins, Sons and Co., Ltd., and Mr. Arthur Symons, for 'The Living Flame of Love' by St. John of the Cross, translated by Arthur Symons, in *Cities and Sea Coasts and Islands*.

To Messrs. Constable and Company, Ltd., and Dom. Cuthbert Butler, for passages from *Western Mysticism*.

To Messrs. Constable and Company, Ltd., and Mr. Walter de la Mare, for use of the poems 'Silver', contained in *Peacock Pie* by Walter de la Mare and 'Sleep', in *The Listeners*, both published

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

by Messrs. Constable; and to The Henry Holt Company of New York, U.S.A.

To Messrs. Constable and Company, Ltd., and the Trustees of the late George Meredith, for passages from *Beauchamp's Career* and *Poems by George Meredith*.

To Messrs. Constable and Company, Ltd., and Miss A. Meyer, for poems from *Ancient Irish Poetry*, by the late Kuno Meyer.

To Messrs. Constable and Company, Ltd., and Messrs. Houghton Mifflin and Co., of Boston, Mass., U.S.A., for passages from Charles Eliot Norton's translation of *The Divine Comedy of Dante*.

To Messrs. Constable and Company, Ltd., and Professor V. de S. Pinto, for a 17th century lyric, reproduced by kind permission of Professor V. de S. Pinto from *The Tree of Life*, an anthology compiled by V. de S. Pinto and Neill Wright.

To Messrs. Constable and Company, Ltd., and Monsieur René Valléry-Radot, for a passage from the *Life of Pasteur*, by R. Valléry-Radot, translated by R. L. Devonshire.

To Messrs. Constable and Company, Ltd., and Miss Helen Waddell, for poems from *Chinese Lyrics* and *Medieval Latin Lyrics*, and a passage from *The Wandering Scholars*, by Helen Waddell.

To Messrs. Constable and Company, Ltd., and Miss Kate Warren, for a passage from *The Treasury of English Literature*, by Kate Warren.

To Miss Pamela Churton Collins and Messrs. Constable and Company, Ltd., for passages from the late Professor J. Churton Collins's *Studies in Shakespeare*.

To Messrs. Peter Davies, Ltd., and Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis, for a passage from *François Villon*, by D. B. Wyndham Lewis.

To Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., for passages from *The Little Flowers of St. Francis*, translated by T. W. Arnold; *Later Greek Religion*, by Edwyn Bevan; numerous passages and translations from *Greek Religious Thought*, by Professor F. M. Cornford; passages from *The Story of Assisi*, by Lina Duff Gordon; the *Life of St. Francis (of Assisi) by St. Bonaventura*, translated by E. Gurney Salter; *Dante's Purgatorio*, translated by T. Okey;

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Mirror of Perfection, translated by Robert Steele; *Dante's Paradiso*, translated by P. H. Wicksteed; and *Jan van Ruysbroeck*, translated by Dom. C. A. Wynschenk. Also for the above to Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., of New York, U.S.A.

To Messrs. P. J. and A. E. Dobell, for poems from *Traherne's Poems*, and *Centuries of Meditation*, by Traherne, both edited by Bertram Dobell.

To Messrs. Ginn and Co., Ltd., and Messrs. Cook and Tinker, for passages from *Translations from Old English Poetry*, by A. S. Cook and C. B. Tinker.

To Messrs. Victor Gollancz, Ltd., and Major F. Yeats-Brown, for passages from *Bengal Lancer*, by Francis Yeats-Brown.

To The Gypsy Lore Society, Liverpool, for 'A Transylvanian Gypsy Lament,' translated by A. Hermann; and 'A Babe's Prayer'; from *The Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society*.

To Messrs. Harper and Brothers, for passages from *Gleanings in Buddha Fields*, by Lafcadio Hearn.

To Messrs. George G. Harrap and Co., Ltd., for passages from *Buddha*, by A. K. Coomaraswamy.

To Messrs. William Heinemann, Ltd., for passages from *The Desert and the Sown*, by Gertrude Bell, *Poems from the Divan of Hafiz*, translated by Gertrude Bell; and lines from *The Collected Poems of Swinburne*.

To Messrs. William Heinemann, Ltd., and Mr. John Galsworthy, for passages from *The Patrician*, by John Galsworthy.

To Messrs. William Heinemann, Ltd., and the Proprietors of the Loeb Classical Library, for passages from *Lyra Græca*, translated by J. M. Edmunds; *The Argonautica of Apollonius Rhodius*, translated by R. C. Seaton; and *Hesiod*, translated by H. G. Evelyn White; all in The Loeb Classical Library.

To Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., for a passage from *Ruysbroeck and the Mystics*, by M. Maeterlinck, translated by Jane Stoddart.

To Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., and Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, for a poem in *Religious Thought in Ancient Egypt*, by J. H. Breasted.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. (Publishers), Ltd., and Mr. Arthur Weigall, for passages from *Paganism in our Christianity*, by A. Weigall.

To Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co., Ltd., and George Routledge and Sons, Ltd., for passages from *The Egyptian Book of the Dead*, by Sir E. A. Wallis Budge; *The Philosophy of the Upanishads*, by A. E. Gough; and *The Mystic Rose Garden*, translated by E. H. Whinfield.

To Messrs. Longmans Green and Co., Ltd., and Professor J. W. Mackail, for numerous passages from *Greek Anthology*, *Lectures on Greek Poetry*, and *Springs of Helicon*, by J. W. Mackail.

To Messrs. Longmans Green and Co., Ltd., for passages from *The Philosophy of Plotinus*, by Dean W. R. Inge; *Theosophy or Psychological Religion* (Gifford Lecture, 1892), by F. Max Müller; the *Meditations of Cardinal Newman*; *Celestial Fire*, by Richard White; and a passage from *Sophocles*, translated by R. Whitelaw.

To Messrs. Longmans Green and Company, Publishers, and Professor J. W. Mackail, for passages from *Virgil and his meaning*, by J. W. Mackail.

To Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., and Mr. George Russell (A.E.), for passages from *Collected Poems*, and *Candle of Vision*, by A. E.

To Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., and the representatives of the late J. B. Bury, for a passage from *A Life of St. Patrick*, by J. B. Bury.

To Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., and the Executors of S. H. Butcher and Andrew Lang, for passages from *The Odyssey of Homer*, translated by S. H. Butcher and Andrew Lang.

To Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., and Sir James J. Frazer, for a passage from *Pausanias's Description of Greece*, translated by J. J. Frazer.

To Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., and the Executors of the late Thomas Hardy, for a passage from *Far from the Madding Crowd*, by Thomas Hardy.

To Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., and Mr. Norman Kemp-

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Smith, for a passage from *A Commentary on Kant's Critique*, by Norman Kemp-Smith.

To Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., and the representatives of the late F. W. H. Myers, for passages from *Essays, Classical and Modern*, by F. W. H. Myers.

To Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., and Mr. James Stephens, for four poems from *The Collected Poems of James Stephens*.

To Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., and Rabindranath Tagore, for passages from *The Poems of Kabir*, translated by Rabindranath Tagore.

To Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., for passages from *The Works of Xenophon*, translated by H. G. Dakyns; passages from *Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus*, translated by Andrew Lang; *The Iliad of Homer*, translated by A. Lang, W. Leaf, and E. Myers; eleven quatrains from the copyright edition of *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, by Edward Fitzgerald; a passage from *Æschylus, the Suppliant Maidens*, translated by E. D. A. Morshead; and lines from 'The Higher Pantheism' and 'The Ancient Sage', from the *Collected Poems of Lord Tennyson*.

To Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., and The Macmillan Company of New York, U.S.A. for passages from *The Inner Life*, by Rufus M. Jones; *Aspects of Islam*, by Duncan Black MacDonald; and *Modern Reader's Chaucer*, by J. S. P. Tatlock and P. Mackaye.

To Messrs. Methuen and Co., Ltd., and Miss Hull, for passages from *Folk Lore of the British Isles*, by Eleanor Hull.

To Messrs. Methuen and Co., Ltd., and Professor Allison Peers, for passages from *Spanish Mysticism*, by E. Allison Peers.

To Messrs. Methuen and Co., Ltd., and Miss Underhill, for passages from *Mysticism*, by Evelyn Underhill.

To Messrs. Methuen and Co., Ltd., for passages from *The Fire of Love*, by Richard Rolle, Misyn's translation, modernized by F. M. Comper; *The Inner Way*, by John Tauler, translated by A. W. Hutton; and *The Revelations of Divine Love*, recorded by The Lady Julian of Norwich, edited by Grace Warrack.

To Messrs. A. R. Mowbray and Co., Ltd., for a passage from *English Mystics*, by Geraldine E. Hodgson.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To Mr. John Murray, for passages from *Saints and Wonders*, by Lady Gregory; 'The Song of Maelduin', by T. W. Rolleston, in *The Treasury of Irish Poets*, edited by Stopford Brooke; sonnets from *The Sonnets of Michael Angelo*, translated by John Addington Symonds; and for excerpts from three volumes of the *Wisdom of the East Series: Brahma Knowledge*, by L. D. Barnett, *The Way of the Buddha*, by Herbert Baynes, and *The Bustān of Sādi*, by A. Hart Edwards.

To Mrs. F. W. H. Myers, for passages from *Human Personality*, by the late F. W. H. Myers, published by Longmans Green and Co., Ltd.

To *The Nation*, and Mrs. Erskine Childers, for use of the poem 'Adversity', by M. A. Childers.

To Messrs. Oliver and Boyd, Ltd., Edinburgh, for charms and runes from *Carmina Gadelica*, by Alexander Carmichael, including 'The Rune of the Peat Fire', 'Invocation for Protection', 'Exorcism of the Evil Eye', 'Highland Invocation', and 'Runes at Death'.

To The Oxford University Press (Humphrey Milford), and Mr. Edward Thompson, for excerpts from *Bengali Religious Lyrics*, translated by Edward Thompson and Arthur Marshman Spencer.

To The Oxford University Press (Humphrey Milford), Professor Charles Singer, and Sir Frederick Kenyon on behalf of The British Academy, for a twelfth century herbalist passage from *Early English Magic and Medicine*, by Dr. Charles Singer.

To The Oxford University Press (Humphrey Milford), and Mrs. Rhys Davids, for excerpts from *The Psalms of the Sisters*, Pali Text Society, translated by C. A. F. Rhys Davids.

To The Oxford University Press (Humphrey Milford), for a passage from *Spinoza*, translated by W. Hale White.

To Mr. Cecil Palmer, and Harendranath Maitra, for passages from *Hinduism*, by Harendranath Maitra.

To Messrs. Parker and Son, Ltd., Oxford, for passages from *Dionysius the Areopagite*, translated by John Parker.

To Messrs. Parker and Son, Ltd., Oxford, and the Rev. Dr. Darwell Stone, Principal of Pusey House, St. Giles, Oxford, for

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

an excerpt from *The Rhythms of St. Ephraim*, translated by J. B. Morris.

To *L'Edition d'Art*, H. Piazza, Paris, for passages from *Le Roman de Tristan et Iseut Renouvelé*, by Joseph Bedier. English translation by Gretchen Warren.

To Mr. Arthur Probsthain, for passages from *The Masnavi*, translated by C. E. Wilson.

To Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Ltd., for excerpts from *The Kiltartan Poetry Book*, by Lady Gregory.

To the Religious Tract Society, and Sir E. A. Wallis Budge, for a passage from *Dwellers on the Nile*, by E. A. Wallis Budge.

To Messrs. Rider and Company (Hutchinsons, Ltd.), for passages from *Occult Sciences in India*, by L. Jacolliot, translated by W. L. Felt.

To Messrs. George Routledge and Sons, Ltd., and Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co., Ltd., for passages from *Poems of Cynewulf* and *The Poems of Caedmon*, both translated by C. W. Kennedy.

To The President and Council of the Royal Asiatic Society, for an excerpt from *The Lawaih of Jami*, translated by E. H. Whinfield and Mirza Muhammad Kazwini; vol. 16, Oriental Translation Fund, New Series, 1906. (The Persian Mystic Jami.)

To The Royal Irish Academy, for lines from *The Ever New Tongue*, translated by Whitley Stokes, in *ERIU*, vol. ii, part 2.

To Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, U.S.A., for passages from *The Spiritual Guide of Miguel Molinos*, with Introduction by J. Henry Shorthouse.

To Messrs. Martin Secker, Ltd., for excerpts from *The Collected Poems of James Elroy Flecker*.

To Messrs. Martin Secker, Ltd., Messrs. James B. Pinker and Son, and the Gypsy Lore Society, Liverpool, for lines *In Praise of Gypsies*, by Arthur Symons.

To The Shrine of Wisdom, S.W., for a passage from *The Mystical Theology of Dionysius the Areopagite*.

To Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd., the Literary Executors of the late Rupert Brooke, and to Messrs. Dodd, Mead and

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Company, Inc., New York, for 'Oh! Death will find me', from *The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke*.

To Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd., for a passage describing Lyke Wakes, from *Popular Ballads of the Olden Times*, edited by Frank Sidgwick.

To Messrs. Simpkin Marshall and Co., Ltd., and Mr. A. K. Coomaraswamy, for passages from *The Dance of Siva*, by A. K. Coomaraswamy.

To The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, for passages from *Alcuin of York* and *The Venerable Bede*, and from *Studies in Church History*, by the Rt. Rev. G. F. Browne; *The Testament of Isaac*, translated by S. Gaselee; *Fifty Spiritual Homilies of St. Macarius*, translated by A. J. Mason; *St. Patrick and his Writings*, by N. J. D. White; and *Tractate Berakoth*, translated by A. Lukyn Williams.

To Mr. J. C. Squire, editor of the *London Mercury*, and Mrs. Fiske Warren, for use of poems by Gretchen Warren.

To The University of Illinois Press, and Miss Meyer, for an excerpt from *Miscellanea Hibernica*, by the late Kuno Meyer, published in *Studies in Language and Literature*.

To Mr. J. M. Watkins, for passages from *The Spiral Way*, by John Cordelier; *The Dark Night of the Soul*, translated by Gabriela Cunninghame Graham; *The Gnōsis of the Light*, by The Rev. A. A. F. Lamplugh; and *The Cloud of Unknowing*, translated by Evelyn Underhill.

To Mr. J. M. Watkins and Miss Geraldine E. Hodgson, for passages from *The Minor Works of Richard Rolle*, edited by Geraldine E. Hodgson.

To Mr. James Wilkie and the Anglo Catholic Congress (successors to the Society of St. Peter and St. Paul) for an excerpt from *St. Brendan the Voyager*, by James Wilkie.

To Messrs. Williams and Norgate, Ltd., for excerpts from *Translations of Ancient Arabian Poetry*, by C. J. Lyall; and for a passage from *The Holy Kabbalah*, by A. E. Waite.

Lady Wilde's *Ancient Legends of Ireland*, from which several specimens are taken, are published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, Ltd.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I have been fortunate in being permitted to use the finest translations with one exception. To my regret I had to content myself with Thomas Taylor's version of Plotinus and Porphyry when I should have preferred that of Stephen McKenna.

I desire to mention especially the generous and able assistance of Mr. A. C. Fifield in his extensive verification of texts and reading of proofs, and of Messrs. Hatchard and Mr. W. Page-Wood in verifications and in the long task of procuring permissions from the owners of copyright material.

Also I must express my appreciative thanks to Miss Geraldine E. Hodgson and Miss Eleanor Hull for help regarding texts from their own works, and to Miss Nesta de Robeck and the Reverend Dr. Pádraig de Brún for translations; to Professor F. M. Cornford and to Mr. Frank Sidgwick, for advice, helpful interest, and material from their own work; to the late Donald Robertson for verbal information about Lyke Wakes; and to my daughters, Mrs. Fiske Warren (Gretchen Warren) and Mrs. Erskine Childers (M. A. Childers), my thanks are due for translations and poems and for their help and encouragement.

I have taken every step I could think of to ascertain and acknowledge all rights, but if I have trespassed in any way, most unwillingly and unwittingly, I trust I may be forgiven, and especially by those two or three whom after extensive efforts I have failed to find.

MARGARET CUSHING OSGOOD.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT CORRECTIONS

To Mr. Cecil Palmer and Mr. G. K. Chesterton, for use of the poem 'The Sword of Surprise', from *The Ballad of Santa Barbara*, by G. K. Chesterton.

To The Talbot Press, Ltd., Dublin, for use of passage from *The Works of Padraig Pearse*.

ADDITIONAL ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS OF COPYRIGHT MATTER

To the courtesy of The Century Company, New York, for use of the passages from *Le Roman de Tristan et Iseut*, renouvelé par Joseph Bedier.

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To the courtesy of E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., New York City, for passages from *The Desert and the Sown*, by Gertrude Lowthian Bell; excerpts from *Western Mysticism*, by Dom. Cuthbert Butler; 'A Shieling in the Wood,' taken from *Ancient Irish Poetry*, translated by Kuno Meyer; and for short passages from 'The Wisdom of the East' series; i.e. *Brahma Knowledge*, by L. D. Barnett; *The Way of Buddha*, by Herbert Baynes; and *The Bustan of Sadi*, by A. Hart Edwards. Also for use of the passages from the works enumerated on pp. 10 and 11.

To the courtesy of Ginn and Company, Boston, Mass., for several passages from *Translations from Old English Poetry*, by A. S. Cook and C. B. Tinker.

To the courtesy of Harper Bros., New York, for a passage from *Far from the Madding Crowd*, by Thomas Hardy.

To the courtesy of Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., New

ADDITIONAL ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

York City, for excerpts from *The Travel Diary of a Philosopher*, by Hermann Keyserling, translated by J. Holroyd Reece; and for a passage from *The Mystics of Islam*, by R. A. Nicholson.

To the courtesy of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., New York, for use of the poems 'Silver,' from *Peacock Pie*, and 'Sleep,' from *The Listeners*, both by Walter de la Mare.

To the courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, Mass., for passages from *Gleanings in Buddha Fields*, by Lafcadio Hearn; from Charles Eliot Norton's translation of *The Divine Comedy of Dante*; and from *Chinese Lyrics*, and *Wandering Scholars*, both by Helen Waddell.

To the courtesy of Longmans, Green and Company, New York, for use of passages from *The Philosophy of Plotinus*, by Dean W. R. Inge; from *Greek Anthology*, *Lectures on Greek Poetry*, *Springs of Helicon*, and *Virgil and his Meaning*, all by Professor J. W. Mackail; from *Theosophy or Psychological Religion*, by F. Max Müller; the *Meditations of Cardinal Newman*; *Celestial Fire*, by Richard White; and a passage from *Sophocles*, translated by R. Whitelaw.

To the courtesy of The Macmillan Company, New York, for use of the passages from the works enumerated on pages 12 and 13; for passages from *Collected Poems*, and *The Candle of Vision*, both by A.E.; for excerpts from *The Mysterious Universe*, by James Jeans; passages from *The Inner Life*, by Rufus M. Jones; for the poem 'Vagabond,' from *The Collected Poems of John Masefield*; passages from *Aspects of Islam*, by D. B. MacDonald; for 'The Song of Maeldun,' by T. W. Rolleston, from *The Treasury of Irish Poetry*; excerpts from *Modern Reader's Chaucer*, by J. S. P. Tatlock and P. Mackaye; a passage from *The Holy Kabbalah*, by A. E. Waite; passages from *Process and Reality*, by A. N. Whitehead; and for the poem 'When you are old,' from *The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats*.

To the courtesy of The Oxford University Press, New York, for excerpts from *The Psalms of the Sisters*, Pali Text Society, translated by C. A. F. Davids; passages from *Bengali Religious Lyrics*, by Ramprasad, translated by Edward Thompson and Arthur

ADDITIONAL ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Marshman Spencer; a passage from *Spinoza*, translated by W. Hale White; and for the poem 'Pan,' from *The Tree of Life*, edited by V. de S. Pinto and Neill Wright.

To the courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, for use of passages from *Buddha*, by A. K. Coomaraswamy; *Studies in Literature*, by A. T. Quiller Couch; poems from *The Kiltartan Poetry Book*, by Lady Gregory; for excerpts from three volumes of the 'Loeb Classical Library,' i.e. *Lyra Graeca*, translated by J. M. Edmunds; *The Argonautica of Apollonius Rhodius*, translated by R. C. Seaton; and *Hesiod*, translated by H. G. Evelyn White; and for a few lines from *Paganism in our Christianity*, by Arthur Weigall.

To the courtesy of Ray Long and Richard R. Smith, Inc., New York, for use of poems from *Mediaeval Latin Lyrics*, by Helen Waddell.

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INTRODUCTION

FOR many years I had the idea of compiling an Anthology from the sacred and half-sacred literatures of the world, so that those who read might be released from the confining notion of truth in one Scripture only, and come to know to what harmony of vision came the seers who, in India, China, Palestine, Egypt, Greece or Arabia, turned their thoughts to the Oversoul. I had gathered here and there from my reading the wisdom of those seers upon creation, life, death, conduct, immortality and the heaven-world. But, when I read *The City without Walls*, I knew there was no need to continue this labour for the compiler of this Anthology had, in a mood akin to my own, ransacked the Scriptures, Christian, Buddhist, Brahmin, Chinese, Egyptian for their profundities and exaltations, and also a wide range of secular literature where it becomes half-sacred because the intensity of the soul has burned away for a time its dross, and there is a transparency through which there comes some transience of the Everlasting Light. In a long life Mrs. Osgood has gathered together these precious fires, now burning as the soul came nigh to heaven, or again as it looked on the loveliness of earth, or in love or in sorrow found some star of leading which if followed might lead the soul to the mystic Jerusalem. I do not know of any better book to dispel, without controversy, the arrogance of ignorance . . . of those who speak about the heathen and the pagan of whose lives they know nothing, and whose wisdom they have never read . . . a custom which is very common in many countries, among people who read little. . . . How great a vision is born from the reading of this book, a vision of innumerable ladders reaching up to the heavens, and of innumerable descents of the spirit. The Communion of Saints is enlarged for us and St. Francis walks hand in hand with Akhnaton, and St. Teresa is one in her ecstasy with Kabir, and hundreds . . . are here found speaking so harmoniously together that we divine their wisdom comes from one fountain. This is the special virtue of the Anthology that it liberates and

INTRODUCTION

enlarges the soul, and shows a shining host of friends where before it had thought there was only a malign darkness.

The reader will find much heavenly and much lovely human wisdom within the pages of this book. It is not to be read through at one sitting, but is to be taken up and closed again when one has found a starry thought which we can walk away with and make our own, and then the pages can be opened once more. Good thinking and wisdom come from taking one thought at a time as the Japanese bring out one picture and let its beauty be before their eyes for days ere another picture is brought out and displayed. There is material in the Anthology for a rich spiritual culture. I hope it will be bought by many so that it may lie easily to the hand for the wisdom in it is of the kind that can easily be carried in the memory, and there is no other wisdom that can be of any service to us.

A. E.

I A M T H A T I A M

LUX, IMMENSE DEUS

O LIGHT, O GOD MOST VAST

Illuminans tu mirabiliter a montibus aeternis.

Thou marvellous Splendour from the Eternal Mountains.

Out of compassion, Thou permittest Thy blind creatures to
speak of Thy Light.

NICHOLAS OF CUSA 1401

I am all that exists.
I am the past and the future.
No creature has lifted my veil.

INSCRIBED ON THE TEMPLE OF ISIS

Soll ich mein letztes End und ersten Anfang finden,
So muss ich mich in Gott und Gott in mir ergründen,
Und werden dass, was Er; ich muss ein Schein im Schein,
Ich muss ein Wort im Wort, ein Gott im Gotte sein.

ANGELUS SILESIIUS 1624

Because Thou dost look upon me, I exist. . . . Did'st Thou
turn Thine eyes away from me, I should cease to be.

NICHOLAS OF CUSA

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

*Gott lieben, das ist die
allerschönste Weisheit.*

Zeus is air, Zeus is earth, Zeus is heaven;
Zeus is all things and whatsoever is higher than all things.

AESCHYLUS 525 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY F. M. CORNFORD

Calicem Domini biberunt et Amici Dei facti sunt.

They drank of the Chalice of God and became Friends of God.

*Mundus ergo totus est sensus, vita, anima, corpus statua Dei
Altissimi.*

CAMPANELLA 1568

For this reason, the whole Universe is the sense, life, soul,
body and image of the Most High God.

I am the source of the forthgoing of the whole universe and
likewise the place of its dissolving. . . . There is naught
whatsoever higher than I, O Dhanangaya. All this is threaded
on Me as rows of pearls on a string.

Bhagavad-Gita

TRANSLATED BY ANNIE BESANT

God is day and night, winter and summer, war and peace,
satiety and hunger. But he is changed, just as fire, when
mingled with different kinds of incense, and is named after the
flavour of each.

HERACLITUS 510 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY JAMES ADAM

I AM THAT I AM

SIMPLICITAS DEI

Seht, so liebkost uns Gott, so flehet uns Gott an, und Gott kann nicht warten bis sich die Seele geschmückt und von der Kreatur entfernt hat; und es ist eine sichere und eine notwendige Wahrheit dass es Gott so not tut, uns zu suchen, als ob alle seine Gottheit daran hänge, wie es auch der Fall ist. Und Gott kann unser so wenig entbehren, wie wir seiner.

MEISTER ECKHART 1260

Behold! God caresseth us, and beseecheth us. He waiteth impatiently that the Soul may adorn herself, having forsaken all creatures. And it is a sure verity that God bestirreth Himself to seek us as if His own Divinity hung thereon. And such indeed is the truth. God can no more do without us, than we without Him.

TRANSLATED BY GRETCHEN WARREN

This Divine Alchemy,
This transmutation of the human creature into God.

Tiefe Sprüche von der nackten Findung Gottes.

The Lord looked down from Heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, and that did seek God.

Psalms

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Before all Time, before all worlds,
Before the dawn of every age, the dawn of every world,
Is God! And He remains
Beyond all coming ages, and beyond
All unthought worlds that yet may be!

He is, in all that is, in all that not yet is:
Even to-day He dwells in the tone of the chord
That to-morrow will draw from the strings of my harp.

NAMDEV 1270

TRANSCRIBED BY PAUL ALTHAUS

TRANSLATED BY R. T. GRIBBLE

My Soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord:
my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Psalms

By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which
he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went
out, not knowing whither he went. By faith he sojourned in the
land of promise, as in a strange country. . . . He looked for a city
which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

Hebrews

Comedit et bibit et ambulavit in fortitudine cibi illius usque ad
Montem Dei.

He ate and drank and walked in the strength of that food even
unto the Mountain of God.

Oh Menschenwesen, Du Wunderliches!

I AM THAT I AM

Wär' nicht das Auge sonnenhaft,
Wie könnten wir zur Sonne blicken?
Wär' nicht in uns des Gottes eigne Kraft,
Wie könnt uns Göttliches entzücken?

GOETHE 1749

If our eyes were not a dwelling for the sun, how could we see the sun? Had we not God's own power in us abiding, how could we be rapt in the Divinity?

Console toi! Tu ne me chercherais pas, si tu ne m'avais pas déjà trouvé.

PASCAL 1623

Take comfort! Thou wouldst not have sought for me, unless thou hadst already found me.

O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me. Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. . . . Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it. Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; Even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Thee. For Thou hast possessed my reins: Thou hast covered me in my mother's womb. I will praise Thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made. . . . My substance was not hid from Thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth. Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in Thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them. How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them! If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand; when I awake, I am still with Thee. . . . Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

Psalms

O Thou that upholdest the earth, and above the earth art throned, whosoever Thou art, by surmise hardly to be known, whether natural necessity or man's intelligence, Zeus, on Thee I call; for along the noiseless path Thou treadest all mortal things are guided in the way of Justice.

EURIPIDES

TRANSLATED BY F. M. CORNFORD

Golden wings are upon my shoulders; on my feet the Siren's winged sandals. I shall go soaring to the firmament of heaven, to be made one with Zeus.

Ibid.

And the Sibyl, with raving lips, uttering things solemn, unadorned and unembellished, reaches over a thousand years with her voice because of the God in her.

HERACLEITUS 510 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY F. M. CORNFORD

I AM THAT I AM

I will not come into the tabernacle of my house, nor go up into my bed; I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids, until I find out a place for the Lord, an habitation for the mighty God.

Psalms

He was as the morning star in the midst of a cloud, and as the moon at the full: As the sun shining upon the temple of the most High, and as the rainbow giving light in the bright clouds: And as the flower of roses in the spring of the year, as lilies by the rivers of waters, and as the branches of the frankincense tree in the time of summer: As fire and incense in the censer, and as a vessel of beaten gold set with all manner of precious stones: And as a fair olive tree budding forth fruit, and as a cypress tree which groweth up to the clouds.

Ecclesiasticus

And darkness was under his feet. And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly: yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies.

Psalms

There are some too who say that soul is interfused throughout the universe; which is perhaps why Thales supposed all things to be full of gods.

ARISTOTLE 384 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY R. D. HICKS

What are men?
Mortal Gods.

HERACLITU

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

PRAISE OF ZEUS

With Zeus let our song begin! Him never may we men leave
Unpraised! Full of Zeus are all the streets,
All the gathering-places of men; full is the sea,
Full the harbours. In all respects we have need of Zeus, all of us,
For we are also His offspring, and He, being gracious to men,
Signifieth what is favourable, and waketh up the people to work,
Reminding them of livelihood. He telleth it, when the clod is best
For oxen and for mattocks; He telleth it, when the seasons are
favourable
Both for the planting of trees and for the strewing of seed of every
kind.
For He Himself established the signs of these things in the heavens,
When He ordered the stars; and He took thought to provide for
the year
Stars, which most chiefly should signify things made,
As touching the seasons unto men, in order that all things might
grow soundly.
Wherefore Him always first and Him last they propitiate.
Greeting unto Thee, O Father, Thou most wonderful, Thou
great Help of men.
Greeting unto Thee and unto the Elder Race! Greeting unto
you also, Muses,
Sweet exceedingly to all, now unto me, that I may tell of the
stars,
So far as it is lawful for you to answer my prayers, give guidance
throughout all my song.

ARATUS OF SOLI 315 B.C.
TRANSLATED BY EDWYN BEVAN

The Creator abideth
In all His creation,
And all creation
Abideth in Him.

I AM THAT I AM

Who art thou, to dare,
O Farid!
To call aught by an evil name,
When there is nought beside Him?

FARID 1173

TRANSCRIBED BY PAUL ALTHAUS

TRANSLATED BY R. T. GRIBBLE

If Thou art the hill,
I am the peacock upon it standing. . . .
If Thou art the Lamp,
I am the wick therein reposing;
And if the Altar-piece Thou art,
Thy pilgrim kneeling low am I.
Forsake me not, O Lord, for I would walk with Thee.

RAV-DAS 1400

TRANSCRIBED BY PAUL ALTHAUS

TRANSLATED BY R. T. GRIBBLE

Mihi adhaerere Deo bonum est.

My good consists in cleaving to God.

God be in my hede
And in my understandyng.
God be in myne eyes
And in my lokyng.
God be in my mouth
And in my speakyng.
God be in my harte
And in my thynkyng.
God be at mine ende
And at my departyng.

15TH CENTURY

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

He spread a cloud for a covering; and fire to give light in the night . . . and satisfied them with the bread of heaven.

Psalms

While they were saying those words a great wind came upon them, the way they were driven all that night – until morning.

And even after daybreak they did not see land or earth and they did not know where they were going.

Then Maeldune said: 'Leave the boat quiet without rowing, and wherever God has a mind to bring it, let it go.'

Then they came into the great ocean that has no ending.

TRADITIONAL IRISH

PUT DOWN BY LADY GREGORY

THIS IS THE SONG OF THE SOUTH GATE HOLDER, A SILVER MAN; BUT HIS SONG IS OLDER

I am the Gate that fears no fall: the Mihrab of Damascus wall,
The bridge of booming Sinai: the Arch of Allah all in all.

O spiritual pilgrim, rise: the night has grown her single horn:
The voices of the souls unborn are half adream with Paradise.

To Meccah thou hast turned in prayer with aching heart and eyes
that burn:

Ah, Hajji, whither wilt thou turn when thou art there, when
thou art there?

God be thy guide from camp to camp: God be thy shade from well
to well;

God grant beneath the desert stars thou hear the Prophet's camel
bell.

I AM THAT I AM

And God shall make thy body pure, and give thee knowledge to endure

This ghost-life's piercing phantom pain, and bring thee out to life again.

And God shall make thy soul a Glass where eighteen thousand Æons pass,

And thou shalt see the gleaming Worlds as men see dew upon the grass.

And, son of Islam, it may be that thou shalt learn at journey's end

Who walks thy garden eve on eve, and bows his head, and calls thee Friend.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER 1884

TO THE ONE GOD

In the beginning there arose the Source of golden Light – He was the only born Lord of all that is. He established the earth, and this sky; – *Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?*

He who gives life, He who gives strength; whose blessing all the bright gods desire; whose shadow is immortality; whose shadow is death. . . .

He who through His power is the only King of the breathing and awakening world; – He who governs all, man and beast. . . .

He whose power these snowy mountains, whose power the sea proclaims, with the distant river – He whose these regions are as it were His two arms. . . .

He through whom the sky is bright and the earth firm – He through whom the heaven was established – nay, the highest heaven – He who measured out the light in the air. . . .

He to whom heaven and earth, standing firm by His will, look

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up, trembling inwardly – He over whom the rising sun shines forth. . . .

Wherever the mighty water-clouds went, where they placed the seed and lit the fire, thence arose He who is the only life of the bright gods. . . .

He who by His might looked even over the water-clouds, the clouds which gave strength and lit the sacrifice, He who is above all gods. . . .

May He not destroy us – He the creator of the earth; or He, the righteous, who created the heaven; He who also created the bright and mighty waters; – *Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?*

VEDIC HYMN

TRANSLATED BY F. MAX MÜLLER

He is the Father of all Fathers, the God of all Gods. . . . Saviour of all Saviours, Invisible of all Invisibles, Infinity of all Infinities. . . . He is the Spiritual Mind which existed before all Spiritual Minds, the Holy Place comprehending all Holy Places. . . . He is that Eternal One who has no name and who has all names. He is mightier than all might, upon whose incomprehensible Face no one is able to gaze. Beyond all mind does He exist in His own Form, Solitary and Unknowable. The Universal Mystery is He, the Universal Wisdom, of all things the Beginning. In Him are all Lights, all Life, and all Repose. . . . All beings of the Universe does He behold within Himself. . . . He is the King of those that None can Touch; He in whom all things lose themselves. . . . He who is born of Himself, the Abyss of all Being. . . . They have not named Him, because Unnameable and beyond thought is He, that First Fount whose Eternity stretches through all Spaces, that First Tone whereby all things hearken and understand. . . . The Father is He from whom went forth the Spark of Light, and before this all the Worlds were dark nothings. For it is that Spark of Light which has

I AM THAT I AM

placed all things in the rays of Its Splendour, so they have received Knowledge (Gnôsis), Life, Hope, Peace, Faith, Love and Resurrection, the Second Birth and the Seal.

The Gnôsis of the Light

TRANSLATED BY A. A. F. LAMPLUGH

HYMN TO THE ONE GOD

God is One and Alone, and there is none other with him.
God is the One, the One who has made all things.
God is a Spirit, a hidden Spirit, the Spirit of Spirits, the great Spirit of Egypt, the divine Spirit.
God is from the beginning, and has existed from the beginning.
He is the primeval One, and existed when as yet nothing existed:
He existed when as yet there was nothing, and whatever is,
He made it after He was. He is the Father of Beginnings. . . .
God is hidden, and no one hath perceived his form, no one hath fathomed his likeness, He is hidden in respect of Gods and men, and is a mystery to his creatures.
God is the Truth . . . he is the King of Truth.
God is Life and man lives through him alone. . . .
God is Father and Mother: the Father of fathers, and the Mother of mothers.
God begets, but he is not begotten. . . .
He begets himself, and gives birth to Himself: He makes, but is not made. . . .
That which emanates from his heart is performed immediately, and when He has once spoken, it actually comes to pass, and endures for ever and ever.

EGYPTIAN HYMN

TRANSLATED BY E. A. WALLIS BUDGE

Lord of the Universe, One alone art Thou, but not according to number. Thou art the most sublime of all that is sublime, the

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most withdrawn of all things concealed, and conception cannot attain Thee. Thou hast produced ten forms which we call Sephiroth, and Thou guidest by means of these the unknown and invisible as well as the visible worlds. In them Thou dost veil Thyself and, permeated by Thy Presence, their harmony knows not change. . . .

Thou art He who ruleth them, and whether from above or below art guided Thyself by none. Thou hast provided Sephiroth with garments. . . . Thou hast veiled them with bodies. . . .

Thou art the Lord of Worlds . . . the Cause of all causes; Thou dost water the Tree from that source which spreads Life everywhere, as the soul spreads it through the body. But Thou hast Thyself neither image nor form in all that is within or without. . . .

Yet no one can conceive Thee in Thy reality; we confess only that apart from Thee whether above or below, there can be no Unity, and that Thou art Lord of all. Each Sephira possesses its allotted name, after which angels are also called, but none describes Thyself, the One Alone who dost all names inform, to all impart their force and their reality. Didst Thou withdraw therefrom, they would be left like bodies devoid of Souls.

Thou art wise, yet not with positive wisdom: Thou art intelligent, but not with a definitive intelligence, nor hast Thou a fixed place; though all these things are attributed to Thee, so that man may conceive Thine Omnipotence.

Woe unto those whose hearts are so hardened, whose eyes so blinded, that they regard God as the totality of His attributes: they are like unto a madman who should describe the King as the totality of his insignia.

Behold a king wears his insignia only that he may be known through them, and verily, the King of Kings, the Concealed of all the hidden, the Cause of all causes, is disguised in a splendid garment so only that He may be known thereby, and thereby may

I AM THAT I AM

impart to the dwellers on this earth a conception of His sacred nature.

The Holy Kabbalah

TRANSLATED BY A. E. WAITE

I know that great Spirit, sun-hued, beyond the darkness. Knowing Him, man escapeth Death; there is no other way to walk.

Than this naught else is higher, nor subtler, nor mightier. As a tree firm-set in the heavens stands the One; with this Spirit the universe is filled.

Formless, sorrowless is the Highest; they become deathless who know it. . . .

A great lord is the Spirit, mover of the understanding, ruler of this pure approach, Light, unfading. . . .

Handless and footless, He speeds and seizes; eyeless, He sees; earless, He hears. He knows what may be known, but there is none to know Him. . . .

Subtler than the subtle is He, greater than the great, the soul lodged in covert in living beings.

I know Him, the ageless, ancient, All-soul.

The one hue that by blending of powers lends manifold hues in diverse wise from gathered substance, the Beginning and End wherein the All dissolves – He is God. . . .

That same is the Fire, that is the Sun, that the Wind, that the Moon; that same is the Bright, that Brahma, that the Waters, that the Creator. . . .

Thou art that which is beginningless, Thou livest in universal presence, whence are born all beings.

In vision of the Lord, the bounteous worshipful God, who stands sole warder over every womb, in whom this All falls together and dissolves asunder, man comes to this everlasting peace. . . .

Where there is not darkness, nor day and night, nor being or not-being, but the Gracious One alone, that is the Unfading. . . .

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

He may not be grasped above, nor athwart, nor in the midst.
There is no likeness of Him. . . .

His form is not to be beheld; none sees Him with the eye.
Deathless they become who in heart and mind know Him as
heart-dwelling.

Śvetāśvatara Upanishad

TRANSLATED BY L. D. BARNETT

In the market, in the cloister, only God I saw.
In the valley and on the mountain, only God I saw.
Him I have seen beside me oft in tribulation;
In favour and in fortune, only God I saw.
In prayer and fasting, in praise and contemplation,
In the religion of the Prophet, only God I saw.
Neither soul nor body, accident nor substance,
Qualities nor causes, only God I saw. . . .
Like a candle I was melting in His fire;
Amidst the flames outflashing, only God I saw.
Myself with mine own eyes I saw most clearly,
But when I looked with God's eyes, only God I saw.
I passed away into nothingness, I vanished,
And lo, I was the All-living, – only God I saw.

BĀBĀ KŪHĪ 1050

TRANSLATED BY R. A. NICHOLSON

Grant we beseech Thee Almighty God that we may ourselves
live in mind of heavenly things.

Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said, Who
is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? . . .
Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?
declare, if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures
thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it?

I AM THAT I AM

Whereupon are the foundations thereof? or who laid the corner stone thereof; When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy? Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth, as if it had issued out of the womb? When I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddlingband for it . . . and said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed? . . . Where is the way where light dwelleth? and as for darkness, where is the place thereof? . . . Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail? . . . By what way is the light parted, which scattereth the east wind upon the earth? . . . Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? . . . Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds, that abundance of waters may cover thee? Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, Here we are? . . . Wilt thou hunt the prey for the lion? or fill the appetite of the young lions, when they couch in their dens, and abide in the covert to lie in wait? . . . Canst thou bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow? or will he harrow the valleys after thee? . . . Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage: neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting. . . . Behold now behemoth, which I made with thee. . . . He moveth his tail like a cedar: the sinews of his stones are wrapped together. His bones are as strong pieces of brass; his bones are like bars of iron. He is the chief of the ways of God. . . . Surely the mountains bring him forth food, where all the beasts of the field play. He lieth under the shady trees, in the covert of the reed, and fens. The shady trees cover him with their shadow; the

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

willows of the brook compass him about. Behold he drinketh up a river, and hasteth not: he trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth. . . . Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? Canst thou put an hook into his nose? or bore his jaw through with a thorn? Will he make many supplications unto thee? Will he speak soft words unto thee? Will he make a covenant with thee? . . . Wilt thou play with him as with a bird? . . . By his neesings a light doth shine, and his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning. . . . He maketh the deep to boil like a pot: he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment. He maketh a path to shine after him; one would think the deep to be hoary. Upon earth there is not his like, who is made without fear. He beholdeth all high things: he is a king over all the children of pride.

Job

Then Job answered the Lord, and said, I know that thou canst do everything, and that no thought can be withholden from thee. Who is he that hideth counsel without knowledge? therefore have I uttered that I understood not; things too wonderful for me, which I knew not. . . . I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee.

Ibid.

GOD THE UNKNOWABLE

He Who is the Pre-eminent Cause of all things is neither Soul nor Intellect; nor has He imagination, opinion, reason, or understanding; nor can he be expressed or conceived, since He is neither number, nor order; nor greatness, nor smallness; nor equality, nor inequality; nor similarity, nor dissimilarity; neither is He standing, nor moving, nor at rest; neither has He power, nor is power, nor is light; neither does He live, nor is He life, neither is He essence, nor eternity, nor time; nor is He subject to intelligible contact; nor

I AM THAT I AM

is He science, nor truth, nor kingship, nor wisdom; neither one, nor oneness; nor god-head nor goodness; nor is He Spirit according to our understanding.

DIONYSIUS THE AREOPAGITE 300

Pasteur's creed was beautifully expressed in his eulogy upon Littré:

‘He who proclaims the existence of the Infinite – and none can avoid it – accumulates in that affirmation more of the supernatural than is to be found in all the miracles of all the religions; for the notion of the Infinite presents that double character that forces itself upon us and yet is incomprehensible. When this notion seizes upon our understanding we can but kneel. . . . I see everywhere the inevitable expression of the Infinite in the world: through it the supernatural is at the bottom of every heart. The idea of God is a form of the idea of the Infinite. As long as the mystery of the Infinite weighs on human thought, temples will be erected for the worship of the Infinite, whether God is called Brahma, Allah, Jehovah or Jesus, and on the pavement of those temples, men will be seen kneeling, prostrated, annihilated in the thought of the Infinite.’ He said too, ‘Blessed is he who carries within himself a God, an ideal, and who obeys it: ideal of art, ideal of science, ideal of the gospel virtues, therein lie the springs of great thoughts and great actions; they all reflect light from the Infinite.’

LOUIS PASTEUR 1822

R. VALLERY-RADOT

TRANSLATED BY R. L. DEVONSHIRE

THE OLYMPIAN ZEUS OF PHIDIAS

The god is seated on a throne: he is made of gold and ivory: on his head is a wreath made in imitation of sprays of olive. In his right hand he carries a Victory, also of ivory and gold: she wears

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

a ribbon, and on her head a wreath. In the left hand of the god is a sceptre, curiously wrought in all the metals: the bird perched on the sceptre is the eagle. The sandals of the god are of gold, and so is his robe. On the robe are wrought figures of animals and the lily flowers. The throne is adorned with gold and precious stones, also with ebony and ivory; and there are figures painted and images wrought on it. . . .

I know that the measurements of the height and breadth of Zeus at Olympia have been recorded, but I cannot commend the men who took the measurements. For even the measurements they mention fall short of the impression made by the image on the spectator. Why, the god himself, they say, bore witness to the art of Phidias. For when the image was completed Phidias prayed that the god would give a sign if the work was to his mind, and straightway, they say, the god hurled a thunderbolt into the ground at the spot where the bronze urn stood down to my time.

PAUSANIAS 2ND CENTURY
TRANSLATED BY J. G. FRAZER

The son of Cronos spoke and nodded with his dark brow; and the ambrosial locks waved from the king's immortal head, and he shook great Olympus.

HOMER
TRANSLATED BY F. M. CORNFORD

St. Chrysostom viewing the statue of Zeus at Olympia said of it the following:

He who is heavy-laden in soul, who has experienced many misfortunes and sorrows in his life, and from whom sweet sleep has fled, even he, I think, if he stood before this image would forget all the calamities and troubles that befall in human life.

TRANSLATED BY JAMES ADAM

I AM THAT I AM

Unam petii a Domino, hanc requiram, ut inhabitem in domo Domini.

One thing I have asked of the Lord, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord.

How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth. Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. . . . The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple.

Psalms

O Lord my rock; be not silent to me: lest, if thou be silent to me, I become like them that go down into the pit.

Ibid.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God. . . . Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; Above all, taking the shield of faith. . . . And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

Ephesians

In whose hand is the Soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind.

Job

Wherefore, having so many glorious examples set before us, let us turn again to the practice of that peace which from the beginning was the mark set before us. . . .

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

The heavens, revolving under His government, are subject to Him in peace. Day and Night run the course appointed by Him. . . . The sun and moon, with the companies of the stars, roll on in harmony according to His command. . . . The fruitful earth, according to His will brings forth food in abundance . . . never hesitating nor changing any of the ordinances which He has fixed. . . . The vast unmeasurable sea, gathered together by His working into various basins, never passes beyond the bounds placed around it. . . . For He said, 'Thus far shalt thou come, and thy waves shall be broken within thee.' The seasons of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, peacefully give place to one another. The winds . . . fulfil, at the proper time, their service without hindrance. . . . All these the great Creator and Lord of all has appointed to exist in peace and harmony. . . . It is right, therefore, that we should not leave the post which His will has assigned us.

The first Epistle of St. Clement

TRANSLATED BY DONALDSON AND ROBERTS

Si tibi opus est meo labore non recuso laborem.

THE CREATION

By the word of the Lord were the Heavens made: and all the hosts of them by the breath of His mouth.

Psalms

Narrabo omnia mirabilia tua.

Benedicite omnia opera Domino.

Behold the Throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful deep.

MILTON 1608

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Psalms

Thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant.

MILTON

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

The great morning of the world when first
God dawned on Chaos.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void: and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

Genesis

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made. In him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.

*St. John
This was he who laid his head
on the breast of the Pelican*

DANTE 1265

Then here as yet there was naught but shadowy darkness, and this wide-spread earth loomed large and dim empty and useless: the firm-hearted King looked upon it with his eyes and beheld the place void of gladness; he saw the dark mists brooding in eternal night, swart beneath the heavens, wan and waste, until by the word of the King of Glory this world grew up.

THE CREATION

The Eternal Lord, the guardian of all creatures, shaped first the heaven and earth: he upreared the sky, and set firm this wide-spread land with his strong might. . . . The ground was not yet green with grass: swart eternal night far and wide covered the ocean, the dark waves. Then was the glory-bright Spirit of the Heaven-keeper borne over the heaving sea with great power.

CAEDMON 7TH CENTURY

TRANSLATED BY KATE M. WARREN

Hail, holy Light! offspring of heav'n first-born,
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproachèd light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate! . . .

. . . Before the sun,
Before the heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep
Won from the void and formless infinite. . . .

Now had the Almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyrean where He sits
High throned above all highth, bent down His eye,
His own works, and their works, at once to view:
About Him all the Sanctities of heaven
Stood thick as stars, and from His sight received
Beatitude past utterance. . . .

Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King; thee, Author of all being,
Fountain of light, thyself invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where Thou sitt'st
Throned inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,
Yet dazzle heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes. . . .

For wonderful indeed are all his works,
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?

MILTON

The Creator, the radiant and glorious, the greatest and best, the most beautiful of our conceptions, the most firm, the wisest . . . who sends His joy-creating grace afar; who made us, and has fashioned us, and who has nourished and protected us, who is the most bounteous Spirit.

Zend Avesta

TRANSLATED BY L. H. MILLS

WORSHIP OF THE SUN AND MOON

The Sages of the Hebrews asked: 'What was there at the time when nothing existed?'

The Ever-New Tongue answered: 'Wondering was each element. God without beginning, without end, without sorrow, age or decay. There was no hour, nor time, nor space that He existed not. He is not older nor younger than at the beginning. There was nothing that was hard for Him to do. He thought a thought, and to that thought there was no beginning. He thought of somewhat nobler, that His power might be seen and His dignity indescribable, that was not in any other things, although He Himself was it.

'Suddenly, then, after the thought, He created Light.'

The Ever-New Tongue

TRANSLATED BY WHITLEY STOKES

THE CREATION

The stars shined in their watches, and rejoiced: when he calleth them, they say, Here we be; and so with cheerfulness they shewed light unto him that made them.

Baruch

For sun, moon, and stars, being bright, and sent to do their offices, are obedient.

Ibid.

O Alone-begotten of Light, I praise Thee. . . .
O Light Invisible, who art before all those beyond vision, I praise Thee. . . .
O Unknowable One of Light, who art beyond all that is unknown, I praise Thee.
O hermit of the Light, who art above all solitaries, I praise Thee. . . .
O Thou True Unmoved One of Light, who by Thy Will movest all things, I praise Thee.
O Silence of all things, Silence of Light, I praise Thee. . . .
O Thou Only Universal Mystery, I praise Thee. . . .
O Thou Repose of them who seek repose, I praise Thee.
Thy children search for Thee because Thou art their Father.
Hear the prayer of Thy children, for Thou art He who is hidden in every place, He who is the Desire of all hearts.

The Gnôsis of the Light

TRANSLATED BY A. A. F. LAMPLUGH

Heaven opened wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory, in his powerful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

On Heavenly ground they stood, and from the shore
They viewed the vast immeasurable Abyss,
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turned by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains to assault
Heaven's highth, and with the centre mix the pole.

'Silence, ye troubled waves, and, thou Deep, peace!'
Said then the omnific Word: 'your discord end!'
Nor stayed; but, in the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos and the World unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train
Followed in bright procession, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then stayed the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepared
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This Universe, and all created things. . . .
And said, 'Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds;
This be thy just circumference, O World!'
Thus God the Heaven created, thus the Earth,
Matter unformed and void. Darkness profound
Covered the Abyss; but on the watery calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth. . . .

'Let there be Light!' said God; and forthwith Light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the Deep, and from her native East
To journey through the aery gloom began,
Sphered in a radiant cloud – for yet the Sun
Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourned the while. God saw the Light was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere
Divided: Light the Day, and Darkness Night,
He named. Thus was the first Day even and morn.

MILTON

THE CREATION

THE ANGELIC HOSTS

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of Silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down of Darkness,
Till it smiled.

MILTON

Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
Chief of the angelic guards.

Ibid.

And I saw another mighty angel come down from Heaven
clothed with a cloud: and a rainbow was upon his head, and his
face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire.

Revelation

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the Earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often, from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator! Oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

MILTON

Introibo ad Altare Dei.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

And he said unto me: In the beginning when the earth was made, before the borders of the world stood, or ever the winds blew, before it thundered and lightened, or ever the foundations of Paradise were laid, before the fair flowers were seen . . . before the innumerable multitude of angels were gathered together, or ever the heights of the air were lifted up, before the measures of the firmament were named, or ever the chimneys in Sion were hot . . . then did I consider these things, and they all were made through me alone, and through none other: by me also they shall be ended and by none other. . . . And it happened, that when I had heard it I stood up upon my feet, and hearkened, and, behold, there was a voice that spake, and the sound of it was like the sound of many waters. . . . And I said, O Lord, thou spakest from the beginning of the creation, even the first day, and saidst thus: Let heaven and earth be made; and thy word was a perfect work. And then was the spirit, and darkness and silence were on every side: the sound of man's voice was not yet formed. Then commandedst thou a fair light to come forth of thy treasures. . . . Upon the second day thou madest the spirit of the firmament, and commandedst it to part asunder, and to make a division betwixt the waters, that the one part might go up, and the other remain beneath. Upon the third day thou didst command that the waters should be gathered in the seventh part of the earth; six parts hadst thou dried up . . . to the intent that of these, some being planted of God and tilled, might serve thee. For as soon as thy word went forth the work was made. For immediately there was great and innumerable fruit, and many and diverse pleasures for the taste, and flowers of unchangeable colour, and odours of wonderful smell: and this was done the third day. Upon the fourth day thou commandedst that the sun should shine, and the moon give her light, and the stars should be in order. . . . Upon the fifth day thou saidst unto the seventh part, where the waters were gathered, that it should bring forth living creatures, fowls and fishes: and so it came to pass. . . . Upon the sixth day thou gavest commandment unto the earth, that before thee it should bring forth beasts, cattle,

THE CREATION

and creeping things; and after these, Adam also, whom thou madest lord of all thy creatures.

*Esdra*s

Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance.

Isaiah

THE CREATION OF THE UNIVERSE

My own King, King of the lofty heavens,
Who didst create the folded world;
King above the elements, ordaining the sun,
King above the depths at their bringing forth.
King with whom have been secret mysteries,
Before the elements art Thou, before times were,
King ever-living, comely His aspect,
King without beginning, without end.
King who created the lustrous brightness
And the darkness, with its lack of beauty,
The one, day in its fullness,
The other, the very perfect night.
King who hewed out of the shapely primal stuff
The solid, rounded globe,
In the circle of the firmament
Like a goodly apple, truly round.

THE CREATION OF THE HEAVENLY KINGDOM

The King has created a pure heaven,
with its boundaries, according to His pleasure,
a habitation choice, songful, safe,

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

of the wondrous host of Archangels. . . .
Therein are three ramparts undecaying . . .
a rampart of emerald crystal,
a rampart of gold, a rampart of amethyst.
The wall of emerald, without obscurity, outside,
a wall of gold next to the city,
between the two, with bright fair glory,
a mighty rampart of stainless purple. . . .
In every doorway a cross of gold,
before the eyes of the ever-shining host,
the King wrought them without effort,
massive they are, and very lofty.
Overhead, at each cross a bird of red gold,
Clear was its note, it did not falter,
In every cross a very great gem of precious stone. . . .
The entrance bridges of the perfect gates,
Fair the path, shining with red gold,
From step to step, the host is mounting,
gatherings of thousands, a hundred of hundreds.
Therein are flowering lands
ever fresh at every season,
with the produce of each lovely fruit
with their manifold fragrances.
King of the flowering tree of life
May He save me when I leave this body of conflicts,
the King who formed the pure heaven.

FROM THE *Saltair na Rann*
ATTRIBUTED TO OENGUS THE CULDEE
9TH CENTURY
EDITED BY ELEANOR HULL

Hail, daughters of Zeus, and grant the gift of delightful song.
Celebrate the holy race of the Immortals who are for ever, who
were born of Earth and the starry Heaven, and of dark Night,
and those that were the brood of the salt sea.

Tell how in the beginning the gods and Earth came into being,

THE CREATION

and the rivers, and the unbounded sea whose waves rage and swell,
and the shining stars, and the broad Heaven above; and tell of the
gods who were born of these, the givers of good gifts. . . .

Surely, first of all Chaos came into being, and then Earth with
her broad breast, a seat for ever unshaken for all the Immortals
who dwell on the snowy peaks of Olympus. . . .

And of Chaos were born Erebus and dark Night: and of Night
the bright Sky and Day were brought to birth. . . .

And Earth first brought forth the starry Heaven, equal to
herself, to cover her about on every side, that there might be for
the blessed gods a seat unshaken for ever. And she brought forth
the high Mountains, a habitation well-pleasing to the divine
Nymphs who live among the forests of the hills. And she brought
forth also the unharvested deep, whose waves rage and swell.

HESIOD *circa* 725 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY F. M. CORNFORD

HYMN TO THE SUN GOD

Thy dawning is beautiful in the horizon of the sky,

O living Aton, Beginning of life!

When thou risest in the eastern horizon,

Thou fillest every land with thy beauty.

Thou art beautiful, great, glittering, high above every land,

Thy rays they encompass the lands, even all that thou hast
made.

Thou art Re, and thou carriest them all away captive;

Thou bindest them by thy love.

Though thou art far away, thy rays are upon earth;

Though thou art on high, thy footprints are the day. . . .

Bright is the earth when thou risest in the horizon.

When thou shinest as Aton by day

Thou drivest away the darkness.

When thou sendest forth thy rays

The two lands (of Egypt) are in daily festivity,

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Awake and standing upon their feet
When thou hast raised them up.
Their limbs bathed, they take their clothing,
Their arms uplifted in adoration to thy dawning.
Then in all the world they do their work. . . .

All cattle rest upon their pasturage,
The trees and plants flourish,
The birds flutter in their marshes,
Their wings uplifted in adoration to thee.
All the sheep dance upon their feet,
All winged things fly.
They live when thou hast shone upon them. . . .

The barques sail up-stream and down-stream alike.
Every highway is open because thou dawnest.
The fish in the river leap up before thee,
Thy rays are in the midst of the great green sea. . . .

Thou makest millions of forms through thyself alone;
Cities, towns, and tribes, highways and rivers.
All eyes see thee before them,
For thou art Aton of the day over the earth.

AKHNATON 1370 B.C.
TRANSLATED BY J. H. BREASTED

There is a cave
Within the Mount of God, fast by his Throne,
Where Light and Darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns – which makes through Heaven
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night;
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious Darkness enters, till her hour
To veil the heaven.

MILTON

THE CREATION

A HYMN OF PRAISE TO RĀ WHEN HE RISETH IN THE EASTERN PART OF HEAVEN

Osiris Ani victorious saith: —

‘Hail, thou Disk, thou lord of rays, who risest on the horizon day by day! Shine thou with thy beams of light upon the face of Osiris Ani, who is victorious; for he singeth hymns of praise unto thee at dawn, and he maketh thee to set at eventide with words of adoration. May the soul of Osiris Ani, the triumphant one, come forth with thee into heaven, may he go forth in the Mātet boat. May he come into port in the Sektet boat, and may he cleave his path among the never resting stars in the heavens.’

Osiris Ani, being in peace and in triumph, adoreth the lord of eternity, saying: ‘Homage to thee, O Heru-khuti . . . the self-created; when thou risest on the horizon and sheddest thy beams of light upon the lands of the North and of the South, thou art beautiful, yea beautiful, and all the gods rejoice when they behold thee, the King of heaven. . . . Those who are in the underworld come forth to meet thee, and they bow in homage as they come towards thee, to behold thy beautiful Image. And I have come before thee that I may be with thee to behold thy Disk every day. May I not be shut up in the tomb . . . may the limbs of my body be made new again when I view thy beauties . . . because I am one of those who worshipped thee whilst I lived upon earth. May I come in unto the land of eternity, may I come even unto the everlasting land, for behold, O my lord, this hast thou ordained for me.’

And lo, Osiris Ani triumphant in peace, the triumphant one, saith: ‘Homage to thee, O thou who risest in thy horizon as Rā, thou reposest upon law which changeth not nor can it be altered. Thou passest over the sky, and every face watcheth thee and thy course, for thou hast been hidden from their gaze. Thou dost shew thyself at dawn and at eventide day by day. . . . Alone and by thyself thou dost manifest thyself when thou comest into being above the sky. May Ani advance, even as thou dost advance;

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

may he never cease to go forward, even as thy Majesty ceaseth not to go forward even though it be for a moment; for with strides dost thou in one little moment pass over the spaces which would need hundreds of thousands and millions of years for man to pass over; this thou doest, and then dost thou sink to rest. Thou puttest an end to the hours of the night, and thou dost count them, even thou, thou endest them in thine own appointed season, and the earth becometh light. . . .’

‘O thou great Light who shinest in the heavens, thou dost strengthen the generations of men with the Nile-flood, and thou dost cause gladness in all lands, and in all cities, and in all the temples.’

Egyptian Book of the Dead

TRANSLATED BY E. A. WALLIS BUDGE

*Darkness was all beneath the heavens: only a little light
Such as glows out from sleeping spirits, appear'd in the deeps beneath.
As when the wind sweeps over a corn field, the noise of Souls
Thro' all the Immense.*

BLAKE 1757

And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.

Genesis

Ex utero ante luciferum genui te.

From the womb before the day-star I begot thee.

There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, the first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit.

1 *Corinthians*

THE CREATION

O quam bonus et suavis est Domine Spiritus tuus in nobis. Alleluia.

O how good and sweet, O Lord, is Thy Spirit within us.

Whose voice is this, in the voice of the nourishing air,
In the spirit of the morning, awaking the Soul from its grassy bed?
Where dost thou dwell? for it is thee I seek, & but for thee
I must have slept Eternally, nor have felt the dew of thy morning.
Look how the opening dawn advances with vocal harmony!
Look how the beams foreshew the rising of some glorious power!
The sun is thine, he goeth forth in his majestic brightness.
O thou creating voice that callest! & who shall answer thee?

BLAKE

Before I formed thee in the bowels of thy mother, I knew thee:
and before thou camest forth out of the womb, I sanctified thee.
Jeremiah

The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his
works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning,
or ever the earth was. When there were no depths, I was brought
forth; when there were no fountains abounding with water.
Before the mountains were settled, before the hills was I brought
forth: While as yet he had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor
the highest part of the dust of the world. When he prepared the
heavens, I was there: when he set a compass upon the face of the
depth: When he established the clouds above: when he strengthened
the fountains of the deep: When he gave to the sea his
decree, that the waters should not pass his commandment: when
he appointed the foundations of the earth: Then I was by him,
as one brought up with him: and I was daily his delight, rejoicing
always before him.

Proverbs

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

One life through all the immense creation runs,
One spirit is the moon's, the sea's, the sun's;
All forms in the air that fly, on the earth that creep,
And the unknown nameless monsters of the deep –
Each breathing thing obeys one Mind's control,
And in all substance is a single Soul.
First to each seed a fiery force is given,
And every creature was begot in heaven.

VIRGIL 70 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY F. W. H. MYERS

Then since from God those lesser lives began,
And the eager Spirits entered into man,
To God again the enfranchised Soul must tend,
He is her home, her Author is her End.
No death is hers; when earthly eyes grow dim
Starlike she soars and Godlike melts in Him.

Ibid.

*ESORTAZIONE A L'ANIMA PROPRIA CHE, CON-
SIDERATA LA SUA NOBILITA, NON TARDI LA VIA
A L'AMOR DIVINO*

O ANIMA mia
creata gentile,
non te far vile
enchinar tuo coragio,
ch'en gran baronagio
è posto el tuo stato. . . .

El gran Signore
da te è pelegirino,
fatt'ha 'l camino
per te molto amaro;
o core avaro,
starai piú endurato? . . .

THE CREATION

El mondo non basta
a l'occhio vedere,
che possa empire
la sua smesuranza;
se mille i ne mostri,
faralo enfamire,
tant' è 'l sitire
de sua desianza

Se a lo specchio
te voli vedere,
porrai sentire
la tua delicanza;
en te porti forma
de Dio gran Sire,
ben pòi gaudire,
c'hai sua simiglianza;
o smesuranza
en breve redutta:
cielo terra tutta
veder en un vascello;
o vaso bello,
co mal se' trattato!

Tu non hai vita
en cose create,
en altre contrate
t'è opo alitare;
salire a Dio
che è redetate,
che tua povertate
pò satisfare;
or non tardare
la via tua a l'amore.

FRA JACOPONE DA TODI *circa 1250*

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

EXHORTATION TO HIS OWN SOUL, TO CONSIDER HER OWN NOBILITY, AND THAT SHE SHOULD NOT DALLY ON THE PATH OF DIVINE LOVE

O my soul, gentle creature, do not abase thyself,
Nor let thy courage fail,
For thou art nobly born to high estate.
The great Lord comes to thee in pilgrim guise,
And the path He trod for thee, was most bitter.
O miserly heart, canst thou stand obdurate?
This world cannot suffice the seeing eye,
For never can it fill that which has no bounds;
The sight of a thousand worlds would leave thee famished,
So great are the hunger and thirst of thy desire.
If in a mirror thou desirest to behold thyself,
Then shalt thou perceive thy own rare loveliness,
For thou bearest the likeness of our Great Lord God.
Well mayest thou rejoice to be stamped thus with His Image!
O Infinity, Thou art held in this narrow bond;
Heaven, earth, all, are contained in this one small vessel.
O Vase, most beautiful, how sorely art thou treated!
Never canst thou find life in created things,
For thou art bound to the shores of another sphere,
To ascend to God, of whom thou art the heir,
And who alone can fill thy poverty.
So tarry not: The Way is that of Love.

TRANSLATED BY NESTA DE ROBECK

I know the all-pervading Supreme Being who is exalted above all, glorious like unto the suns and aloof from darkness. By knowing Him alone is death conquered. Except this, there is no other road leading to Salvation.

FROM THE *Vedas*

THE CREATION

The All-Wise, whose body is spirit, whose form is light, whose thoughts are truth, whose nature is ether, from whom all things proceed; He is my Soul within the heart, smaller than a corn of rice, smaller than a corn of barley, smaller than a mustard seed. He is my Soul within the heart, greater than the earth, greater than the sky, greater than heaven, greater than all the worlds. He from whom all things proceed, He, my Soul within the heart, is Brahma. When I shall have departed thence, I shall obtain Him.

FROM THE *Upanishads*

Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall cease to be never;
Never was time when it was not; End and Beginning are
dreams!

Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit for ever,
Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of
it seems.

FROM THE *Bhagavad Gita*
TRANSLATED BY HARENDRANATH MAITRA

For the Mystics knew . . . that the soul being a spark of the Universal Soul-Body . . . existed long before the creation of the world, is immortal in the temporary tenement of clay she illuminates by her presence; knows no age, no passage of time, no limitations of space. . . . She is the Unseen Witness, the Divine Guest that no corruption and sin of the body . . . has power to taint or shadow by its proximity. Nay more, she preserves unalterable records, which he who can turn over the leaves of his soul, may peruse as in the pages of a book. She was present at the Creation of the World, and watched the earth first float in pristine glory through the voids of space; she was present at the building of the pyramids; she has veiled her eyes before the mystic rites in the innermost recesses of the Temples. . . . She has found

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herself standing before Christian cathedrals in the dawn of their beauty, ere one day of time had power to flaw or mar the matchless symmetry of the fresh white images . . . of sculptured Saints. She wanders at times in corridors of medieval convents she paced before the triple darkness fell upon her; and once more, she leans as she did away back in the centuries, against the bay of a Gothic arch open to the sky, and looks forth into the quiet eventide surrounded by the motionless figures of monk or nun. . . . She has watched with the shepherds, in the shadow of the plains, the Star that shone on the Birth of Christ. All this, this marvellous soul has done; and, at times, in deep concentration she reveals herself to us as a spark . . . glittering with the steady light of some distant star. . . . And when she comes to her own dominion, Oh you who have achieved the conquest of your souls and have recognized and raised her to her inalienable possession . . . she will glorify you, transform you . . . into some semblance of spiritual seeming and beauty.

GABRIELA CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

The soul having been often born, or, as the Hindoos say, 'travelling the path of existence through thousands of births,' having beheld the things which are here, those which are in heaven, and those which are beneath, there is nothing of which she has not gained the knowledge: no wonder that she is able to recollect, in regard to any one thing, what formerly she knew. 'For, all things in nature being linked and related, and the soul having heretofore known all, nothing hinders but that any man who has recalled to mind, or according to the common phrase, has learned, one thing only, should of himself recover all his ancient knowledge. . . . For inquiry and learning is reminiscence all.' How much more if he that inquires be a holy and godlike soul! For, by being assimilated to the original soul, by whom . . . all things subsist, the soul of man does then easily flow into all things, and all things flow into it: they mix, and he is present and sympathetic with their structure and law.

THE CREATION

This path is difficult, secret and beset with terror. The ancients called it ecstasy or absence, – a getting out of their bodies to think. All religious history contains traces of the trance of saints, – a beatitude, but without any sign of joy: earnest, solitary . . . ‘the flight,’ Plotinus called it, ‘of the alone to the alone.’

EMERSON 1803

Casting the body's Vest aside,
My Soul into the boughs does glide:
There, like a bird it sits and sings,
Then whets and combs its silver Wings:
And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
Waves in its Plumes the various Light.

MARVELL 1621

THE SOUL

Like some homing star which has burned its way swifter and ever swifter to the sphere that called it, purged and made shining by the ardour of its flight, it rushes through the shrouding darkness to its Origin. All its desire now is to be lost in Him. . . . The choice, the effort, the self-stripping, the purging and transmuting fires – even the darkness, desolation and abandonment, the bitterness of the spiritual death – were they not needed, the soul had almost demanded them, that thus it might test for Him its courage and its truth.

JOHN CORDELIER

Wir sind heilige Fünklein.

NIETZSCHE 1844

We are sacred sparks of Light.

Qui facit angelos suos spiritus: et ministros suos flammam ignis.

HYMNS OF PRAISE

HYMN TO ZEUS

O God most glorious, called by many a name,
Nature's great King, through endless years the same. . . .
We are thy children, we alone, of all
On earth's broad ways that wander to and fro,
Bearing thine image whereso'er we go.
Wherefore with songs of praise thy power I will forth shew.
Lo! yonder Heaven, that round the earth is wheeled,
Follows thy guidance, still to thee doth yield
Glad homage; thine unconquerable hand
Such flaming minister, the levin-brand,
Wieldeth, a sword two-edged, whose deathless might
Pulsates through all that Nature brings to light;
Vehicle of the Universal Word, that flows
Through all, and in the light celestial glows
Of stars both great and small. O King of Kings
Through ceaseless ages, God, whose purpose brings
To birth, whate'er on land or in the sea
Is wrought, or in high heaven's immensity. . . .
Chaos to thee is order: in thine eyes
The unloved is lovely, who didst harmonize
Things evil with things good, that there should be
One Word through all things everlastingly. . . .
Zeus the all-bountiful, whom darkness shrouds,
Whose lightning lightens in the thunder-clouds;
Thy children save from error's deadly sway:
Turn thou the darkness from their souls away:
Vouchsafe that unto knowledge they attain;
For thou by knowledge art made strong to reign
O'er all, and all things rulest righteously.
So by thee honoured, we will honour thee,

HYMNS OF PRAISE

Praising thy works continually with songs,
As mortals should; nor higher meed belongs
E'en to the gods, than justly to adore
The universal law for evermore.

CLEANTHES OF ASSOS 331 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY JAMES ADAM

Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honour and majesty. Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain: who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind: who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire: who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever. Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains. At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away. They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys unto the place which thou hast founded for them. Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth. He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills. They give drink to every beast of the field; the wild asses quench their thirst. By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches. He watereth the hills from his chambers; the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth; and wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart. The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted; where the birds make their nests; as for the stork, the fir trees are her house. The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and the rocks for the conies. He appointed the moon for seasons; the sun knoweth his going down. Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

creep forth. The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens. Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships; there is that leviathan, whom thou has made to play therein. These wait all upon thee; that thou mayest give them their meat in due season. That thou givest them they gather; thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good. Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust. Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth. The glory of the Lord shall endure for ever: the Lord shall rejoice in his work. He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke. I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

Psalms

For thee is set the bright moon in the sky by night, the world-illuminating sun by day.

Like a chamberlain, the heavens spread for thee the carpet of the Spring.

The wind and snow, the clouds and rain, the roaring thunder and the lightning glittering as a sword – all are His agents, obedient to His word.

If thou be athirst, fret not; the clouds bear water upon their shoulders.

From the bee He giveth thee honey, and manna from the wind. . . .

For thee are the sun and moon and the Pleiades; they are as lanterns upon the roof of thy house.

He bringeth roses from the thorn and musk from a pod; gold from the mine and green leaves from a withered stick.

HYMNS OF PRAISE

Omnipotent is He, nourishing the delicate with His many bounties.

Render thanks each moment from thy heart, for gratitude is not the work of the tongue alone.

THE BUSTĀN OF SĀDĪ 1175

TRANSLATED BY A. HART EDWARDS

In the name of Him who created and sustains the world, the Sage who endowed tongue with speech.

The two worlds are as a drop of water in the ocean of His knowledge.

He withholds not His bounty though His servants sin; upon the surface of the earth has He spread a feast, in which both friend and foe may share. . . .

He is near to them that are downcast, and accepteth the prayers of them that lament.

He knoweth of the things that exist not, of secrets that are untold.

He causeth the moon and the sun to revolve, and spreadeth water upon the earth.

In the heart of a stone hath He placed a jewel. . . .

Who can reveal the secret of His qualities; what eye can see the limits of His beauty?

The bird of thought cannot soar to the height of His presence. . . .

Think not, O Sādi, that one can walk in the road of purity except in the footsteps of Muhammad.

He is the patriarch of the prophets, the mediator of mankind. . . . What of thy praises can Sādi utter? The mercy of God be upon thee, O Prophet, and peace.

Ibid.

I will now remember the works of the Lord, and declare the things that I have seen. . . . The sun that giveth light looketh upon all things, and the work thereof is full of the glory of the Lord. . . . The Lord knoweth all that may be known, and he

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

beholdeth the signs of the world. He declareth the things that are past, and for to come, and revealeth the steps of hidden things. No thought escapeth him, neither any word is hidden from him . . . unto him may nothing be added, neither can he be diminished, and he hath no need of any counsellor. . . .

The pride of the height, the clear firmament, the beauty of heaven, with his glorious shew; The sun when it appeareth, declaring at his rising a marvellous instrument, the work of the most High. . . . He made the moon also to serve in her season for a declaration of times, and a sign of the world. . . . The beauty of heaven, the glory of the stars. . . . Look upon the rainbow; and praise him that made it; very beautiful it is. . . . It compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle, and the hands of the most High have bended it. By his commandment he maketh the snow to fall apace. . . . By his great power he maketh the clouds firm, and the hailstones are broken small. At his sight the mountains are shaken, and at his will the south wind bloweth. The noise of the thunder maketh the earth to tremble: so doth the northern storm and the whirlwind: as birds flying he scattereth the snow, and the falling down thereof is as the lighting of grasshoppers: the eye marvelleth at the beauty of the whiteness thereof, and the heart is astonished at the raining of it. The hoarfrost also as salt he poureth on the earth, and being congealed, it lieth on the top of sharp stakes. When the cold north wind bloweth, and the water is congealed into ice, it abideth upon every gathering together of water, and clotheth the water as with a breast-plate. . . .

By his counsel he appeaseth the deep, and planteth islands therein. They that sail on the sea tell of the danger thereof; and when we hear it with our ears, we marvel thereat. For therein be strange and wondrous works, variety of all kinds of beasts and whales created. . . . We may speak much, and yet come short: wherefore in sum, he is all. How shall we be able to magnify him? for he is great above all his works . . . and marvellous is his power. . . . There are yet hid greater things than these be.

Ecclesiasticus

HYMNS OF PRAISE

And they walked in the midst of the fire, praising God, and blessing the Lord. . . . And the King's servants, that put them in, ceased not to make the oven hot with rosin, pitch, tow, and small wood; so that the flame streamed forth above the furnace forty and nine cubits. . . . But the angel of the Lord came down into the oven together with Azarias and his fellows, and smote the flame of the fire out of the oven; And made the midst of the furnace as it had been a moist whistling wind, so that the fire touched them not at all, neither hurt nor troubled them. Then the three, as out of one mouth, praised, glorified, and blessed God in the furnace saying:

Blessed art thou that beholdest the depths, and sittest upon the cherubims:

Blessed art thou in the firmament of heaven. . . .

O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord:

Praise and exalt him above all for ever. . . .

O all ye angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord:

Praise and exalt him above all for ever.

O all ye waters that be above the heaven,

O ye sun and moon,

O ye stars of heaven,

O all ye winds,

O ye fire and heat,

Bless ye the Lord: praise and exalt him above all for ever.

O ye winter and summer,

O ye dews and storms of snow,

O ye light and darkness,

O ye ice and cold,

O ye lightnings and clouds,

Bless ye the Lord: praise and exalt him above all for ever.

O ye mountains and little hills,

O all ye things that grow on the earth,

O ye seas and rivers,

O ye whales, and all that move in the waters,

O all ye fowls of the air,

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O all ye beasts and cattle,
Bless ye the Lord: praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O ye children of men,
O ye spirits and souls of the righteous,
O ye holy and humble men of heart,
Bless ye the Lord: praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O give thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth for ever.
FROM The Song of the Three Children

Praise ye the Lord . . . praise him in the heights.
Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.
Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light.
Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the
heavens. . . .
Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps:
Fire, and hail; snow, and vapours; stormy wind fulfilling his word:
Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars:
Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl. . . .
Let them praise the name of the Lord.

Psalms

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair! Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these Heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought and power divine.

MILTON 1608

For the whole world before thee is as a little grain of the balance,
yea, as a drop of the morning dew that falleth down upon the
earth. But thou hast mercy upon all; for thou canst do all things

HYMNS OF PRAISE

. . . and how could anything have endured, if it had not been thy will? or been preserved, if not called by thee? But thou sparest all: for they are thine, O Lord, thou lover of souls.

Wisdom of Solomon

Thou alone art Boundless, Thou only art the Deep, Thou only art the Incomprehensible One. . . . Thou only beyond All Vision, beyond All Mind. . . . Of that which is not yet manifested art Thou the Creator. Thou alone revealest them unto us through Symbols and Images, so that we may supplicate Thee on their behalf, so that Thou mayest make them manifest, and we may know them as they are in themselves apart from all Symbols by Thy Grace alone. . . . Thou it is who hast bestowed all good things upon Man, and He weareth them like vestures. He putteth them on like garments and wrappeth Himself with Creation as with a robe. This Man is He whom all the Universe yearneth to know, for Thou alone it is who hast ordained unto the Man to manifest Himself, so that in Him Thou mightest be known and that all might learn that it is Thou who hast brought Him forth and that Thou art manifested according to Thy Will.

The Gnosis of the Light

TRANSLATED BY A. A. F. LAMPLUGH

JESUS CHRIST

I am for going on and venturing my eternal state with Christ whether I have comfort here or no; if God doth not come in, I will leap off the ladder even blindfold into eternity, sink or swim, come heaven, come hell: Lord Jesus, if Thou wilt catch me, do; if not, I will venture for Thy name.

BUNYAN 1628

Vivo – jam non ego, vivit in me Christus.

I live – no not I, but Christ liveth in me.

Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above . . . let the earth be opened, and bud forth a Saviour. I the Lord have created him.

Isaiah

BEFORE ABRAHAM WAS, I AM.

Pie Pelicane, Jesu Domine.

And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was.

St. John

JESUS CHRIST

The milk and honey are beyond this wilderness.

BUNYAN

He hath given to the will an open gate in Christ.

JACOB BOEHME 1575

Et hoc intelligere quis hominum dabit homini.

Quis angelus angelo?

Quis angelus homini?

A te petatur.

In te quaeratur.

Ad te pulsetur.

Sic, sic accipietur, sic invenietur sic aperietur.

And this to understand who of men shall give to man?

What angel to angel? What angel to man?

Of you be it asked, in you be it sought,

At your door let the knocking be.

Thus, thus shall it be received, thus found, thus opened the door.

I know indeed that Thou openest before even we can knock, for it is with the affection of Love which Thou hast given to Thy servants, that they knock and cry to Thee.

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA 1347

TRANSLATED BY ALGAR THOROLD

Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ: and to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ. . . . For this

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ . . . that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God.

Ephesians

Vergine bella, che di sol vestita,
Coronata di stelle, al sommo sole
Piacesti sì che'n te sua luce ascose;
Amor mi spinge a dir di te parole;
Ma non so'ncominciar senza tu' aita,
E di colui ch'amando in te si pose.
Invoco lei che ben sempre rispose
Chi la chiamò con fede.
Vergine, s'a mercede
Miseria estrema dell' umane cose
Giammai ti volse, al mio prego t'inchina;
Soccorri alla mia guerra,
Bench'i sia terra, e tu del ciel regina!

PETRARCH 1304

Virgin most fair, arrayed with the sun,
Crowned with the stars; to the sun supreme
So pleasing wast thou, that in thee He hid His Light.
Love urges me to sing of thee and then of Him
Who for love placed Himself in thee;
Yet how shall I begin unless thou be my help?
I will invoke her who ever lent an ear
To those who called on her in faith.
O Virgin, in pitying mercy look
On the great misery of human things:

JESUS CHRIST

Never didst thou refuse, therefore hear my prayer.
In all my warfare, succour me
Though I am but the dust, and thou of Heaven, the Queen.

TRANSLATED BY NESTA DE ROBECK

And the Angel preacheth unto thee the glad tidings that that Holy Thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God, and anon, the wondrous message of the power of the King that is to come. Thou askest how this shall be; thou wouldest know whence it cometh; thou enquirest as to the reason. . . .

Hear then a mystery unheard hitherto, behold an operation hitherto unknown; turn thine eyes upon a secret, hitherto unsuspected, learn of a work hitherto unwrought.

'The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee.'

MISSAL

When, in an unspeakable manner, Thou wast born of a Virgin, the Scriptures were fulfilled; to save man Thou camest down as dew upon the fleece: we praise Thee, O my God!

Ibid.

CAROL

I sing of a maiden
That is makeles;
King of all Kinges
To her sone sche ches.
He cam al so stille
There his moder was,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the grass.

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He cam al so stille
To his moderes bour,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the flour.
He cam al so stille
Where his moder lay,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the spray.
Moder and maiden
Was never non but sche;
Well may swich a lady
Godes moder be.

15TH CENTURY

Ensi com sor la verdure
Descent rosée des ciels,
Vint en vos cors, Virge pure,
De paradis vos dons Fiels.

JACQUES DE CAMBRAI 13TH CENTURY

Vergine madre, figlia del tuo figlio,
umile ed alta più che creatura,
termine fisso d'eterno consiglio,

tu se' colei, che l'umana natura
nobilitasti sì che il suo Fattore
non disdegnò di farsi sua fattura.

Nel ventre tuo si raccese l'amore,
per lo cui caldo nell' eterna pace
così è germinato questo fiore.

Qui sei a noi meridiana face
di caritate, e giuso, intra i mortali,
sei di speranza fontana vivace.

JESUS CHRIST

Donna, sei tanto grande e tanto vali,
che qual vuol grazia ed a te non ricorre,
sua disianza vuol volar senz'ali.

La tua benignità non pur soccorre
a chi domanda, ma molte fiate
liberamente al domandar precorre.

In te misericordia in te pietate,
in te magnificenza, in te s'aduna
quantunque in creatura è di bontate.

Or questi, che dall' infima lacuna
dell' universo infin qui ha vedute
le vite spiritali ad una ad una,

supplica a te, per grazia, di virtute
tanto che possa con gli occhi levarsi
più alto verso l'ultima salute;

ed io, che mai per mio veder non arsi
più ch' io fo per lo suo, tutti i miei preghi
ti porgo, e prego che non sieno scarsi,

perchè tu ogni nube gli dislegghi
di sua mortalità coi preghi tuoi,
sì che il sommo piacer gli si dispieghi.

Ancor ti prego, Regina che puoi
cio che tu vuoi, che conservi sani,
dopo tanto veder, gli affetti suoi.

Vinca tua guardia i movimenti umani;
vedi Beatrice con quanti beati
per li miei preghi ti chiudon le mani.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son, humble and yet more exalted than any creature, fixed term of the eternal council, thou art she, who so ennobled human nature, that the Creator did not disdain to make himself of thee created. Within thy womb was relit that love through whose warmth germinated this flower in the eternal peace. Here thou art to us the blazing torch of charity and, among us mortals here below, thou art the living source of hope. Lady, thou art so great and so powerful that for him who craves grace and has not recourse to thee, it is as though his desire would fly without wings. Thy mercy not only succours him who asks it, but oft times is generously bestowed in advance of prayer. In thee is compassion, in thee is pity, in thee magnificence, in thee meets all that there is of goodness in mankind. Now, this seeker, who from the lowest depths of the universe as far even as this heavenly region has beheld the spiritual lives one by one, he supplicates thee by grace for such strength that he may be empowered with his sight to lift himself even higher towards the Ultimate Salvation. And I, who never for mine own vision burned more than I now do for his, all my prayers I offer thee and beseech thee that they lack not full measure, in order that thou wouldst with thine own prayers dissolve for him the clouds of his mortality so that the highest joy may to him be disclosed. Again I pray thee, O Queen, to whom nothing is denied, that thou mayest preserve his affections after granting him such illimitable vision. May thy guard overcome human impulses. Behold, Beatrice with all the blessed, clasp their hands to thee for these my prayers.

TRANSLATED BY M. A. CHILDERS

Adam lay i-bowndyn,
 bowndyn in a bond,
Fowre thowsand wynter
 thowt he not to long;

JESUS CHRIST

And al was for an appil,
an appil that he tok,
As clerkes fyndyn wretyn
in here book.

Ne hadde the appil taken ben,
the appil taken ben,
Ne hadde never our lady
a ben hevene qwen.

Blyssid be the tyme
that appil take was!
Therefore we mown syngyn
Deo gracias.

15TH CENTURY

There is no rose of swich vertu
As is the rose that bare Jhesu.
Alleluia.

For in this rose containèd was
Hevene and erthe in litel space.
Res miranda.

Be that rose we may weel see
There be o God in persones three.
Pares forma.

The aungeles sungen the schepherdes to
Gloria in excelsis Deo,
Gaudeamus.

Leve we al this werdly merthe
And folwè we this joyful berthe.
Transeamus.

Circa 1450

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

O moder mayde! o mayde moder free!
O bush unbrent, brennings in Moyses sighte,
That ravisedest doun fro the deitee,
Thurgh thyn humblesse, the goost that in th' alighte,
Of whos vertu, whan he thyn herte lighte,
Conceived was the fadres sapience,
Help me to telle it in thy reverence!
Lady! thy bountee, thy magnificence,
Thy vertu, and thy grete humilitee,
Ther may no tonge expresse in no science;
For som-tyme, lady, er men praye to thee,
Thou goost biforn of thy benignitee,
And getest us the light, thurgh thy preyere,
To gyden us un-to thy sone so dere.

CHAUCER I 340

EDITED BY WALTER W. SKEAT

Es ist ein' Ros' entsprungen
Aus einer Wurtzel zart,
Als uns die Alten singen;
Aus Jesse kam die Art;
Und hat ein Blümlein bracht,
Mitten im kalten Winter
Wohl zu der halben Nacht.

Das Röslein, das ich meine,
Davon Jesaias sagt,
Ist Maria die reine,
Die uns dies Blümlein bracht;
Aus Gottes ew' gem Rat
Hat sie ein Kindlein g'boren,
Ist blieb'n ein' reine Magd.

JESUS CHRIST

Wir bitten dich von Herzen,
Maria, Rose zart,
Durch dieses Blümlein's Schmerzen,
Die er empfunden hat,
Wollst uns behülflich sein,
Dass wir ihm mogen machen
Ein' Wohnung hübsch und fein.

15TH CENTURY

There grew a Rose-bush, springing
Up from a blessed root
And called by ancient singers
Of Jesse's vine the foot.
It bore, full sweet, a Flower,
In winter's cold and dark
At midnight's silent hour.

The Rose I am acclaiming
And which Isaiah sang
Is Mary, pure and tender,
From whom this Blossom sprang.
God's ageless wisdom said
So shall this Child be born
From chaste, from spotless Maid.

Our hearts, they now beseech you,
Rose-Mary, blameless plant,
By your pale Flower's sorrow,
By all His bitter want,
Help us, with pitying grace,
To build that Holy Blossom
A worthy dwelling-place.

TRANSLATED BY GRETCHEN WARREN

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Ave maris stella

The sterre on the see,
Dei mater alma,
Blessed mot sche be!
Atque semper virgo,
Pray thy sone for me,
Felix celi porta,
That I may come to thee.
Gabriel, that archangel,
He was massanger;
So faire he gret our Lady,
With an *Ave* so clere.
Heil be thou, Mary,
Be thou, Mary,
Full of Godes grace,
And quene of mercy!
Alle that arn to grete
Withouten dedly sinne,
Forty dayes of pardoun
God graunteth him.

15TH CENTURY

O Mary, how holy and how spotless is thy virginity. I am too dull to praise thee! For thou hast borne in thy breast Him Whom the heavens cannot contain.

MISSAL

Behold, the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee.

1 Kings

Accurrite, Accurrite,
gente: co non venite? vita
eterna vedite, con la fascia
legata.

JACOPONE DA TODI circa 1250

JESUS CHRIST

Come, come with me,
O folk! Why do you not hasten
to see Eternal Life in
swaddling clothes?

IBID

See how from far upon the Eastern road
The star-led Wizards haste with odours sweet!
O run! prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

MILTON 1608

HYMN ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

It was the Winter wilde,
While the Heav'n-born-childe,
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in aw to him
Had doff't her gawdy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize. . . .

But peaceful was the night
Wherin the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The Windes with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joyes to the milde Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,
 Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
Untill their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
 The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferiour flame,
 The new enlightn'd world no more should need;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
 Sate simply chatting in a rustick row;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
 Was kindly com to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or els their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep.

When such musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
 As never was by mortall finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringèd noise,
 As all their souls in blisfull rapture took:
The Air such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close. . . .

JESUS CHRIST

Such musick (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator Great
His constellations set,
 And the well-ballanc't world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep. . . .

But see the Virgin blest,
Hath laid her Babe to rest.
 Time in our tedious Song should here have ending,
Heav'ns youngest teemèd Star,
Hath fixt her polisht Car,
 Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending:
And all about the Courtly Stable,
Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.

Ibid.

THE STORKE

The storke she rose on Christmas eve,
 And sayed unto her broode,

‘I now must fare to Bethleem,
 To vieue the Sonne of God.’

She gave to each his dole of mete,
 She stowed them fayrlie in,

And farre she flewe and fast she flewe,
 And came to Bethleem.

‘Now where is He of David's line?’ shee
 asked at house and hall,

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

'He is not here,' they spake hardlye, 'but
in the Maungier stalle.'

She found Hym in the Maungier stalle, with
that most holy Mayde,

The gentyle storke she wept to see the
Lord so rudely layde.

Then from her pauntynge brest she pluckd
The fethers whyte and warm;

She strawed them in the Maungier bed to
Keep the Lorde from harm.

'Now blessed bee the gentyle storke for
evermore' quoth Hee

For that shee saw My sadde estate and
showed such Pitye.

Ful welkum shal shee ever bee in
hamlet and in halle,

And hight henceforth the Blessed Byrd and
Friend of Babyes alle.

OLD ENGLISH CAROL

EDITED BY CATHERINE GILES

Reported to have been found in the Prayer Book of King Edward VI

O my deir hert, young Jesu sweit,
Prepare thy creddil in my spreit,
And I sall rock thee in my hert
And never mair from thee depart.

JESUS CHRIST

But I sall praise thee evermoir
With sangis sweet unto thy gloir;
The knees of my hert sall I bow,
And sing that richt *Balulalow!*

15TH CENTURY

LUMEN CHRISTE

Wellcome, all Wonders in one sight!
Æternity shutt in a span.
Sommer in Winter, Day in Night,
Heaven in Earth, & God in Man.
Great little one! whose all-embracing birth
Lifts earth to heaven, stoopes heav'n to earth.

RICHARD CRASHAW 1613

He who is an Infant and whose Cradle is a Manger
Knoweth the Infant Sorrow, whence it came and where it goeth
And who weave it a Cradle of the grass that withereth away.
This World is all a Cradle for the erred wandering Phantom,
Rock'd by Year, Month, Day, & Hour.

BLAKE 1757

He was a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with Grief.

Isaiah

And they shall see his face and his name shall be in their foreheads.

Revelation

*And let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him
take the water of Life freely.*

Ibid.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Keine Freude ohne Sorge kam
Bis an die Tage
Da ich Christi Blumen nahm
Die ich nun trage.

HARTMANN VON AUE 13TH CENTURY

And after this there comes up . . . a dweller in the desert; and he is asked by all: Who art thou? To whom he says in answer: I am John, the voice and prophet of the Most High, going before the face of His coming, to prepare His ways. . . . And seeing Him coming to me, instigated by the Holy Spirit, I said: Behold the Lamb of God! Behold Him who taketh away the sins of the world! And I baptized Him in the river of Jordan, and I saw the Holy Spirit descending upon Him in the form of a dove; and I heard a voice from the heavens saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

APOCRYPHAL GOSPELS

TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER WALKER

Let us be imitators also of those who in goat-skins and sheepskins went about proclaiming the coming of Christ; I mean Elijah, Elisha, and Ezekiel among the Prophets, with those others to whom a like testimony is borne.

First Epistle of St. Clement

TRANSLATED BY DONALDSON AND ROBERTS

Jesu, dulcis memoria
Dans vera cordis gaudia,
Sed super mel et omnia
Eius dulcis praesentia.

ST. BERNARD 1091

Jesus, sweet memory,
Thou fillest the heart with joy,
But above all joy
Is Thy sweet Presence.

JESUS CHRIST

There was a man of the Pharisees named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews; the same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him. Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born? Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

St. John

Wise *Nicodemus* saw such light
As made him know his God by night.

Most blest believer he!
Who in that land of darkness and blinde eyes
Thy long expected healing wings could see,
When thou didst rise;
And, what can never more be done,
Did at mid-night speak with the Sun!

O who will tell me, where
He found thee at that dead and silent hour?
What hallow'd solitary ground did bear
So rare a flower;
Within whose sacred leafs did lie
The fulness of the Deity?

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

No mercy-seat of gold,
No dead and dusty *Cherub*, nor carv'd stone,
But his own living works, did my Lord hold
And lodge alone:
Where *trees* and *herbs* did watch and peep
And wonder, while the Jews did sleep.

HENRY VAUGHAN 1622

And straightway he constrained his disciples to get into the ship and to go to the other side before unto Bethsaida, while he sent away the people. And when he had sent them away, he departed into a mountain to pray. And when even was come, the ship was in the midst of the sea, and he alone on the land. And he saw them toiling in rowing, for the wind was contrary unto them: and about the fourth watch of the night he cometh unto them, walking upon the sea, and would have passed by them. But when they saw him walking upon the sea, they supposed it had been a spirit, and cried out: for they all saw him, and were troubled. And immediately he talked with them, and saith unto them, Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid. And he went up unto them into the ship; and the wind ceased: and they were sore amazed in themselves beyond measure, and wondered.

St. Mark

And after six days Jesus taketh with him Peter, and James, and John, and leadeth them up into an high mountain apart by themselves: and he was transfigured before them. And his raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow; so as no fuller on earth can white them. And there appeared unto them Elias with Moses: and they were talking with Jesus. . . . And there was a cloud that overshadowed them; and a voice came out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son; hear him. And suddenly, when they had looked round about, they saw no man any more, save Jesus only with themselves.

Ibid.

JESUS CHRIST

Portentum ergo fit non contra naturam sed contra quam est nota natura.

ST. AUGUSTINE 353

Miracles are not contrary to nature but only contrary to what we know about nature.

The Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed took bread: and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

1 Corinthians

Mensae coelestis participes faciat nos Rex aeternae gloriae.

May the King of Eternal Glory make us sharers of His Heavenly Table.

THE BLESSING OF WATER

Wherefore I bless thee, O creature of water, by the living God, by the true God, by the holy God: who in the beginning by his word divided thee from the dry land: whose Spirit moved over thee. Who made thee flow from the fountain of paradise, and commanded thee to water all the earth in four rivers. Who, when thou wert bitter in the desert, made thee fit to drink by infusing into thee sweetness, and produced thee from a rock for thy thirsty people. I bless thee also by Jesus Christ his only-begotten Son, our Lord: who by a wonderful miracle changed thee into wine by his power in Cana in Galilee. Who walked with his feet upon thee and was baptized in thee by John in the Jordan.

MISSAL

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

PRAYER ON MINGLING A DROP OF WATER WITH THE WINE AT THE OFFERTORY

Deus, qui humanae substantiae dignitatem mirabiliter condidisti, et mirabilius reformasti: da nobis per hujus aquae et vini mysterium, ejus Divinitatis esse consortes, qui humanitatis nostrae fieri dignatus est particeps, Jesus Christus Filius tuus Dominus noster.

ROMAN MISSAL

O God, who hast wonderfully created, and yet more wonderfully reformed, the dignity of human nature, grant us through the mystery of this water and wine, that we may become sharers of the Divinity of Him, who deigned to become a sharer of our humanity, Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Our Lord.

O Jesus Christ, who didst give us thy flesh to eat and thy blood to drink, and didst ordain this mystery in the power of thy Holy Spirit, saying, Do this for the commemoration of me . . . I pray thee, by that wonderful and unspeakable love . . . to teach me by thy Holy Spirit to approach so great a mystery with that reverence which is due and fitting. . . . Let thy good spirit enter my heart, and there be heard without utterance. . . . For thy mysteries are exceeding deep and covered with a sacred veil. . . . Fence me round about with the holy and faithful guard and the mighty protection of thy blessed angels.

ST. AMBROSE 340 A.D.

Panis Angelicus
Fit panis hominum;
Dat panis coelicus
Figuris terminum.
O res mirabilis,
Manducat Dominum
Pauper servus et humilis.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS 1226

JESUS CHRIST

Litaniae de venerabili altaris sacramento

Panis vivus qui de
Coelo descendisti.
Angelorum esca.
Manna absconditum.
Memoria mirabilium Dei.

Living Bread which
came down from Heaven.
Food of Angels.
Hidden Manna.
Memorial of the Wonders of God.

Grant to me, O Loving Father, that having partaken of this Food, I may be so sustained by the hidden Manna that I may go in the strength of that Meat unto the Mount of God, where the understandings are rich, the will is satisfied, the affections are all love and joy, and my weaknesses and dishonours shall be changed to the strength and beauties of the Sons of God. Amen.

JEREMY TAYLOR 1613

My flesh is meat indeed and my blood is drink indeed.

St. John

What Christ did at His Supper, that, He said, we should do in memory of Him. Following His holy institution, we consecrate the bread and wine to be the Victim of salvation. A doctrine is revealed to Christians, that the bread is changed into Flesh, and the wine into Blood. And what you do not understand or see, faith in the soul makes that assured, beyond the order of Nature. Under various appearances, which are signs only and not realities,

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

transcendent things are hidden. Behold the Bread of Angels, become the food of our journey, the Bread of the children indeed, not to be cast to the dogs. Thou who knowest all things and canst do all things, who feedest us mortals here, make us there to sit at table with Thee, and to be joint heirs and associates of the heavenly citizens. Amen. Alleluia.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS
TRANSLATED BY PÁDRAIG DE BRÚN

HYMN IN ADORATION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

With all the powres my poor Heart hath
Of humble love & loyall Faith,
Thus lowe (my hidden life!) I bow to Thee
Whom too much love hath bow'd more low for me. . . .

Faith is my force. Faith strength affords
To keep pace with those powerfull words.
And words more sure, more sweet than they,
Love could not think, truth could not say. . . .

Plead for me, love! Alleage & show
That faith has farther here to goe,
And lesse to lean on. Because then
Though hidd as God, wounds writt thee man:
Thomas might touch; none but might see
At least the suffring side of Thee. . . .

O soft, self-wounding Pelican!
Whose brest weepes Balm for wounded man.
Ah this way bend Thy benign floud
To'a bleeding Heart that gaspes for blood.
That blood, whose least drops sovereign be
To wash my worlds of sins from me.

JESUS CHRIST

Come love! Come Lord! & that long day
For which I languish, come away,
When this dry soul those eyes shall see,
And drink the unseal'd sourse of Thee:
When Glory's sun Faith's shades shall chase,
And for Thy veil give me Thy Face. Amen

RICHARD CRASHAW

Jesu, quem velatum nunc aspicio
Ora, fiat illud quod tam sitio
Ut, te revelata cernens facie,
Visu sim beatus tuæ gloriæ.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

Jesus, whom veiled I now behold, I pray that what I so thirst for may come to pass. That, seeing Thee with Thy face revealed, I may have beatitude in the vision of Thy glory.

And the Apostle Thomas began to say: O Jesus Christ, the secret mystery which has been revealed to us, Thou art He who disclosest to us all manner of mysteries, who has set me apart from all my companions, and who hast told me three words with which I am set on fire. . . . O Jesus, man slain, dead, buried; Jesus, God of God, and Saviour who bringest the dead to life, O Jesus, who appearest to be in want . . . catching the fishes for the morning and the evening meal, and establishing all in abundance with a little bread; Jesus who didst rest from the toil of the Journey as a man, and walk upon the waves as God. . . . Jesus Christ, who overlookest us not when we call upon Thee . . . I entreat Thee in behalf of those standing and entreating Thee, and those that believe in Thee. . . . Let Thy peace come and dwell in them. And having laid his hands on them, he blessed them, saying: The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be upon you for ever! And

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

they said, Amen. And the apostle ordered his servant to set out a table; and they set out a bench which they found there. And having spread a linen cloth upon it, he put on it the bread of the blessing. And the apostle standing by it said:

‘Jesus Christ, Son of God, Come now perfect compassion; come, peace that revealest the great things of all greatness; come, Thou that disclovest secrets, and makest manifest things not to be spoken . . . who givest joy and rest to those who are united to Thee; come and communicate with us in this Eucharist, which we make in Thy name, and in the love in which we are united in calling upon Thee.’

And having thus said, he made the sign of the cross upon the bread, and broke it.

APOCRYPHAL GOSPELS
TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER WALKER

Mensam igitur ponunt panes cibosque offerunt, et Deum, quem in Scripturae sacrae expositione non cognoverant, in panis fractione cognoscunt.

Therefore they spread a table. They offer bread and food, and God, whom in the exposition of Holy Scripture they knew not they come to know in the breaking of bread.

Via et Veritas et Vita.

THE HOLY CROSS

Steadfast Cross, among all other
Thou art a tree mickle of price,
In branch and flower such another
I ne wot none in wood nor rys.

JESUS CHRIST

Sweet be the nails
And sweet be the tree,
And sweeter be the burden that hangs upon thee.

*ECCE LIGNUM CRUCIS, IN QUO SALUS MUNDI
PEPENDIT.*

*Behold the wood of the Cross, on which hung the Saviour of the
world.*

VIA CRUCIS

And they stripped him and put on him a scarlet robe. And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand. And they spit upon him, and took the reed, and smote him on the head. And they gave him vinegar to drink mingled with gall. And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha, that is to say, the place of a skull, there they crucified him. Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. And it was about the sixth hour, and there was a darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour. And the sun was darkened. And at the ninth hour, Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani, which is, being interpreted, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? And having said thus, he gave up the ghost. And behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent. And the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept, arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many.

FROM THE GOSPELS

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

*Dulce lignum, dulces clavos,
Dulce pondus sustinet.*

*Sweet wood, sweet nails,
Sweet is the weight ye bear.*

Cru^x fidelis inter omnes
Arbor una nobilis;
Nulla silva talem profert
Fronde, flore, germine.

The Cross is the abyss of wonders, the centre of desires, the school of virtues, the house of wisdom, the throne of love, the theatre of joys, and the place of sorrows. It is the root of happiness, and the gate of Heaven.

THOMAS TRAHERNE 1620
EDITED BY BERTRAM DOBELL

*The radiant-green earth and upper sky, with trembling, feel their
Saviour's agonies.*

The sun was darkened; veiled in sorrow. Many walls and rocks throughout the world were burst asunder; also the earth, shaken with terror, trembled in tumult. The broad sea made known the strength of its might, and from its bonds in wrath broke forth unto the lap of earth; and from their shining stations the stars forsook their splendour sweet. In that same hour, heaven clearly knew who decked it brightly with its starry gems. . . . And many a tree, no little number, revealed Who shaped them with their blossoms, when mighty God mounted on one of them,

JESUS CHRIST

whereon He knew affliction for the need of human kind, a baleful death to succour men. Then many a tree wept bloody tears under its bark, ruddy, abundant tears; the sap was turned to blood.

CYNEWULF 8TH CENTURY
TRANSLATED BY C. W. KENNEDY

So then, my beloved, after this . . . the Lord went out; and we as men gone astray or awaked out of sleep fled all ways. Nay even I that had seen Him did not abide at His passion when He was suffering, but fled unto the Mount of Olives, weeping over that which had befallen. And when He was hung upon the bush of the cross, at the sixth hour of the day, there came darkness over all the earth. And our Lord stood in the midst of the cave and lighted it up and said, 'John, unto the multitude down below in Jerusalem I am being crucified, and pierced with lances and reeds, and gall and vinegar is given Me to drink: but unto thee I am speaking, and hearken thou to what I say. I put it into thy heart to come up into this mountain, that thou mightest hear matters needful for a disciple to learn from his teacher, and for a man to learn from his God.'

And having thus spoken, He shewed me a cross of light set up, and about the cross a great multitude . . . and the Lord Himself I beheld above the cross, not having any shape, but only a voice: and a voice not such as was familiar to us, but a sweet and kind voice and one truly of God, saying unto me: 'John, it is needful that one should hear these things from Me: for I have need of one that will hear. This cross of light is sometimes called the Word by Me for your sakes, sometimes Mind, sometimes Jesus, sometimes Christ, sometimes a Door, sometimes a Way, sometimes Bread . . . sometimes Son, sometimes Father, sometimes Spirit, sometimes Life, sometimes Truth, sometimes Faith. . . . This is not the cross of wood which thou wilt see when thou goest down hence, neither am I he that is upon the cross, whom now thou seest not, but only hearest a voice. . . .

Nothing of the things which they will say of Me have I suffered.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

. . . Thou hearest that I suffered, yet I suffered not: that I suffered not, yet did I suffer: that I was pierced, yet was I not smitten; hanged, and I was not hanged; that blood flowed from Me, yet it flowed not: and, in a word, those things that they say of Me I had not, and the things that they say not, those I suffered. Now what they are I will signify unto thee, for I know that thou wilt understand. Perceive thou therefore in Me the slaying of a Word, the piercing of a Word, the blood of a Word, the wound of a Word, the hanging of a Word, the passion of a Word, the nailing of a Word, the death of a Word.'

When He had spoken unto me these things, and others which I know not how to say as He would have me, He was taken up, no one of the multitudes having beheld Him.

Acts of St. John
FROM *Apocrypha Anecdota*
TRANSLATED BY M. R. JAMES

The Cross is a tree set on fire with invisible flame, that illuminateth all the world. The flame is Love, the Love in His Bosom Who died on it.

TRAHERNE
EDITED BY BERTRAM DOBELL

O Oriens, splendor lucis aeternae, et sol justitiae: Veni, et illumina sedentes in tenebris, et umbra mortis.

O Dayspring! Splendour of Eternal Light, and Sun of Righteousness: Come, and illumine those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

This cross of tribulation is ever ready, and abideth thee in every place, and therefore thou mayest not avoid it in any place; for if thou wert secluded from all the world yet thou shouldest have

JESUS CHRIST

experience of this cross of tribulation in thyself. Turn thyself to those above thee, or else to those that be under thee, and about thee, and look within thee. And in all those thou shalt find the cross of temptation and tribulation, and therefore it is expedient to thee ever to arm thyself with patience, if thou wilt have only peace and the crown of perpetual triumph and joy. Endure thyself to bear this cross patiently, and it shall sustain thee mightily, and lead thee to a joyful end, where thou shalt never bear the burden of any kind of tribulation or temptation.

Imitation of Christ

MODERNIZED FROM THE TRANSLATION OF
MASTER WILLIAM ATKYNSON 1502

OF THE KING'S HIGHWAY OF THE HOLY CROSS

To many this seems a hard saying: *Deny thyself, take up thy cross, and follow Jesus.* . . .

Why art thou afraid to take up thy cross, which leads to a kingdom?

In the cross is salvation; in the cross is life; in the cross is protection from thy enemies.

In the cross is infusion of heavenly sweetness; in the cross is strength of mind; in the cross is joy of spirit.

In the cross is the height of virtue; in the cross is the perfection of sanctity.

There is no health of the soul, nor hope of eternal life, but in the cross.

Take up, therefore, thy cross and follow Jesus, and thou shalt go into life everlasting.

He is gone before thee, carrying his cross; and he died for thee upon the cross, that thou mayest also bear thy cross, and love to die on the cross.

Because, if thou die with him, thou shalt also live with him; and if thou art his companion in suffering, thou shalt also partake in his glory.

Behold the cross is all, and in dying to thyself all consists; and

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

there is no other way to life and true internal peace, but the way of the holy cross, and of daily mortification.

Go where thou wilt, seek what thou wilt, and thou shalt not find a higher way above, nor a safer way below, than the way of the holy cross.

Dispose and order all things according as thou wilt, and as seems best to thee, and thou wilt still find something to suffer, either willingly or unwillingly, and so thou shalt still find the cross. . . .

Sometimes thou shalt be left by God, other times thou shalt be afflicted by thy neighbour; and what is more, thou shalt often be a trouble to thyself.

Neither canst thou be delivered or eased by any remedy or comfort; but as long as it shall please God thou must bear it.

For God would have thee learn to suffer tribulation without comfort, and wholly to submit thyself to him, and to become more humble by tribulation. . . .

The cross, therefore, is always ready and everywhere waits for thee.

Thou canst not escape it, whithersoever thou runnest; for whithersoever thou goest thou carriest thyself with thee, and shalt always find thyself.

Turn thyself upward, or turn thyself downward, turn thyself without, or turn thyself within thee, and everywhere thou shalt find the cross. . . .

If thou carry the cross willingly it will carry thee, and bring thee to thy desired end. . . .

If thou carry it unwillingly thou makest it a burden to thee, and loadest thyself the more, and nevertheless thou must bear it. . . .

Dost thou think to escape that which no mortal could ever avoid? What saint was there ever in the world without his cross and affliction? . . .

Our Lord Jesus Christ himself was not one hour of his life without the anguish of his passion. . . .

And how dost thou pretend to seek another way than this royal way, which is the way of the holy cross?

JESUS CHRIST

Drink of the chalice of thy Lord lovingly if thou desirest to be his friend, and to have a part with him.

*Written in Latin in 1441, by the hands of
Brother Thomas Kempis, in Mount Saint Agnes*

TRANSLATED BY RICHARD CHALLONER

Ave verum corpus natum
De Maria Virgine:
Vere passum immolatum
In Cruce pro homine.
Cujus latus perforatum
Fluxit aqua et sanguine.
Esto nobis praegustatum,
Mortis in examine.
O Jesu dulcis!
O Jesu pie!
Tu nobis miserere.

Hail! true Body that the Virgin Mary bore; the same that suffered and was immolated on the Cross for man. The same from whose pierced side the blood and water flowed. Let us have tasted of Thee, when we enter the pass of death. Jesus, dear love! Jesus true love, have pity on us.

TRANSLATED BY PÁDRAIG DE BRÚN

O salutaris Hostia
Quae coeli pandis ostium;
Bella premunt hostilia
Da robur fer auxilium.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

O Victim of Salvation, opener of Heaven's gate!
We are harassed by the attacks of our enemies.
Give us valour, come to our aid.

TRANSLATED BY PÁDRAIG DE BRÚN

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O Thou Great Opener of Doors.

Was't not enough that thou hadst payd the price,
And given us eies
When we had none, but thou must also take
Us by the hand,
And keep us still awake,
When we would sleep,
Or from thee creep,
Who without thee cannot stand?

Was't not enough to lose thy breath
And blood by an accursèd death,
But thou must also leave
To us, that did bereave
Thee of them both, these seals, the means
That should both cleanse
And keep us so,
Who wrought thy wo?
O rose of *Sharon*! O the Lilly
Of the valley!
How art thou now, thy flock to keep,
Become both *food*, and *Shepherd* to thy sheep!

HENRY VAUGHAN

Than sayd the Pellycane,
When my byrdes be slayne,
With my bloude I them renoue.
Scrypture doth record
The same dyd our Lord,
And rose from Deth to Lyfe.

JOHN SKELTON 1460

JESUS CHRIST

CRUX FIDELIS

Jesu benigne!
A cujus igne
Opto flagrare
Et te amare
Cur non flagravi?
Cur non amavi
Te, Jesu Christe?
O frigus triste!

CROSS UNFAILING

Benign Jesus! with whose flame I long to be afire, and to love
Thee why have I not been kindled? Why have I not loved Thee,
Jesus Christ? Oh miserable coldness!

TRANSLATED BY PÁDRAIG DE BRÚN

Dey crucified my Lord,
An' He never said a mumblin' word.
Dey crucified my Lord,
An' He never said a mumblin' word.
Not a word – not a word – not a word.

Dey nailed Him to de tree,
An' He never said a mumblin' word.
Dey nailed Him to de tree,
An' He never said a mumblin' word.
Not a word – not a word – not a word.

Dey pierced Him in de side,
An' He never said a mumblin' word.
Dey pierced Him in de side,
An' He never said a mumblin' word.
Not a word – not a word – not a word.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

De blood came twinklin' down,
An' He never said a mumblin' word.
De blood came twinklin' down,
An' He never said a mumblin' word.
Not a word – not a word – not a word.

He bowed His head an' died,
An' He never said a mumblin' word.
He bowed His head an' died,
An' He never said a mumblin' word.
Not a word – not a word – not a word.

NEGRO SPIRITUAL
EDITED BY JAMES W. JOHNSON

I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since; with many an arrow deep infixt
My panting side was charg'd, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shade.
There was I found by one who had himself
Been hurt by th' archers. In his side he bore,
And on his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me live.

WILLIAM COWPER 1731

Our Saviour's Cross is the Throne of Delights, the Centre of
Eternity, the Tree of Life in the midst of the Paradise of God.

TRAHERNE
EDITED BY BERTRAM DOBELL

The sorrowful Mother stood weeping by the cross, whereon her
Son was hung.
And as she mourned and lamented in her anguish, her soul was
pierced by a sword.

JESUS CHRIST

O! how sad and afflicted was that blessed Mother of the Only-Begotten!

For the sins of His race she saw Jesus in torments, given over to the scourges.

She saw her own sweet Child, abandoned at His death, while He gave up the Ghost.

Ah! Mother, fountain of love, make me feel the force of suffering, that I may mourn with you.

Do this, Holy Mother – impress the wounds of the Crucified fixedly in my heart.

To stand with you beside the Cross, to be your companion in mourning – such is my desire.

Make me bear the death of Christ, make me the comrade of His Passion, and His stripes the meditation of my soul.

When my body shall die, grant that to my soul be given the glory of Paradise. Amen.

JACOPONE DA TODI

TRANSLATED BY PÁDRAIG DE BRÚN

SANCTA MARIA DOLORUM

The Mother of Sorrows: A pathetic descant upon the Devout Plainsong of *Stabat Mater Dolorosa*.

In shade of Death's sad Tree
 Stood doleful she.

Ah she, now by none other
Name to be Known, alas, but Sorrow's Mother.
 Before her eyes

Hers and the whole World's joys,
Hanging all torn, she sees; and in His woes
And pains, her pangs and throes:
Each wound of His, from every part,
All, more at home in her own heart. . . .

 O costly intercourse
 Of deaths, and worse,
 Divided loves. While Son and Mother
Discourse alternate wounds to one another. . . .

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Ah, hard command
Of love. Here must she stand,
Charged to look on, and with a steadfast eye
See her life die. . . .

O mother turtle-dove,
Soft source of love,
That these dry lids might borrow
Something from thy full seas of sorrow. . . .

Come wounds, come darts.
Nail'd hands, and piercèd hearts.
Come your whole selves, Sorrow's great Son and mother. . . .

By all those stings
Of Love, sweet-bitter things,
Which these torn hands transcribed on thy true heart;
O teach mine, too, the art
To study Him so, till we mix
Wounds, and become one crucifix.

RICHARD CRASHAW 1613

When the even was come, there came a rich man of Arimathea, named Joseph, who also himself waited for the kingdom of God. This man went unto Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus. And he took it down, and wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out of the rock, wherein never man before was laid.

FROM THE GOSPELS

. . . soothly I trow fully that whosoever would busy himself with all his heart and all his mind, and meditate on this glorious Passion and on all the circumstances thereof, it would bring him and change him into a new state of living. For he that insearches

JESUS CHRIST

it with deep thought, and with all his heart lastingly, he shall find many things therein stirring him to new compassion, new love, new ghostly comfort, and so shall he be brought into a new ghostly sweetness.

After the hour of None, the piteous Mother of Jesu, our Lady S. Mary, S. John, Mary Magdalene, and the two sisters of our Lady, they sat still abiding and beholding without ceasing our Lord Jesu so hanging betwixt two thieves, naked, and so piteously wounded, so bitterly tormented, so shamefully done to death, and utterly forsaken of all men.

And as they sat thus together, they saw come from the city a great company of armed men that were sent from the princes of the Jews to take them down who hung on the cross on the Great Sabbath Day. . . .

Another time they looked and saw come from citywards a company. But it was Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, who came . . . to take down the blessed Body of our Lord Jesus Christ; and also they brought with them a hundred pounds of aloes and myrrh. . . . Then John looked and said: 'Yonder comes Joseph and Nicodemus': and then our Lady was greatly comforted . . . and bade John that he should go to them and keep them. And John, in great haste, met them: and each hailed the other with great weeping and mourning; for a long while they could not speak to each other for tenderness of compassion and greatness of sorrow and weeping. . . . And when they came near to the cross, at once they fell down on their knees and worshipped our Lord. . . . Then rose they up and made them ready to take Him down. . . . Then Nicodemus came down and went to the Feet, and Joseph bare up the Body of Jesus . . . then they all took His blessed Body and laid It down on the ground, and our Lady took His Head on her knee. . . . After they had long stood thus, weeping a great while . . . it drew near to night, and John prayed her that she would vouchsafe to allow Joseph and Nicodemus to prepare the Body of Jesus and bury It. . . . Then Joseph and Nicodemus began to wrap Him in sendal, as was the

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Jews' manner of burying. . . . And then they all arose and kneeled before Him, honoured Him and kissed His Feet, and took up His Body and bare It to His grave . . . in the which, kneeling, they buried Him with great reverence, weeping with bitter tears. . . . And when He was thus laid in His grave, His Mother blessed and embraced Him, and fell upon her dear son: and then John and her sisters lifted her up, and covered the grave with a great stone.

ST. BONAVENTURA 13TH CENTURY
TRANSLATED BY GERALDINE E. HODGSON

This is He, this is He: there is no other. This is He whom I have waited for and sought after from my childhood. I have met with my God; I have met with my Saviour. I have felt the healings drop into my soul from under His wings.

ISAAC PENINGTON 1617

And in the end of the Sabbath, when it began to dawn towards the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalen and the other Mary, to see the Sepulchre. And behold there was a great earthquake. For an angel of the Lord descended from heaven and coming rolled back the stone and sat upon it. And his countenance was as lightning and his raiment as snow. And for fear of him, the guards were struck with terror and became as dead men. And the angel answering said to the women: Fear not you; for I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here. For he is risen as He said. Come, and see the place where the Lord was laid. And going quickly, tell ye his disciples that he is risen. And behold he will go before you into Galilee. There you shall see him. Lo, I have foretold it to you.

St. Matthew

HOW MAGDALENE AND HER SISTERS CAME TO THE SEPULCHRE

Mary Magdalene and the other two Marys come early in the morning to the sepulchre with their ointments. . . . Without

JESUS CHRIST

the gates of the City, they bethought themselves of the pains, afflictions and passion of their Master, and in every place where they knew that He had suffered any special pain, they kneeled down, kissing the ground, sorrowing and sighing together. 'Here we met Him bearing His Cross, when His Mother swooned for sorrow. . . . And here laid He down His Cross for weariness, and upon this stone He leaned Himself a little. . . . Here they stripped Him and made Him naked, and here they fastened Him on the Cross.' Then with great weeping and sorrowing they fell to the ground and worshipped the Cross and kissed it — for it was all red with the precious Blood of our Lord Jesu. After that, they rose up and went to the sepulchre, and said to themselves: 'Who shall remove us this stone from the door of the monument?' And when they came, they found the stone laid on one side, and an angel sitting thereon that said to them. . . . 'Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth Who was crucified: He is risen, He is not here.' . . . they took no heed to the angel's word, but came again all frightened to the disciples, and told them that their Lord's Body was taken away.

Then Peter and John ran to the grave . . . and Magdalene and her companions ran with them. . . . When they came to the grave they found nought but the kerchief, and the clothes that He was wound in. . . . They sought Him, but they found Him not, and they wist never what they might do: therefore Peter and John went home sore weeping again for sorrow. But the three Marys waited still at the grave . . . and they saw two angels sitting in white clothes, that said to them: 'wherefore seek ye the living with the dead?' But they took no heed to the angels' words. . . . Then the two Marys withdrew them a little and sat down sore weeping. But Mary Magdalene wist not what she might do: for without her Master she could not live . . . and therefore she stood still at the grave weeping. . . . Again she saw the angels sit on the grave, who said: 'Woman, why weepest thou? What seekest thou?' And she answered and said: 'for they have taken my Lord away, and I wot not what they have done with Him. . . .'

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When she had thus a long time wept, and took no heed of the angels, her Love and her Master Jesus could no longer withhold Himself from her. . . . Our Lord Jesus came then to the garden where His grave was, and met there with Mary Magdalene and said to her, 'Woman, why weepest thou?' And yet she knew Him not, but weened He had been the gardener; and like a woman full of thought she answered Him and said, 'Sir, if thou hast taken Him away, tell me where thou hast hid him, and I shall take Him. . . .' Then our Lord called her by her homely name, 'Mary.' Then waked she at His voice as out of a dead sleep, knowing His sweet voice, and with great joy she said 'Rabboni,' that is to say, 'Master,' 'Lord,' she said, 'You are He Whom I seek, why have You thus long hidden Yourself from me?' And then she ran and fell down at His feet. . . . But our Lord Jesus raised her up . . . and He said to her: 'Mary, touch Me not, for yet I have not ascended up to my Father. . . . But go say to my brethren that I ascend up to my Father and your Father, My God and your God. Said I not to thee before that I should rise up the third day? why seekest thou Me in My grave? . . .'

And then He bade her that she should not fear; 'but be faithful and stable for I shall evermore be with thee.' Then she took His blessing, and He went forth, and she came to her companions and told them all that she had heard and seen.

ST. BONAVENTURA

TRANSLATED BY GERALDINE E. HODGSON

I am an outcast. . . .
I am left to the trampling foot & the spurning heel. . . .
But I, thy Magdalen, behold thy Spiritual Risen Body.

Jesus replied, 'I am the Resurrection & the Life.
I Die & pass the limits of possibility as it appears
To individual perception. . . .
Come now with me into the villages, walk thro' all the cities;
Tho' thou art taken to prison & judgment, starved in the streets,

JESUS CHRIST

I will command the cloud to give thee food & the hard rock
To flow with milk & wine; tho' thou seest me not a season,
Even a long season . . .
Only believe & trust in me. Lo, I am always with thee!

Without Forgiveness of Sin, Love is Itself Eternal Death.

So Jesus spoke: the Covering Cherub coming on in darkness
Overshadow'd them, & Jesus said: 'Thus do Men in Eternity
One for another to put off, by forgiveness, every sin.'

BLAKE

Sweet was that love betwixt our Lord and Mary. Much love
had she to Him. Much more had He to her. For whoso would
utterly behold all the behaviour that was betwixt Him and her,
not as a trifler may tell, but as the story of the gospel will witness –
the which on nowise may be false – he should find that she was so
heartily set for to love Him, that nothing beneath Him might
comfort her, nor yet hold her heart from Him. This is she, that
same Mary, that when she sought Him at the sepulchre with
weeping cheer would not be comforted of angels. For when they
spake unto her so sweetly and so lovely and said, 'Weep not, Mary;
for why, our Lord whom thou seekest is risen, and thou shalt
have Him, and see Him live full fair amongst His disciples in
Galilee as he hight,' she would not cease for them. For why?
Her thought that whoso sought verily the King of Angels, them
list not cease for angels.

And what more? Surely whoso will look verily in the story
of the gospel, he shall find many wonderful points of perfect love
written of her to our ensample. . . . And if a man list for to see
in the gospel written the wonderful and the special love that our
Lord had to her, in person of all accustomed sinners truly turned
and called to the grace of contemplation, he shall find that our
Lord might not suffer any man or woman . . . speak a word

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

against her, but if He answered for her Himself. . . . This was great love: this was passing love.

The Cloud of Unknowing 14TH CENTURY
EDITED BY EVELYN UNDERHILL

And all the multitude of the saints said to Hades . . . Open thy gates, that the King of glory may come in. . . .

There came to Hades . . . the Lord of majesty, and lighted up the eternal darkness. . . .

When this was seen by Hades and Death . . . they trembled at perceiving in their own dominions the clearness of so great a light, when they saw Christ suddenly in their abodes they cried out, saying: We have been overcome by thee. . . . Who art thou so great and little, lowly and exalted, soldier and commander, wonderful warrior in the form of a slave, and the king of glory dead and alive, whom slain the cross has carried? Thou, who didst lie dead in the sepulchre, hast come down to us alive; and in thy death every creature trembled, and the stars in a body were moved; and now thou hast been made free among the dead and disturbest our legions. Who art thou that settest free those who are held captive . . . and recallest them to their former liberty? Who art thou, who sheddest a divine . . . and illuminating light upon those who have been blinded by the darkness of their sins? . . . Who art thou, that hast so intrepidly entered our bounds?

APOCRYPHAL GOSPELS
TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER WALKER

SANCTE SPIRITUS

Veni, Sancte Spiritus
Et emitte coelitus
Lucis tuae radium.

Come, Holy Spirit,
Send forth a ray
Of Thy Heavenly Light.

Veni, Pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium.

Come, Father of the poor,
Come, Giver of gifts,
Come, Light of hearts.

JESUS CHRIST

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animae,
Dulce refrigerium.

Best Consoler,
Sweet guest of the Soul,
Sweet balsam.

In labore requies,
In aestu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

In labour rest,
In heat coolness,
In weeping solace.

O lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium.

O Light most blessed,
Fill the inmost heart
Of Thy Faithful.

Sine tuo numine,
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

Without Thy Divinity in us
Nothing is in man;
Nothing is innocuous.

Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium.

Cleanse what is sordid,
Water what is arid,
Heal what is wounded.

Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium.

Bend what is rigid,
Warm what is cold,
Guide what is straying.

Da tuis fidelibus
In te confidentibus,
Sacrum septenarium.
Amen. Alleluia.

Give to Thy faithful
Trusting in Thee,
The sacred sevenfold Gifts.
Amen. Alleluia.

TRANSLATED BY ERSKINE CHILDERS

Jesus cannot speak in the temple of thy soul till those that sold
and bought therein are cast out of it.

JOHN TAULER 1300

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Wilt thou with St. John rest on the loving breast of our Lord Jesus Christ, thou must be transformed into His beauteous image by a constant, earnest contemplation thereof.

Ibid.

Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more, Alleluya; death hath no more dominion over Him.

Romans

And, behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus. . . . And they talked together of all these things which had happened. And it came to pass, that while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them. But their eyes were holden that they should not know him. And he said unto them, What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad? And the one of them, whose name was Cleopas, answering said unto him, Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days . . . concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people: and how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him to be condemned to death, and have crucified him. . . . To-day is the third day since these things were done. Yea, and certain women also of our company made us astonished, which were early at the sepulchre; and when they found not his body, they came, saying, that they had also seen a vision of angels, which said that he was alive. . . . Then he said unto them . . . Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory? . . . And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they went: and he made as though he would have gone further. But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them.

And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread,

JESUS CHRIST

and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight.

St. Luke

John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost, not many days hence. . . . Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you. . . . And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight.

The Acts

For they were not yet in the night of Darkness, nor had they tasted of the Holy Ghost.

ADAPTED FROM NICHOLAS OF BASLE

And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

The Acts

Immensus Spiritus Sanctus.

And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost.

St. John

They are free Souls, for the Holy Ghost hath His Sail in their ship.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

*A conception of the Holy Spirit as the wind, inscribed on the coffin
of the Egyptian Pharaoh Akhnaton, 1370 B.C.*

I breathe the sweet breath which comes forth from thy mouth.
. . . It is my desire that I may hear thy sweet voice, the wind,
that my limbs may be rejuvenated with life through love of thee.
Extend to me thy hands holding thy Spirit (Ka) that I may receive
it and may live by it.

AKHNATON

TRANSLATED BY ARTHUR WEIGALL

EASTER WINGS

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Most poore:
With thee
O let me rise
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in sorrow did beginne:
And still with sicknesses and shame
Thou didst so punish sinne,
That I became
Most thinne.
With thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day thy victorie:
For, if I imp my wing on thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

GEORGE HERBERT 1593

JESUS CHRIST

Gott gibt den Geist nicht nach dem Mass

God measures not the gift of the Spirit.

He seems to rejoyce in the thoughts of that word *Jesus*, and say, that the adding these wordes, *My Master*, to it, and the often repetition of them, seemed to perfume his minde, and leave an orientall fragrancie in his very breath.

SAID OF HERBERT BY ISAAC WALTON 1593

After that, he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep. . . . And last of all he was seen of me also, as one born out of due time. For I am the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God. But by the grace of God I am what I am.

ST. PAUL

Steward of the mysteries of God

SENTE PETERS TOD

Ste liche sprechen, er wolde nicht hangen, als Kristus.

Die anderen sagen: er wolde den himel ane sehin.

DAVID VON AUGSBURG

And Peter, having come to the cross, said: Since my Lord Jesus Christ, who came down from heaven upon the earth, was raised upon the cross upright, and He has deigned to call to heaven me, who am of the earth, my cross ought to be fixed head downmost . . . for I am not worthy to be crucified like my Lord. Then, having reversed the cross, they nailed his feet up. And

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the multitude was assembled reviling Caesar, and wishing to kill him. But Peter restrained them, saying: A few days ago, being exhorted by the brethren, I was going away from Rome, and my Lord Jesus Christ met me, and having adored Him, I said, Lord, whither art Thou going? And He said to me, I am going to Rome to be crucified. And I said to Him, Lord, wast Thou not crucified once for all? And the Lord answering, said, I saw thee fleeing from death, and I wish to be crucified instead of thee. And I said, Lord, I go; I fulfil Thy command. And He said to me, Fear not, for I am with thee. On this account, then, children, do not hinder my going. . . . Do not grieve . . . but rather rejoice with me, for to-day I receive the fruit of my labours.

APOCRYPHAL GOSPELS

TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER WALKER

Now wend we to the Palmalle –
Domine, quo vadis? men it call,
Where Peter met with Jesu
And said, 'Lord, whither wilt Thou?'
Christ answered to Peter tho.
'Into Rome,' he said, 'I go,
Eft to die on Rood for thee:
Thou drest to die, Peter, for me.'
'Lord,' he said, 'Mercy I cry,
To take my death I am ready.'
There is a sign of His foot
On marblestone where He stood.

Circa 12TH CENTURY

Then they made a search about the face or portrait of Jesus, how they might find it. And they inquired diligently whether perchance there were there any who had miraculous relics of the Saviour, of His clothing, or other precious things. . . . And they found a woman named Veronica who had the portrait of the Lord. Then the Emperor Tiberius said to Velosianus: How hast thou

JESUS CHRIST

it? And he answered: I have it in clean cloth of gold, rolled up in a shawl. And the Emperor Tiberius said: Bring it to me, and spread it before my face, that I, falling to the ground and bending my knees, may adore it on the ground. Then Velosianus spread out his shawl with the cloth of gold on which the portrait of the Lord had been imprinted; and the Emperor Tiberius saw it. And he immediately adored the image of the Lord with a pure heart, and his flesh was cleansed as the flesh of a little child. And all the blind, the lepers, the lame, the dumb, the deaf . . . who were present, were healed, and cured. . . . And the Emperor Tiberius bowed his head and bent his knees . . . saying with tears: God of heaven and earth, do not permit me to sin, but confirm my soul and my body, and place me in Thy kingdom, because in Thy name do I trust always.

APOCRYPHAL GOSPELS

TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER WALKER

*Lully, lulley, lully, lulley,
The faucon hath borne my make away.*

He bare him up, he bare him down,
He bare him into an orchard brown.

In that orchard there was an halle,
That was hanged with purpill and pall.

And in that hall there was a bed,
It was hanged with gold so rede.

And in that bed there lithe a knight,
His woundes bleding day and night.

By that bed side kneleth a may,
And she wepeth both night and day.

And by that bed there stondeth a stone,
Corpus Christi wreten there on.

15TH CENTURY MS.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

And here foloweth the noble tale of the Sancgreal, that called is the hooly vessel, and the sygnefycacyon of the blessid blood of our Lord Jhesu Cryste, blessid mote it be, the whiche was brought in to this land by Joseph of Armathye, therefor an al synful souls blessid Lord haue thou mercy.

SIR THOMAS MALORY 15TH CENTURY

At King Arthur's high festival at Pentecost 'there entred into the halle the Holy Graal couered with white samyte, but ther was none mighte see hit nor who bare hit. And there was al the halle fulfyllled with good odoures.'

THE JEWELLED VESSEL OF THE GRAAL

Pières pressieuses avoit
El graal, de maintes manières,
Des plus rices et des plus cières
Qui el mont u en tière soient;
Tote autre pières passoient
Celes dou gréal, sans dotance.

THE GREAT SECRETS OF THE GRAAL

Ge n'ose conter ne retreire,
Ne ge ne le pourroie feire,
Neis, se je feire le voloie,
Se je le grant livre n'avoie
Où les estoires sunt escrites,
Par les granz clers faites et dites:
La sunt li grant secré escrit
Qu'en nvmme Graal et dit.

JESUS CHRIST

HOW THE KNIGHTS WERE REPLENISHED WITH THE HOLY SANGREAL

Then the King and all estates went home unto Camelot, and so went to evensong to the great minster. And so after upon that to supper, and every knight sat in his own place as they were toforehand. Then anon they heard cracking and crying of thunder, that them thought the place should all to-drive. In the midst of this blast entered a sunbeam more clearer by seven times than ever they saw day, and all they were alighted of the grace of the Holy Ghost. Then began every knight to behold other, and either saw other, by their seeming, fairer than ever they saw afore. Not for then there was no knight might speak one word a great while, and so they looked every man on other as they had been dumb. Then there entered into the hall the Holy Grail covered with white samite, but there was none might see it, nor who bare it. And there was all the hall fulfilled with good odours, and every knight had such meats and drinks as he best loved in this world: and when the Holy Grail had been borne through the hall, then the Holy Vessel departed suddenly, that they wist not where it became. Then had they all breath to speak. And then the King yielded thankings unto God of His good grace that he had sent them. Certes, said the King, we ought to thank our Lord Jesu greatly, for that he has shewed us this day at the reverence of this high feast of Pentecost.

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT BEHELD THE HOLY SANGREAL

When Launcelot was come to the water of Mortoise . . . he was in great peril, and so he laid him down and slept, and took the adventure that God would send him. So when he was asleep, there came a vision unto him and said: Launcelot, arise up, and

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take thine armour, and enter into the first ship that thou shalt find. And when he had heard these words, he start up and saw great clearness about him. And then he lift up his hand and blessed him, and so took his arms, and made him ready; and so by adventure he came by a strand, and found a ship, the which was without sail or oar. And as soon as he was within the ship, there he felt the most sweetness that ever he felt; and he was fulfilled with all thing that he thought on or desired. Then said he: Fair sweet Father Jesu Christ, I wot not in what joy I am, for this joy passeth all earthly joys that ever I was in. And so in this joy he laid him down to the ship's board, and slept till day. . . . If ye would ask how he lived, He that fed the people of Israel with manna in the desert, so was he fed. For every day when he had said his prayers he was sustained with the grace of the Holy Ghost. . . .

And the wind arose, and drove Launcelot more than a month throughout the sea, where he slept but little, but prayed to God that he might see some tidings of the Sancgreal. So it befell on a night, at midnight, he arrived afore a castle, on the back side, which was rich and fair. And there was a postern opened towards the sea, and was open without any keeping, save two lions kept the entry; and the moon shone clear. Anon Sir Launcelot heard a voice that said: Launcelot, go out of this ship and enter into the castle, where thou shalt see a great part of thy desire. Then he ran to his arms, and so armed him, and so went to the gate and saw the lions. Then set he hand to his sword, and drew it. Then there came a dwarf suddenly, and smote him on the arm so sore that the sword fell out of his hand. Then heard he a voice say: O man of evil faith and poor belief, wherefore trowest thou more on thy harness than in thy Maker, for He might more avail thee than thine armour, in whose service thou art set. Then said Launcelot: Fair Father Jesu Christ, I thank thee of Thy great mercy, that Thou reprovest me of my misdeed. Now see I well that ye hold me for your servant. Then took he again his sword, and put it up in his sheath, and made a cross in his forehead, and came to the lions, and they made semblant to do him harm. Notwithstanding he passed by them without hurt, and entered into the castle.

JESUS CHRIST

. . . And at the last he found a chamber whereof the door was shut, and he set his hand thereto to have opened it, but he might not.

Then he enforced him mickle to undo the door. Then he listened, and heard a voice which sang so sweetly that it seemed none earthly thing; and him thought the voice said: Joy and honour be to the Father of Heaven! Then Launcelot kneeled down tofore the chamber, for well wist he that there was the Sancgreal within that chamber. Then said he: Fair sweet Father, Jesu Christ, if ever I did thing that pleased the Lord, for thy pity never have me not in despite for my sins done aforetime, and that thou show me something of that I seek! And with that he saw the chamber dore open, and there came out a great clearness, that the house was as bright as all the torches of the world had been there. . . . Then looked he up in the middle of the chamber, and saw a table of silver, and the Holy Vessel covered with red samite, and many angels about it. . . . Right so entered he into the chamber, and came toward the table of silver; and when he came nigh he felt a breath that him thought it was intermeddled with fire, which smote him so sore in the visage that him thought it brent his visage; and therewith he fell to the earth, and had no power to arise, as he that was so araged that had lost the power of his body, and his hearing, and his seeing. Then felt he many hands about him, which took him up and bare him out of the chamber door, without any amending of his swoon, and left him there, seeming dead to all people. . . . In the name of God, said an old man, for I do you verily to wit he is not dead, but he is so full of life as the mightiest of you all; and therefore I counsel you that he be well kept till God send him life again.

In such manner they kept Launcelot four-and-twenty days and al so many nights, that ever he lay still as a dead man; and at the twenty-fifth day befell him after midday that he opened his eyes. And when he saw folk he made great sorrow, and said: Why have ye awaked me for I was more at ease than I am now. O Jesu Christ, who might be so blessed that might see openly thy great marvels of secretness there where no sinner may be! What have

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ye seen? said they about him. I have seen, said he, so great marvels that no tongue may tell, and more than any heart can think.

Le Mort d'Arthur 15TH CENTURY

This Book was ended the ninth year of the reign of King Edward the Fourth by Sir Thomas Maleore, knight, as Jesu help him for his great might, as he is the servant of Jesu both day and night.

SATAN AND HELL

Hell is naked before him and destruction has no covering.

Job

I am the Lord and there is none else: I form the light, and create darkness; I make peace, and create evil; I the Lord do all these things.

Isaiah

I beheld Satan as lightning fall from Heaven.

St. Luke

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God . . . I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit. They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee . . . saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness?

Isaiah

And there appeared another wonder in heaven; and behold a great dragon having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads. And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven. . . . And there was war in heaven; Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels. . . . And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent,

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

called the Devil, and Satan . . . he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him.

Revelation

And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years should be fulfilled: and after that he must be loosed a little season.

Ibid.

Thou hast been in Eden the garden of God; every precious stone was thy covering, the sardius, topaz, and the diamond, the beryl, the onyx, and the jasper, the sapphire, the emerald, and the carbuncle, and gold: the workmanship of thy tabrets and of thy pipes was prepared in thee in the day that thou wast created. . . . Thou wast upon the holy mountain of God; thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire. Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee. . . . Therefore I will cast thee as profane out of the mountain of God: and I will destroy thee . . . from the midst of the stones of fire.

Thou shalt be a terror, and never shalt thou be any more.

Ezekiel

LUCIFER THE LIGHT BEARER

Now forasmuch as I was an Angel of Light, it was the will of Wisdom to confine me to Darkness and make me Prince thereof – so that I that could not obey in Heaven might command in Hell. I had rather rule within my dark domain than to inhabit Coelum Imperium and there live in subjection under check – a slave of the Most High.

STAFFORD 1611

SATAN AND HELL

Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.

MILTON 1608

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heaven ruining from heaven.

Ibid.

Hail, horrors, hail,
Infernal world, and thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor.

Ibid.

A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed:
Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordained
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far removed from God and light of Heaven
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.

Ibid.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
O, then, at last relent! Is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?

Ibid.

Horror and doubt distract
His troubl'd thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The Hell within him, for within him Hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One step, no more than from himself, can fly
By change of place. Now conscience wakes despair
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue!

Ibid.

This huge convex of fire
Outrageous to devour, immures us round,
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
Barred over us prohibit all egress.

Ibid.

Every one of demon race,
Blind and halt and ruinous,
Hear and give ear:

Every phantom creation, ye
Who hold the principality
Of that twisted venom'd snake
Who drew with him in his proud wake

SATAN AND HELL

One third part of heaven's stars . . .
By the seal of Solomon,
By king Pharaoh's wise enchanters . . .
By David who gave peace to Saul,
And harping banished forth you all,

I summon you and bind you
 By the will of God,
That ye no longer hide you,
 But show yourselves abroad
Unto the men that ye were wont to harry.
 Once appear and then
 To Chaos get you gone,
And with all desperate things for ever tarry. . . .

By that unspoken name of dread
 The Tetragrammaton of God,
Let you tremble, let you groan.
I exorcise you, Ghosts and Fauns,
Goblins, Sirens, Nymphs, and Dryads,
Satyrs, Nightmares, Household Gods
Swift to Chaos get you gone,
And no more trouble Christendom.

MS. OF BENEDICTBEUERN, 13TH CENT.

TRANSLATED BY HELEN WADDELL

A land of darkness, as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death,
without any order, and where the light is as darkness. . . . They
grope in the dark without light.

Job

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon.

MILTON

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion,
walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.

1 *Peter*

THE GATE OF HELL

‘Per me si va nella città dolente;
per me si va nell’ eterno dolore;
per me si va tra la perduta gente.
Giustizia mosse il mio alto Fattore;
fecemi la divina Potestate,
la somma Sapienza e il primo Amore.
Dinanzi a me non fur cose create,
se non eterne, ed io eterno duro:
lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch’ entrate.’
Queste parole di colore oscuro
vid’ io scritte al sommo d’ una porta. . . .

Quivi sospiri, pianti, e alti guai
risonavan per l’ aer senza stelle,
per ch’ io al cominciar ne lagrimai.
Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,
parole di dolore, accenti d’ira,
voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle,
facevano un tumulto, il qual s’ aggira
sempre in quell’ aria senza tempo tinta,
come la rena quando a turbo spira.

DANTE 1265

‘Through me ye enter into the Dolorous City;
through me ye enter into eternal woe;
through me ye go among the lost people.
Justice moved my High Creator;
I was fashioned by the Divine Power,
The Supreme Wisdom and the Primal Love.

SATAN AND HELL

Before me was nothing created
if not eternal, and I eternally endure:
abandon every hope – O ye who enter here.’
These words of obscure colour
saw I written on the summit of a gate. . . .

Here sighs, plaints and deep wailings
resounded through the starless air,
whereat when I heard, I wept.
Diverse tongues, horrible laments,
words of agony, accents of anger,
voices high and faint and with them sounds of hands,
Made a tumult, the which spins itself
unceasing in that air forever darkened,
like sand driven by a whirlwind.

TRANSLATED BY M. A. CHILDERS

And all the host of heaven shall be dissolved, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll. The sword of the Lord is filled with blood, for the Lord hath a Sacrifice in Bozrah and a great slaughter in the land of Idumea. And the unicorns shall come down, and the bullocks with the bulls; and their land shall be soaked with blood. For it is the day of the Lord's vengeance. And the streams thereof shall be turned into pitch and the dust thereof into brimstone, and the land shall become burning pitch. It shall not be quenched night nor day; the smoke thereof shall go up for ever: from generation to generation it shall lie waste; none shall pass through it for ever and ever. But the cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it; and he shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion and the stones of emptiness. And thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof; and it shall be an habitation of dragons, and a court for owls. And the satyr shall cry to his fellow; the screech owl also shall rest there. There shall the great owl make her nest, and lay, and hatch and gather

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

under her shadow; there shall the vultures also be gathered, every one with her mate.

TAKEN FROM *Isaiah*

And, lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood; and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind. And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places. And the kings of the earth . . . and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb, for the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?

Revelation

The Son of man shall send forth his Angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. . . . So shall it be at the end of the world.

St. Matthew

When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory. And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. . . . Then shall he say

SATAN AND HELL

also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. . . . And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

Ibid.

Eternity groan'd & was troubled at the Image of Eternal Death.

Ages on ages roll'd over him;
In stony sleep ages roll'd over him,
Like a dark waste stretching, chang'able,
By earthquakes riv'n, belching sullen fires:
On ages roll'd ages in ghastly
Sick torment; around him in whirlwinds
Of darkness the eternal Prophet howl'd,
Beating still on his rivets of iron,
Pouring sodor of iron; dividing
The horrible night into watches. . . .
The Eternal mind, bounded, began to roll
Eddies of wrath ceaseless round & round,
And the sulphureous foam, surgeing thick,
Settled, a lake, bright & shining clear,
White as the snow on the mountains cold.

Enraged & stifled with torment . . .
His feet stamp'd the nether Abyss
In trembling howling & dismay. . . .

He saw the indefinite space beneath & his soul shrunk with horror,
His feet upon the verge of Non-existence.

Sund'ring, dark'ning, thund'ring,
Rent away with a terrible crash,

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Eternity roll'd wide apart,
Wide asunder rolling; . . .
Departing, departing, departing,
Leaving ruinous fragments of life . . .
An ocean of voidness unfathomable. . . .

The eternal fires, beating without
From Eternals; & like a black globe
View'd by Sons of Eternity standing
On the shore of that infinite ocean.

Image of dread, whence art thou? Whence is this most woful
place?
Whence these fierce fires, but from thyself? No other living thing
In all this Chasm I behold. No other living thing
Dare thy most terrible wrath abide. . . .

Do thou
Thy righteous doom upon me; only let me hear Thy Voice.
Driven by thy rage I wander like a cloud into the deep
Where never yet Existence came. . . .

Consume me not away
In thy great wrath; tho' I have sinned, tho' I have rebell'd,
Make me not like the things forgotten as they had not been.

Then wondrously the *Starry Wheels* felt the Divine Hand,
Limit was put to Eternal Death. . . .
And Los beheld the hand of God over his furnaces
Beneath the Deeps in dismal Darkness beneath Immensity.

BLAKE 1757

SATAN AND HELL

It was a den where no insulting light
Could glimmer on their tears; where their own groans
They felt, but heard not, for the solid roar
Of thunderous waterfalls and torrents hoarse,
Pouring a constant bulk, uncertain where.
Crag jutting forth to crag, and rocks that seem'd
Ever as if just rising from a sleep,
Forehead to forehead held their monstrous horns;
And thus in thousand hugest phantasies
Made a fit roofing to this nest of woe.
Instead of thrones, hard flint they sat upon,
Couches of rugged stone, and slaty ridge
Stubborn'd with iron. All were not assembled:
Some chain'd in torture, and some wandering. . . .

Scarce images of life, one here, one there,
Lay vast and edgeways; like a dismal cirque
Of Druid stones upon a forlorn moor,
When the chill rain begins at shut of eve,
In dull November, and their chancel vault,
The Heaven itself, is blinded throughout night.

KEATS 1795

ETERNAL DAMNATION

That God should let my soule fall out of his hand, into a bottom-
lesse pit, and roll an unremoveable stone upon it, and leave it to
that which it finds there . . . and never thinke more of that
soule, never have more to doe with it. That of that providence
of God, that studies the life of every weed, and worme, and ant,
and spider, and toad, and viper, there should never, never any
beame flow out upon me; that that God, who looked upon me,
when I was nothing, and called me when I was not, as though I had
been, out of the womb and depth of darknesse, will not looke upon
me now, when, though a miserable, and a banished creature, yet
I am his creature still . . . that that God, should so turne him-

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

selfe from me, to his glorious Saints and Angels, as that no Saint nor Angel, nor Christ Jesus himselfe, should ever pray him to looke towards me, never remember him, that such a soule there is; that that God, who hath so often said to my soule, *Quare morieris?* Why will thou die? and so often sworne to my soule, *Vivit Dominus*, as the Lord liveth, I would not have thee dye, but live, will nether let me dye, nor let me live, but dye an everlasting life, and live an everlasting death; that that God, who, when he could not get into me, by standing, and knocking, by his ordinary meanes of entring, by his Word, his mercies, hath applied his judgements, and hath shaken the house, this body, with agues and palsies, and set this house on fire, with fevers and calentures, and frighted the Master of the house, my soule, with horrors, and heavy apprehensions, and so made an entrance into me; That that God should frustrate all his owne purposes and practises upon me, and leave me, and cast me away, as though I had cost him nothing; that this God at last should let this soule goe away, as a smoake, as a vapour, as a bubble, and that then this soule cannot be a smoak, a vapour, nor a bubble, but must lie in darknesse, as long as the Lord of light is light it selfe, and never sparke of that light reach to my soule; What Tophet is not Paradise, what Brimstone is not Amber, what gnashing is not a comfort . . . to this damnation, to be secluded eternally, eternally, eternally from the sight of God?

JOHN DONNE 1573

We are neither afraid of Hell, nor do we desire Heaven. . . . O Lord, Thou who createdst us, and madest us what we are, Thou hast not made us because we help Thy working: we are therefore in duty bound to serve Thee all the more devotedly, wholly in obedience to Thy holy will; we have no bargaining with Thee, and we do not adore Thee with the view of gaining thereby either Heaven or Hell. . . . Thou hast no bargaining with anyone; our devotion is from the purity of our hearts, and is for love of Thee only.

MUHAMMAD MISRI

TRANSLATED BY JOHN P. BROWN

SATAN AND HELL

O God! if I worship Thee in fear of Hell, burn me in Hell; and
If I worship Thee in hope of Paradise, exclude me from Paradise;
but if I worship Thee for Thine own sake, withhold not Thine
everlasting Beauty!

ASCRIBED TO RÁBÍ' A AL-'ADAWÍYA
BY FARÍDU 'DDIN 'ATTÁR, *circa* 1200
TRANSLATED BY R. A. NICHOLSON

Without Forgiveness of Sin, Love is Itself Eternal Death.

BLAKE

*Of the passage through Eternal Death!
And of the awaking to Eternal Life.*

*This theme calls me in sleep night after night, & ev'ry morn
Awakes me at sun-rise; then I see the Saviour over me
Spreading his beams of love & dictating the words of this mild song.*

God is within & without:
He is even in the depths of Hell!

Ibid.

I see the face of my Heavenly Father. . . . Why should I be
troubled? Why should my heart and flesh cry out? I will go on
in the Strength of the Lord; through Hell will I sing forth His
Praises, that the Dragons of the Deep may praise Him, and that
those who dwell in darkness . . . may be gather'd into His
Kingdom.

Ibid.

. . . Behold

We perish & shall not be found unless thou grant a place
In which we may be hidden under the shadow of wings.

Ibid.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Can such an Ear, fill'd with the vapours of the yawning pit,
Judge of the pure melodious harp struck by a Hand Divine?

Ibid.

Awake! awake O sleeper of the land of shadows, wake! expand!
I am in you and you in me, mutual in Love divine. . . .

I am not a God afar off, I am a brother and friend. . . .
Lo! we are One, forgiving all Evil.

Ibid.

DISCIPLINE

Throw away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath:
 O my God,
Take the gentle path. . . .

Though I fail, I weep:
Though I halt in pace,
 Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove:
Love will do the deed:
 For with love
Stonie hearts will bleed.

Throw away thy rod;
Though man frailties hath,
 Thou art God:
Throw away thy wrath.

GEORGE HERBERT 1593

SATAN AND HELL

I will not execute the fierceness of mine anger, for I am God,
and not man; the Holy One in the midst of thee.

Hosea

Lover of heaven,
And of that God from whom all things are given,
Who in mysterious Sinai's awful cave
To Man the wondrous art of writing gave:
Again he speaks in thunder & in fire!
Thunder of Thought, & Flames of fierce desire.
*Even from the depths of Hell his voice I hear
Within the unfathom'd caverns of my Ear.
Therefore I print; nor vain my types shall be:
Heaven, Earth & Hell henceforth shall live in harmony.*

BLAKE

THE FULLNESS OF TIME

On a rusty iron throne,
Past the furthest star of space,
I saw Satan sit alone,
Old and haggard was his face;
For his work was done, and he
Rested in eternity.

And to him from out the sun
Came his father and his friend,
Saying, – Now the work is done
Enmity is at an end –
And He guided Satan to
Paradises that He knew.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Gabriel, without a frown;
Uriel, without a spear;
Raphael came singing down,
Welcoming their ancient peer;
And they seated him beside
One who had been crucified!

JAMES STEPHENS

And the Divine hand was upon them, bearing them thro' darkness
Back safe to their Humanity, as doves to their windows.

BLAKE

They saw the Saviour beyond the Pit of Death & Destruction,
For whether they look'd upward they saw the Divine Vision,
Or whether they look'd downward still they saw the Divine Vision
Surrounding them on all sides beyond sin & death & hell.

Ibid.

The gods approve
The depth and not the tumult of the Soul.

WORDSWORTH

Asperges me, Domine, hyssopo, et mundabor: lavabis me, et
super nivem dealbabor.

Psalms

Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, O Lord, and I shall be
cleansed. Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than
snow.

Alas methinks whom God hath chosen once
. . . He should not so o'erwhelm.

MILTON

DIVINE LOVE AND COMPASSION

SCALA PERFECTIONIS

L'AMOR CHE MOVE IL SOLE E L'ALTRE STELLE.

DANTE 1265.

Si vis celsi iura tonantis
Puro sollers cernere mente,
Aspice summi culmina coeli.
illic iusto foedere rerum
veterem servant sidera pacem.
non sol rutilo concitus igne
gelidum Phoebes impedit axem
nec quae summo vertice mundi
flectit rapidos ursa meatus
numquam occiduo lota profundo
cetera cernens sidera mergi
cupit oceano tinguere flammās.
semper vicibus temporis aequis
Vesper seras nuntiat umbras
revehitque diem Lucifer almus.
sic aeternos reficit cursus
aeternus amor, sic astrigeris
bellum discors exulat oris.

BOETHIUS 480

If you would discover, with mind comprehensive and serene, the Constitutions of the Thunderer on high, examine the vast altitudes of heaven. There, bound by a treaty of justice innate in things,

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

the stars maintain their original peace. The red rage of his fire does not cause the Sun to disturb the Moon's icy sphere, and the Great Bear, revolving in his giddy circle in the high reaches of the pole, though he sees other stars dip and sink in western waters, never longs to bathe his flames in the Ocean. The evening star, with due alternation, gives notice of the dusk, and the morning star brings again the benign light of day. Thus, through Eternal Love, eternal courses are renewed, and discordant war is absent from the regions inhabited by the stars.

TRANSLATED BY PÁDRAIG DE BRÚN

All other thinges in the worlde saue oonly to love god and serue him allone are vanite of vanites and all vanite.

THOMAS À KEMPIS 1379

Contemplation and Love are two heavenly pipes blown upon by the Holy Ghost.

JAN VAN RUYSBROECK 1293

The Seraphs are all aflame with perfect love and stand nearest to God. The Cherubs are filled with perfect Knowledge, and are all eyes. The Seraphs are all wings.

And we are put on earth a little space
That we may learn to bear the beams of Love.

BLAKE 1757

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that

DIVINE LOVE AND COMPASSION

I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; Beareth all things; believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

1 *Corinthians*

In the *Upanishads* it is written that in the beginning nor time nor change, nor speech nor shape, nor Aught nor Naught, existed. Love came to this emptiness as the indrawn breath of Cosmos, and out of it the Worlds were made. Nature and Will were formed then, and both are bound by Love, so that the three are one.

F. YEATS-BROWN

. . . faiths flooded over by the sands of Atlantis and Chaldea; the Vaishna trident and the Shaivite eye were there; the Seal of twi-sexed Hermes, the vulture cap of Isis, the serpent-circled rod, the Crescent and the Cross. And as all colours mingle and merge in sunlight, so the blending of these beliefs showed forth Love.

Ibid.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

OF THE WONDERFUL EFFECT OF DIVINE LOVE

Father of mercies and God of all comfort, I give thanks to thee, who sometimes art pleased to cherish me with thy consolations, that am unworthy of any comfort. . . .

O Lord God, my holy lover, when thou shalt come into my heart all that is within me will be filled with joy. . . .

But because I am as yet weak in love, and imperfect in virtue, therefore do I stand in need to be strengthened and comforted by thee. . . .

Love is an excellent thing, a great good indeed, which alone maketh light all that is burdensome, and equally bears all that is unequal.

For it carries a burden without being burdened, and makes all that is bitter, sweet and savoury. . . .

Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing wider, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller or better in heaven or earth: for love proceeds from God, and cannot rest but in God, above all things created.

The lover flies, runs, and rejoices; he is free, and is not held. . . .

Love often knows no measure, but is fervent above measure.

Love feels no burden, disdains no labours, would willingly do more than it can; complains not of impossibility, because it conceives that it may and can do all things.

It is able, therefore, to do anything; and it performs and effects many things, where he that loveth not faints and lies down.

Love watches, and sleeping slumbers not.

When weary is not tired; when straitened is not constrained; when frightened is not disturbed: but, like a lively flame, and a torch all on fire, it mounts upwards, and securely passes through all opposition.

Whosoever loveth knoweth the cry of this voice. . . .

O my God, my love, thou art all mine, and I am all thine. . . .

Let me be possessed by love, going above myself through excess of fervour and ecstasy.

DIVINE LOVE AND COMPASSION

Let me sing the canticle of love; let me follow thee, my Beloved.

THOMAS À KEMPIS

TRANSLATED BY RICHARD CHALLONER

Inveni quem diligit anima mea; tenui nec dimittam.

Song of Solomon

I have found Him whom my soul loveth. I have laid hold on Him, and I will not let him go.

O mon Dieu, vous m'avez blessé d'amour
Et la blessure est encore vibrante,
O mon Dieu, vous m'avez blessé d'amour. . . .

Noyez mon âme aux flots de votre Vin,
Fondez ma vie au Pain de votre table,
Noyez mon âme aux flots de votre Vin. . . .

Voici mes mains qui n'ont pas travaillé
Pour les charbons ardents et l'encens rare,
Voici mes mains qui n'ont pas travaillé. . . .

Voici mes pieds, frivoles voyageurs,
Pour accourir au cri de votre grâce,
Voici mes pieds, frivoles voyageurs. . . .

Voici mes yeux, lumineaires d'erreur,
Pour être éteints aux pleurs de la prière,
Voici mes yeux, lumineaires d'erreur.

Vous, Dieu de paix, de joie et de bonheur,
Toutes mes peurs, toutes mes ignorances,
Vous, Dieu de paix, de joie et de bonheur.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Vous connaissez tout cela, tout cela,
Et que je suis plus pauvre que personne,
Vous connaissez tout cela, tout cela.

Mais ce que j'ai, mon Dieu, je vous le donne.

VERLAINE 1844

Also man's soul in this degree of love offereth it clearly to God, and saith thus: 'Now shall I shrive to our Lord.' For before this feeling of love in a man's soul, all that he doth is done more for dread than for love; but in this state a man's soul feeleth God so sweet, so merciful, so good, so courteous, so true, and so kind, so faithful, so lovely and so homely, that he leaveth nothing in him — might, wit, learning, or will — that he offereth not it clearly, freely, and homely unto Him.

RICHARD OF ST. VICTOR 14th CENTURY
EDITED BY EDMUND G. GARDNER

I mean thus: though all that the innumerable good deeds, the which almighty God of His gracious goodness hath shewed to each soul in this life, be sufficient causes at the full and more, to each soul to love Him for, with all his mind, with all his wit, and with all his will; yet if it might be, that may no wise be, that a soul were as mighty, as worthy, and as witty as all the saints and angels that are in heaven gathered in one, and had never taken this worthiness of God (had never received it from Him,) or to whom that God had never shewed kindness in this life; yet this soul, seeing the loveliness of God in Himself, and the abundance thereof, should be ravished over his might for to love God, till the heart break; so lovely and so liking, so good and so glorious He is in Himself.

O how wonderful a thing and how high a thing is the love of God for to speak of, of the which no man may speak perfectly to the understanding of the least part thereof, but by impossible ensamples, and passing the understanding of man! . . . For, if I shall more

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highly speak in declaring of my meaning of the perfection and of the need of this reverent affection, I say that a soul touched in affection by the sensible presence of God, as He is in Himself, and in a perfect soul illumined in the reason, by the clear beam of everlasting light, the which is God, for to see and for to feel the loveliness of God in Himself, hath for that time and for that moment lost all the mind of any good deed or of any kindness that ever God did to him in his life — so that cause for to love God for, feeleth he or seeth he none in that time, other than is God Himself.

UNKNOWN WRITER, 14TH CENTURY
EDITED BY EDMUND G. GARDNER

Ordена questo amore, tu che m'ami.

Amor, amor, Jesú desideroso,
amor, voglio morire te abbracciando;
amor, amor, Jesú, dolce mio sposo,
amor, amor, la morte t'ademando;
amor, amor, Jesú si delettoso,
tu me t'arendi en te trasformando,
pensa ch'io vo pasmando,
Amor non so o'me sia,
Jesú, speranza mia,
abissame en amore.

JACOPONE DA TODI *circa 1259*

I am true Love that fals was nevere,
Mi Sistyr, mannis Soule, I loved hir thus;
Bicause we wolde in no wise discevere
I lefte my Kyngdom glorious.
I purveyde for hir a paleis precious;
She flyeth, I folowe, I soughte hir so,
I suffride this peyne piteous.
Quia amore langueo.

15TH CENTURY

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This, then, is the third stage of Love, when the mind of man is rapt into that abyss of Divine Light, so that the human soul, thus gone outside itself and forgetful of all things, is utterly unaware of itself and is wholly immersed in the Being of its God. . . . In this condition the pack of carnal desires is chained, and lulled to a profound slumber, and there is, as though for a half hour's space, a silence in Heaven. And whatsoever of trouble was in the Spirit is overwhelmed by the Glory. In this condition, while the mind is sundered from itself and borne away to that inner chamber of the secret Being of God, while it is surrounded and penetrated and altogether set on fire by the flames of Divine Love, it puts off all the vesture of self and puts on a divine disposition; conforming itself to the Beauty it beholds, it passes entirely away into another Glory.

RICHARD OF ST. VICTOR

TRANSLATED BY PÁDRAIG DE BRÚN

UNION THROUGH LOVE

The spirit perceives that through love it has plunged itself into the depth . . . and through this intimate feeling of union, it feels itself to be melting into the Unity and, through dying to all things, into the life of God. And there it feels itself to be one life with God.

The God-seeing man who has forsaken self and all things, and does not feel himself drawn away because he no longer possesses anything as his own, but stands empty of all, he can always enter, naked and unencumbered with images, into the inmost part of his spirit. There . . . he feels himself to be an eternal life of love, which craves above all else to be one with God. . . .

In the transformation within the Unity, all spirits fail in their own activity, and feel nothing else but a burning up of themselves in the simple Unity of God. . . .

Where the soul is burnt up . . . it feels nothing but unity . . . for the flame of the Love of God consumes all that it can enfold

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in itself. . . . And in this Love we shall burn and be burnt up without end, throughout eternity — for herein lies the blessedness of all spirits.

JAN VAN RUYSBROECK

TRANSLATED BY C. A. WYNSCHENK DOM.

That moment have we stept
Into a sort of Oneness, and our state
Is like a floating Spirit's.

KEATS 1795

He saw that he was both lover and beloved, he himself being selfless between.

SAID OF HUSEYN THE SUFI, MARTYR

BY FÁRÍDU' D-DIN ATTÁR

TRANSLATED BY E. G. BROWNE

Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love. . . . If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us. . . . God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.

St. John

Brhigu came to his father, the sage Varuna, and said 'Tell me, O revered father, how to know Brahman.' His father said, 'Go and meditate, my child. Thus will you know Brahman.' And to help him in meditation, he gave him this formula: 'That from which all that exists has come into being; that by which, after coming into being, all that is continues to be; that towards which all objects move and into which all objects enter; — know that as

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Brahman.' The son went away with his formula, and started his meditation; and when he came back, he said, 'I find that Food is Brahman. Is that right, O Father?' His father said, 'Go and meditate, my child, and by meditation you will know Brahman.' The son went away, and this time he came back with the answer, 'Life is Brahman, O Father . . .' His father said once more, 'Go and meditate, and by meditation know Brahman.' He went away once more, and when he came back he was glowing with enlightenment . . . and when he saw his father, he exclaimed, 'I have found Him, I have found Him. Anandam (Love) is Brahman.' His father embraced him and said, 'Yes, my child, you are right. From Anandam have all things come into being; having come into being, by Anandam are they kept alive, towards Anandam do they move and into Anandam do they enter.'

HARENDRANATH MAITRA

*And she washed his Feet with her Tears, and wiped them with
the Hairs of her Head.*

The proud Ægyptian Queen, her Roman Guest,
(T'express her Love in Hight of State, and Pleasure)
With Pearls dissolv'd in Gold, did feast,
Both Food, and Treasure.

And now dear Lord! thy Lover, on the fair
And silver Tables of thy Feet, behold!
Pearl in her Tears, and in her Hair,
Offers Thee Gold.

EDWARD SHERBURNE 17TH CENTURY

In Love, the whole spiritual life of man consists.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS 1226

DIVINE LOVE AND COMPASSION

LOVE RULES ALL THINGS

That the universe with unchanging fidelity varies its harmonious seasons, that seeds of things discordant mutually keep an abiding covenant, that Phoebus on his golden car brings in the rosy day, that Phoebe is queen of the nights which Hesperus ushers in, that the greedy sea compels its waves to keep fixed limits, lest they should take the liberty of ever shifting the far extended boundaries of the land — the binder of all this order of things, who rules the Earth and sea, and holds sway in the very heavens, is Love. Should He let go the reins, all things that now live in mutual affection would be at continual strife, and would seek to break up the great machine, of which, with all its lovely motions, they are actually the driving forces. He it is who imposes on peoples the holy treaty of peace; who welds with chaste love the sacred bond of marriage; who promulgates his law to faithful comrades. O happy race of men! if Love, by whom the heavens are ruled, should also rule your souls.

BOETHIUS

TRANSLATED BY PÁDRAIG DE BRÚN

My love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis for object, strange and high.

ANDREW MARVELL 1621

Love fits the soul with wings, and bids her win
Her flight aloft nor e'er to earth decline;
'Tis the first step that leads her to the shrine
Of Him who slakes the thirst that burns within.

MICHAEL ANGELO 1475

TRANSLATED BY J. A. SYMONDS

And he brought out of him a merciful man . . . even Moses,
beloved of God and men, whose memorial is blessed. He made

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him like to the glorious saints. . . . He sanctified him in his faithfulness and meekness, and chose him out of all men. He made him to hear his voice, and brought him into the dark cloud, and gave him commandments before his face, even the law of life and knowledge. . . . He exalted Aaron, an holy man like unto him . . . and gave him the priesthood among the people; he beautified him with comely ornaments, and clothed him with a robe of glory . . . he compassed him with pomegranates, and with many golden bells round about, that as he went there might be a sound, and a noise made that might be heard in the temple, for a memorial to the children of his people; with an holy garment, with gold, and blue silk, and purple, the work of the embroiderer, with a breastplate of judgment, and with Urim and Thummim; with twisted scarlet, the work of the cunning workman, with precious stones graven like seals, and set in gold, the work of the jeweller, with a writing engraved for a memorial. . . . He set a crown of gold upon the mitre, wherein was engraved Holiness, an ornament of honour. . . . Moses consecrated him and anointed him with holy oil: He chose him out of all men living to offer sacrifices to the Lord, incense, and a sweet savour for a memorial.

Ecclesiasticus

AND HE MADE THE MERCY SEAT OF PURE GOLD.

And he made two Cherubims of gold, beaten out of one piece made he them, on the two ends of the Mercy Seat; one Cherub on the end on this side, and another Cherub on the other end on that side . . . and the Cherubims spread out their wings on high, and covered with their wings over the Mercy Seat, with their faces one to another.

Exodus

As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.

Proverbs

DIVINE LOVE AND COMPASSION

And the scribes and Pharisees brought unto him a woman taken in adultery; and when they had set her in the midst, They say unto him, Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act. Now Moses in the law commanded us, that such should be stoned: but what sayest thou? This they said, tempting him, that they might have to accuse him. But Jesus stooped down, and with his finger wrote on the ground, *as though he heard them not*. So when they continued asking him, he lifted up himself, and said unto them, He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her. And again he stooped down, and wrote on the ground. And they which heard it, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last: and Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst. When Jesus had lifted up himself, and saw none but the woman, he said unto her, Woman, where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee? She said, No man, Lord. And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more.

St. John

Jesus was sitting in Moses' Chair,
They brought the trembling Woman There.
Moses commands she be stoned to death,
What was the sound of Jesus' breath?
He laid His hand on Moses' Law;
The Ancient Heavens in Silent Awe
Writ with Curses from Pole to Pole,
All away began to roll.

BLAKE

Why should Punishment Weave the Veil with Iron Wheels of
War,
When Forgiveness might it Weave with Wings of Cherubim?
Ibid.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
 Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
 From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
 If I lack'd anything.

'A guest,' I answer'd, 'worthy to be here;'
 Love said, 'You shall be he.'
'I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
 I cannot look on Thee.'
Love took my hand and smiling did reply,
 'Who made the eyes but I?'

'Truth, Lord; but I have marr'd them: let my shame
 Go where it doth deserve.'
'And know you not,' says Love, 'Who bore the blame?'
 'My dear, then I will serve.'
'You must sit down,' says Love, 'and taste my meat.'
 So I did sit and eat.

GEORGE HERBERT 1593

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

SHAKESPEARE 1564

DIVINE LOVE AND COMPASSION

THE MEETING OF PRIAM AND ACHILLES

Priam leapt from the car to the earth . . . and made straight for the house where Achilles was wont to sit. And therein he found the man himself . . . and so stood he anigh and clasped in his hands the knees of Achilles, and kissed his hands, terrible, man-slaying, that slew many of Priam's sons. And as when a grievous curse cometh upon a man who in his own country hath slain another and escapeth to a land of strangers . . . so Achilles wondered when he saw godlike Priam. . . . Then Priam spake and entreated him, saying: 'Bethink thee, O Achilles like to gods, of thy father that is of like years with me, on the grievous pathway of old age. . . . While he heareth of thee as yet alive he rejoiceth in his heart, and hopeth withal day after day that he shall see his dear son returning from Troy-land. But I, I am utterly unblest, since I begat sons the best men in wide Troy-land, but . . . none of them is left. . . . And he who was yet left and guarded city and men, him slewest thou but now as he fought for his country, even Hector. For his sake come I unto the ships of the Achaians that I may win him back from thee, and I bring with me untold ransom. Yea, fear thou the gods, Achilles, and have compassion on me, even me, bethinking thee of thy father. Lo, I am yet more piteous than he, and have braved what none other man on earth hath braved before, to stretch forth my hand towards the face of the slayer of my sons.'

Thus spake he, and stirred within Achilles desire to make lament for his father. And he touched the old man's hand and gently moved him back. And as they both bethought them of their dead, so Priam for man-slaying Hector wept sore as he was fallen before Achilles' feet, and Achilles wept for his own father, and now again for Patroklos, and their moan went up throughout the house. But when noble Achilles had satisfied him with lament and the desire thereof departed from his heart and limbs, straightway he sprang from his seat and raised the old man by his hand, pitying his hoary head and hoary beard, and spake unto him winged words and said . . . 'set thee on a seat, and we will let our sorrows lie

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quiet in our hearts, for all our pain, for no avail cometh of chill lament. This is the lot the gods have spun for miserable men, that they should live in pain; yet themselves are sorrowless. . . . Keep courage and lament not unabatingly in thy heart. For nothing wilt thou avail by grieving for thy son, neither shalt thou bring him back to life.'

Then made answer unto him the old man, godlike Priam: 'Bid me not to a seat . . . so long as Hector lieth uncared for at the huts, but straightway give him back that I may behold him with mine eyes; and accept thou the great ransom that we bring. . . .'

Then fleet-footed Achilles looked sternly upon him and said: 'No longer chafe me, old sire; of myself am I minded to give Hector back to thee, for there came to me a messenger from Zeus, even my mother who bare me, daughter of the Ancient One of the Sea. And I know, O Priam, that some god it is that hath guided thee to the swift ships of the Achaians. For no mortal man, even though in prime of youth, would dare to come among the host, for neither could he escape the watch, nor easily thrust back the bolt of our doors. Therefore now stir my heart no more amid my troubles, lest I leave not even thee in peace, old sire, within my hut, albeit thou art my suppliant, and lest I transgress the commandment of Zeus.'

Thus spake he, and the old man feared, and obeyed his word. And the son of Peleus leapt like a lion through the door of the house . . . with him went two squires, the hero Automedon and Alkimos. . . . They then loosed from under the yoke the horses and mules, and led in the old man's crier-herald and set him on a chair, and from the wain of goodly felloes they took the countless ransom set on Hector's head. But they left two robes and a well-spun doublet, that Achilles might wrap the dead therein when he gave him to be carried home. . . . When the handmaids had washed the body and anointed it with oil, and had thrown over it a fair robe and a doublet, then Achilles himself lifted it and laid it on a bier, and his comrades with him lifted it on to the polished waggon. . . .

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And Achilles went back into the hut, and sate him down on the cunningly-wrought couch whence he had arisen by the opposite wall, and spake a word to Priam: 'Thy son, old sire, is given back as thou wouldest and lieth on a bier, and with the break of day thou shalt see him thyself as thou carriest him.'

HOMER 1200 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY ERNEST MYERS

'Twas the Soul of Judas Iscariot,
Strange and sad and tall,
Stood all alone at dead of night
Before a lighted hall. . . .

The Bridegroom in his robe of white
Sat at the table-head.
'Oh, who is that who moans without?'
The Blessed Bridegroom said.

'Twas one look'd from the lighted hall
And answer'd fierce and low
'Tis the Soul of Judas Iscariot
Gliding to and fro.' . . .

'Twas the Soul of Judas Iscariot
Stood black and sad and bare.
'I have wander'd many nights and days.
There is no light elsewhere.'

'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the open door,
And beckon'd, smiling sweet:
'Twas the Soul of Judas Iscariot
Stole in, and fell at his feet.

'The holy supper is spread within,
And the many candles shine,
And I have waited long for thee
Before I pour'd the wine!'

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The supper wine is pour'd at last,
The lights burn bright and fair,
Iscariot washes the Bridegroom's feet
And dries them with his hair.

ROBERT BUCHANAN 1841

The rocks that were thrown at Buddha were changed into flowers.

And Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people. . . . And they were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake. Then they suborned men, which said, We have heard him speak blasphemous words against Moses, and against God. And they stirred up the people . . . and came upon him and caught him, and brought him to the council. . . . And all that sat in the council, looking stedfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel. . . . But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up stedfastly into heaven . . . And said, Behold I see the heavens opened and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God. Then they cried out with a loud voice and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him: and the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet whose name was Saul. And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep.

The Acts

I am a man of no strength at all, of Body, nor yet of Mind, but would, if I could, tho I can but *crawl*, spend my Life in the Pilgrims way. . . . Other Brunts I also look for, but this I have resolved on, to wit, to *run* when I can, to *go* when I cannot *run*, and to

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creep where I cannot *go*. As to the main, I thank him that loves me, I am fixed; my way is before me, my Mind is beyond the *River* that has no Bridge.

BUNYAN 1628

OUR LADY'S TUMBLER

In the lives of the early fathers we are told this tale. . . . Now speak we of a certain minstrel and what befell him.

He came and went for so long in diverse places, and so wasted his strength, that at last, weary of the world, he withdrew into a holy order. His horses, his garments, his money, and all that he had he put therein, and left the world, for he would follow its ways no more. Thus, then, he came into the monastery which, men say, was that of Clairvaux. Now, though the youth was of much worship, and fair and well made and goodly, he yet knew no craft of which the folk there stood in any need. For he had lived only by tumbling and leaping and dancing; and though he knew right well how to leap and to spring, he knew naught beside, for no other lesson had he ever learned, nor knew he either Pater Noster, or chant, or Credo, or Ave, or aught else that might work for his salvation.

Now, when he was come into the monastery and saw the tonsured brethren who let no word fall from their lips, but spoke among themselves by signs . . . the minstrel was much abashed and ill at ease, for he knew not how to share by word or by deed in that which was the practice of the place; so was he dejected and heavy at heart. He saw the monks and the lay brothers each serving God in his place and after the manner appointed to him. . . . One recited a psalm, and another the lesson for the day; the young clerks were at their psalters, and the lay brothers at the litanies, while the more ignorant said their Pater Nosters. . . . Then he said: 'Holy Mary, alas, and woe is me! . . . what do I do here? There is no one so base in all the convent but strives to serve God in his own manner; but I have no trade that is of service to me

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here. . . . Truly a poor creature am I in a goodly place.' Then he wept to relieve his grief, and wished he were dead. . . .

When he had bemoaned himself thus, he went away through the cloister, looking this way and that, until he came into a crypt; there he crouched down by an altar, drawing himself as close to it as he might. Above the altar was a statue of Our Lady, the Holy Mary, and he did not go astray when he came into that place. . . . Anon, when he heard the mass begin, he sprang up dismayed. 'Ah! how am I brought to shame,' . . . he cried; 'I am as a tethered ox, for I do naught but browse, and I eat my bread to no purpose. . . . I will do what I have been taught to do, and I will serve the Mother of God here in her monastery by my own trade; the others serve by singing, and I will serve by tumbling.' He took off his cloak and disrobed himself, and laid his garments beside the altar. . . .

Then he turned to the image, and looked up at it very humbly: 'Lady,' said he, 'into your care I commit me, body and soul. Gentle Lady, Sweet Queen, do not despise that which I know, for I would serve you in all good faith, and so God may help me, without offence. I know not how to read or to sing, but right gladly will I show you my most chosen tricks of tumbling.'

Then he began to leap and to spring, now up and now down, beginning first with small capers, and then leaping higher and higher. . . . Anon he bowed before the image and worshipped her, and honoured her with all that he had. Then he did the French trick and the trick of Champagne, and the tricks they do in Brittany, and then the trick of Lorraine; and he did them all with great travail. . . . 'Lady,' he said, 'this is good disport; and I do it for no other save for you and for your Son before all, so God may help me, I do not. . . . Lady, despise not your thrall. I worship you with my heart and my body, my feet and my hands, for I know not how to worship you in any other way. Henceforth will I be your minstrel. . . . In God's name, despise me not.' Then he turned away and made a spring. 'Lady,' he said, 'so God may save me, this thing did I never before. This trick is wholly new, and is not for common folk.' . . . And as long as the mass

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lasted, so long did he leap and skip and dance, and never ceased till he was so spent that he could no longer hold himself upright, but sank down for very weariness, and fell to the ground exhausted. . . . 'Lady,' said he, 'I can do no more now, but in sooth I will come again.' . . .

The good man continued long in this way of life, but at length he was thrown into much trouble. For a monk took note of him, and blamed him, that he came not to matins; and he marvelled what became of him, and what was the service that he did, and how he earned his bread. Now the monk so followed him, and so watched and spied upon him, that he saw him perform all his tricks. . . .

He went to the abbot and told the whole story, and the abbot arose and said to the monk: 'Now do not spread this abroad, but be silent, for by your vows I command you.' . . . And the abbot and monk watched all the convert's devotions, and all his leaping and dancing; and they saw how he bowed before the image, and how he skipped and sprang till his strength failed him. . . .

And the abbot watched and straightway saw a Lady come down to him from the vault, . . . and with her came angels and arch-angels from heaven, who came about the minstrel and gave him comfort and consolation. . . . Then they hastened to serve him, for they longed to reward him for the service that he had paid to their Lady, that most Sweet Wonder. . . .

The holy fathers tell us that thus it befell this minstrel. And now let us pray to God, who is above all, that He grant us to serve Him so well that we may deserve His love. Here ends the story of Our Lady's Tumbler.

OLD FRENCH
TRANSLATED BY ISABEL BUTLER

Verily we have been in the foresight of God, loved and known in His endless purpose from without beginning. In which unbegun love He made us; and in the same love He keepeth us.

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And from that time that it was shewed I desired oftentimes to learn what was our Lord's meaning. And fifteen years after, and more, I was answered in ghostly understanding, saying thus: Wouldst thou learn thy Lord's meaning in this thing? Learn it well: Love was His meaning. Who shewed it thee? Love. What shewed He thee? Love. Wherefore shewed it He? For Love. Hold thee therein and thou shalt learn and know more in the same. But thou shalt never know nor learn therein other thing without end. Thus was I learned that Love was our Lord's meaning.

And I saw full surely that ere God made us He loved us; which love was never slack'd, nor ever shall be. And in this love He hath done all His works; and in this love He hath made all things profitable to us; and in this love our life is everlasting. In our making we had beginning; but the love wherein He made us was in Him from without beginning: in which love we have our beginning. And all this shall we see in God, without end.

THE LADY JULIAN OF NORWICH 1342

EDITED BY GRACE WARRACK

POSTSCRIPT BY A SCRIBE

Thus endeth the Revelation of Love of the blissid Trinite shewed by our Savior Christ Jesu for our endles comfort and solace and also to enjoyen in him in this passand journey of this life.

Ibid.

Love hath no end . . . because the Beloved is without end

FARÍDU'DDIN AL-'ATTÁR 1200

TRANSLATED BY R. A. NICHOLSON

B U D D H A

(SIXTH CENTURY BEFORE CHRIST)

A lamp burning in a windless place.

Buddha, the Angel Messiah, like Christ, 'commenced preaching at thirty years of age. . . . He did not turn the wheel of the Law (become illumined) until after six years' meditation under the Tree of Knowledge. . . .' Gautama declares that the noble truths taught were not 'among the doctrines handed down, but that there arose within him the eye to perceive them, the knowledge of their nature, the understanding of their cause, the Wisdom that lights the true Path, the Light that expels darkness.'

RICHARD M. BUCKE

The Bodhisatta spent the heat of the day in a grove of Sāl-trees beside the stream. But in the evening he made his way to the foot of the Tree of Wisdom, and there, making the resolution: 'Though my skin, my nerves and my bones should waste away and my life-blood dry, I will not leave this seat until I have attained Supreme Enlightenment,' he took his seat with his face towards the East.

The victory was achieved while the sun was yet above the horizon. The Bodhisatta sank into ever deeper and deeper thought. In the first watch of the night he reached the Knowledge of Former States of being, in the middle watch he obtained the heavenly eye of Omniscient Vision, and in the third watch he grasped the perfect understanding of the Chain of Causation which is the Origin

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of Evil, and thus at break of day he attained to Perfect Enlightenment. Therewith there broke from his lips the song of triumph:

*Through many divers births I passed
Seeking in vain the builder of the house.
But O framer of houses, thou art found. . . .*

Innumerable wonders were manifest at this supreme hour. The earth quaked six times, and the whole universe was illuminated by the supernatural splendour of the sixfold rays that proceeded from the body of the seated Buddha. Resentment faded from the hearts of all men, all lack was supplied, the sick were healed, the chains of hell were loosed, and every creature of whatsoever sort found peace and rest.

A. K. COOMARASWAMY

THE FORTY-NINE DAYS

Gautama, who was now Buddha, the Enlightened, remained seated and motionless for seven days, realizing the bliss of Nirvāna; and thereafter rising, he remained standing for seven days more, steadfastly regarding the spot where had been won the fruit of countless deeds of heroic virtue performed in past births: then for seven days more he paced to and fro along a cloistered path from West to East, extending from the throne beneath the Wisdom Tree to the place of the Steadfast Gazing; and again for seven days he remained seated in a god-wrought pavilion near to the same place, and there reviewed in detail, book by book, all that is taught in the *Abhidhamma Pitaka*, as well as the whole doctrine of causality; then for seven days more he sat beneath the Nigrodha tree of Sujātā's offering, meditating on the doctrine and the sweetness of Nirvāna — and according to some books it was at this time the temptation by the daughters of Māra took place; and then for seven days more while a terrible storm was raging, the snake king Mucalinda sheltered him with his sevenfold hood; and for seven days more he sat beneath a Rājāyatana tree, still enjoying the

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sweetness of liberation. And so passed away seven weeks, during which the Buddha experienced no bodily wants, but fed on the joy of contemplation, the joy of the Eightfold Path, and the joy of its fruit, Nirvāna.

During the eleventh retreat the Master resided at Rajāgaha. There he saw one day a Brāhman, by name Bāhradvāja, superintending the cultivation of his fields. The Brahman, seeing the Buddha subsisting upon the alms of others, said: 'O Wanderer, I plough and sow, and so find my livelihood. Do thou also plough and sow to the same end?' But the Buddha replied: 'I, too, plough and sow, and it is thus that I find my food.' The Brāhman was surprised, and said: 'I do not see, O reverend Gautama, that you have a yoke, ploughshare, goad, or bullocks. How, then, say that thou too labourest?' Then the Lord said: 'Faith is the seed I sow; devotion is the rain: modesty is the ploughshaft; the mind is the tie of the yoke; mindfulness is my ploughshare and goad. Energy is my team and bullock, leading to safety, and proceeding without backsliding to the place where there is no sorrow.'

Ibid.

Being now emancipated and free in soul, Buddha arose from under the Bo Tree, and went forth to teach the people the secret of the Sorrowless State.

O Ânanda, there is a Bodhi-tree belonging to Amitâyus, the Tathâgata, holy and fully enlightened. That Bodhi-tree is ten hundred yoganâs in height, having petals, leaves, and branches spread over eight hundred yoganâs . . . always in leaf, always in flower, always in fruit, of different colours, of many hundred thousand colours, of different leaves, of different flowers, of different fruits, adorned with many beautiful ornaments, shining with precious jewels, bright like the moon . . . well adorned with the best jewels of the sea . . . covered with nets of bells, nets of all kinds of jewels, nets of pearls, and nets of gold, adorned with the

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emblems of the dolphin, the Svastika, the Nandyâvarta, and the moon. . . .

The sound and noise of that Bodhi-tree, when it is moved by the wind, reaches immeasurable worlds. . . . And all those beings, through the seeing of that Bodhi-tree, never turn away, namely, from the highest perfect knowledge.

The Larger Sukhâvatî-vyûha

TRANSLATED BY F. MAX MÜLLER

What are *Moksha* to the Brâhman, the *Tao* to the Chinese mystic, *Fana* to the *Sûfî*, *Eternal Life* to the followers of Jesus, that is Nirvâna to the Buddhist. To attain to this Nirvâna, beyond the reach of Evil, is the single thought that moves the Buddhist aspirant to enter on the paths.

A. K. COOMARASWAMY

THE WHEEL OF THE LAW

Then Maitreya addressed the holy one, 'O great mendicant, in what form has the wheel [of the Law] been turned by thee?'

Having heard this question asked by the great-souled Maitreya, the holy one looked at him and thus addressed him:

'The profound subtil wheel of the Law, so hard to be seen, has been turned by me. . . .

'The wheel of the Law has been turned, which has no extension, no origin, no birth, no home, isolated, and free from matter. . . .

'Everything subject to successive causation is like a delusion, a mirage, or a dream like the moon seen in water or an echo; it lies stretched out on the surface, not to be extirpated, but not eternal. . . .

'The wheel of the Law is described as without end or middle, existing apart from "it is" or "it is not," separated from soul or soullessness. . . .

'Such is this wheel of the Law which has been turned by me;

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'He makes wise all the ignorant, — therefore is he called the Buddha. . . .

'He has passed through the forest of mundane existence, therefore is he called the Leader of the Caravan. . . .

'He has come out from all conflict, released himself and the releaser of all, — he is become the light of the world, the illuminator of the knowledge of true wisdom;

'The dispeller of the darkness of ignorance, the illuminer of the great torch, the great physician, the great seer, the healer of all evils . . .

'The fount of an ambrosia which quenches the scorching of the flame of all pain, and the powerful luminary which dries up the great ocean of all pain. . . .

'Whosoever hears, sees, and welcomes with joy this methodical arrangement of the Law, which is a mine of happiness and prosperity, and honours it with folded hands,

'Shall attain pre-eminent strength . . . and an intelligence of the highest reach.

'And the happiness of perfect contemplation, with a deep calm of uninterrupted bliss, with his senses in their highest perfection, and illuminated by unclouded knowledge. . . .

'And he who, thoroughly intent, with a believing heart, and filled with faith and devotion, shall hear this method of the Law as it is preached,

'He shall have his intellect made perfectly pure . . . his soul happy with boundless compassion, and he shall be filled with boundless joy.'

THE *Buddha-Karita* OF ASVAGHOSHA
TRANSLATED BY E. B. COWELL

Earnestness is the path of immortality, thoughtlessness the path of death. Those who are in earnest do not die, those who are thoughtless are as if dead already. . . . These wise people, meditative, steady, always possessed of strong powers, attain to Nirvāṇas the highest happiness. . . . A Bhikshu (mendicant) who delight,

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in reflection, who looks with fear on thoughtlessness, cannot fall away from his perfect state — he is close upon Nirvāna. . . . One is the road that leads to wealth, another the road that leads to Nirvāna; if the Bhikshu, the disciple of Buddha, has learnt this, he will not yearn for honour, he will strive after separation from the world. . . .

He in whom a desire for the Ineffable (Nirvāna) has sprung up, who in his mind is satisfied, and whose thoughts are not bewildered by love, he is called ūrdhvamsrotas (carried upward by the stream). . . . The sages who injure nobody, and who always control their body, they will go to the unchangeable place, where, if they have gone, they will suffer no more. Those who are ever watchful, who study day and night, and who strive after Nirvāna, their passions will come to an end. Cut out the love of self, like an autumn lotus, with thy hand! Cherish the road of peace. . . .

O Bhikshu, empty this boat! if emptied, it will go quickly; having cut off passion and hatred, thou wilt go to Nirvāna. . . . Without knowledge there is no meditation, without meditation there is no knowledge: he who has knowledge and meditation is near unto Nirvāna. As soon as he has considered the origin and destruction of the elements (khandha) of the body, he finds happiness and joy which belong to those who know the immortal (Nirvāna). . . . The Bhikshu, full of delight, who is happy in the doctrine of Buddha will reach the quiet place, happiness consisting in the cessation of natural inclinations.

Dhamma-Pada

TRANSLATED BY F. MAX MÜLLER

EMANCIPATION

Let the Bhikkhu (mendicant disciple) drive not back the ecstasy of contemplation, let him look through things, let him be much alone!

. . . If he should desire, Brethren, to reach with his body and remain in those stages of deliverance which are incorporeal, and pass beyond phenomena . . . to become an inheritor of the

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highest heavens . . . to hear with clear and heavenly ear, surpassing that of man, sounds both human and celestial . . . to comprehend by his own heart the hearts of other beings and of other men; to discern the passionate mind to be passionate, and the calm mind to be calm; the angry . . . the peaceable . . . the deluded . . . the wise . . . the concentrated . . . the scattered . . . the lofty . . . the narrow . . . the sublime . . . the mean . . . the steadfast . . . the wavering . . . the free mind . . . and the enslaved. . . .

. . . If he should desire, Brethren, to be able to call to mind his various temporary states in days gone by; such as one birth, two births, three, four, five, ten, twenty, thirty . . . a hundred or a thousand, or a hundred thousand births; his births in many an æon of destruction, in many an æon of renovation . . . his temporary states in days gone by in all their modes and all their details . . . to see with pure and heavenly vision, surpassing that of men, beings as they pass from one state of existence and take form in others; beings base or noble, good-looking or ill-favoured, happy or miserable, according to the karma they inherit . . . if he should desire to know and realize emancipation of heart, and emancipation of mind, let him then fulfil all righteousness, let him be devoted to that quietude of heart which springs from within, let him not drive back the ecstasy of contemplation, let him look through things, let him be much alone.

CONDENSED FROM THE *Akankheyya-Sutta*
TRANSLATED BY T. W. RHYS DAVIDS

Have you ever asked for that instruction by which we hear what cannot be heard, by which we perceive what cannot be perceived, by which we know what cannot be known?

It is the ear of the ear, the mind of the mind, the speech of speech, the breath of breath, and the eye of the eye.

That one, the Self, though never stirring, is swifter than thought. The senses never reached it, it walked before them. Though

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standing still, it overtakes the others who are running. The Moving Spirit bestows powers upon it. It stirs and it stirs not. It is far and likewise near. It is inside of all this and it is outside of all this.

And he who beholds all beings in the Self and the Self in all beings, he never turns away from it. When to a man who understands the Self has become all things, what sorrow, what trouble can there be to him who once beheld that unity?

TAKEN FROM THE *Upanishads*
TRANSLATED BY F. MAX MÜLLER

Immobile in Motu.

The story admits of being told thus far, but what follows is hidden, and cannot be told in words.

JALLALU DDIN RUMI 1207

But like as in yon space a falcon or an eagle, after he has hovered, wearily folds his pinions and sinks to rest, thus also hastens the Spirit to that condition in which, sunk to sleep, he feels no more desire, nor beholds any more dreams. That is his true form of being, wherein he is raised above longing, free from evil and from fear. For, like as one whom a beloved woman embraces, has no consciousness of what is without or what is within, so also the Spirit, embraced by the Self of Knowledge has no consciousness of what is without or what is within. That is his form of being, wherein his longing is stilled, himself is his longing, he is without longing, and freed from grief. Then the father is not father, nor the mother mother, nor are the worlds worlds, nor the gods gods, nor the *Vedas Vedas* . . . then is he unmoved by good, unmoved by evil, then has he vanquished all the torments of the heart. . . . Yet is he a knower, even though he does not know; since for the

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knower there is no interruption of knowing; because he is imperishable. . . . He stands in the tumultuous ocean as beholder, alone. . . . This is his highest goal, this is his highest joy, this is his highest world, this is his highest bliss.

TRANSLATED BY A. K. COOMARASWAMY

Disciple: Whither goeth the Soul when the Body dieth?

Master: There is no necessity for it to go anywhere.

JACOB BOEHME 1575

I am thinking of the Bodhisatva, who vowed not to enter Nirvāna as long as one single soul was still pining unredeemed in his earthly fetters, and I compare his picture with that of the Sage, who, indifferent to the world, only strives after the realization of God: the Sage is not altogether beyond name and form as yet, for after shedding all fetters, he is still left with the one fetter of the impulse for recognition — it is *he* who wants to see God. The other . . . has discarded this last bond. His struggle for recognition . . . has finally burst its shell. . . . Now he offers to divine light a perfectly transparent medium. Because this light shines through him without any hindrance, he only wishes to give, he only shines and radiates, he knows no attitude to creation but that of a dispenser of grace, just as the sun cannot leave one single atom without its warmth. The Bodhisatva says 'Yes' to the most evil world, for he knows himself to be one with it. Rid of himself, he feels his foundation in God, while his surface is intertwined with everything which exists. . . . Thus he cannot rest until everyone mirrors divinity in everything. The Bodhisatva, not the Sage, embodies the aim of human aspiration.

HERMANN KEYSERLING

TRANSLATED BY J. HOLROYD REECE

The sacred tale of Buddha, developed from its earlier simplicity by the shaping stress of many generations, opens to us the whole

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range and majesty of human fate. 'The destined Buddha has desired to be a Buddha through an almost unimaginable series of worlds.' No soul need ever be without that hope. 'The spirit-worlds are even now announcing the advent of future Buddhas in epochs too remote for the computation of men.' No obstacles without us can arrest our way. 'The rocks that were thrown at Buddha were changed into flowers.' Not our own worst misdoings need beget despair. 'Buddha, too, had often been to hell for his sins.' The vast complexity of the Sum of Things need not appal us. 'Beneath the bottomless whirlpool of existences, behind the illusion of Form and Name,' we, too, like Buddha, may discover and reveal 'the perfection of the Eternal Law.' Us, too, like Buddha, the cosmic welcome may await; as when 'Earth itself and the laws of all worlds' trembled with joy 'as Buddha attained the Supreme Intelligence, and entered into the Endless Calm.'

We picture the perfected soul as the Buddha, the Saviour, the *aurai simplicis ignem*, dwelling on one or other aspect of that trinal conception of Wisdom, Love, and Joy. For souls not yet perfected but still held on earth I have foretold a growth in *holiness*. By this I mean no unreal opposition or forced divorcement of sacred and secular, of flesh and spirit. Rather I define holiness as the joy too high as yet for our enjoyment; the wisdom just beyond our learning; the rapture of love which we still strive to attain. Inevitably, as our link with other spirits strengthens, as the life of the organism pours more fully through the individual cell, we shall feel love more ardent, wiser wisdom; higher joy; perceiving that this organic unity of Soul, which forms the inward aspect of the telepathic law, is in itself the Order of the Cosmos, the Summation of Things . . . the Vision which dissolves for a moment the corporeal prison-house; 'the flight of the One to the One.'

'So let the soul that is not unworthy of that vision contemplate the Great Soul; freed from deceit and every witchery, and collected into calm. Calmed be the body for her in that hour, and the tumult of the flesh; ay, all that is about her, calm; calm be the earth, the

sea, the air, and let Heaven itself be still. Then let her feel how into that silent heaven the Great Soul floweth in. . . . And so may man's soul be sure of Vision, when suddenly she is filled with light; for this light is from Him and is He; and then surely shall one know His presence when, like a god of old time, He entered into the house of one that calleth Him, and maketh it full of light.' 'And how,' concludes Plotinus, 'may this thing be for us? Let all else go.'

These heights, I confess, are above the stature of my spirit. Yet for each of us is a fit ingress into the Unseen; and for some lesser man the memory of one vanished soul may be beatific as of old for Plotinus the flooding immensity of Heaven. And albeit no historical religion can persist as a logical halting-place upon the endless mounting way — that way which leads unbroken from the first germ of love in the heart to an inconceivable union with the Divine — yet many a creed in turn may well be close inwrought and inwoven with our eternal hope. What wonder, if in the soul's long battle, some Captain of our Salvation shall sometimes seem to tower unrivalled and alone? — οἷος γὰρ ἐρύετο "Ιλιον" Ἐκτωρ. And yet in no single act or passion can that salvation stand; far hence, beyond Orion and Andromeda, the cosmic process works and shall work for ever through unbegotten souls. And even as it was not in truth the great ghost of Hector only, but the whole nascent race of Rome, which bore from the Trojan altar the hallowing fire, so is it not one Saviour only, but the whole nascent race of man — nay, all the immeasurable progeny and population of the heavens — which issues continually from behind the veil of Being, and forth from the Sanctuary of the Universe carries the ever-burning flame: *Aeternumque adytis effert penetralibus ignem.*

F. W. H. MYERS

Whosoever finds it finds Nothing and all Things. But how finds he *Nothing*? Why, I will tell thee how He that findeth it findeth a supernatural, supersensual Abyss, which hath no ground or Byss to stand on, and where there is no place to dwell in; and he findeth

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also nothing is like unto it and therefore it may fitly be compared to *Nothing*, for it is deeper than any *Thing*, and it is as Nothing with respect to All Things, forasmuch as it is not comprehensible by any of them. And because it is Nothing respectively, it is therefore free from All Things, and is that only Good, which a man cannot express or utter what it is, there being Nothing to which it may be compared, to express it by.

Whosoever finds it finds All Things; there is nothing can be more true than this assertion. It hath been the Beginning of All Things; and it ruleth All Things. It is also the End of All Things; and will thence comprehend All Things within its circle. All Things are from it, and in it, and by it. If thou findest it thou comest into that ground from whence All Things are proceeded, and wherein they subsist; and thou art in it a King over all the works of God.

JACOB BOEHME

MOHAMMED, A. D. 570

ALLAH AKBAR.

GOD IS GREAT.

We are told that Mohammed gradually absented himself from society and sought the solitude of a cavern on Mount Hara (about three leagues north of Mecca), where, in emulation of the Christian anchorites of the desert, he remained days and nights together engaged in prayer and meditation. . . . He became subject to visions, ecstasies and trances. . . . At length, what had hitherto been shadowed out in dreams was made apparent and distinct by an angelic apparition and a divine annunciation. . . .

It was on the night called by Arabs Al Kader, or the Divine Decree; a night in which, according to the Koran, angels descend to earth and Gabriel brings down the decrees of God. During that night there is peace on earth, and a holy quiet reigns over all nature. . . .

As Mohammed, in the silent watches of the night, lay wrapped in his mantle, he heard a voice calling upon him. Uncovering his head, a flood of light broke upon him of such intolerable splendour that he swooned. On regaining his senses he beheld an angel in a human form, which, approaching from a distance, displayed a silken cloth covered with written characters. 'Read!' said the angel. 'I know not how to read!' replied Mohammed. 'Read!' repeated the angel, 'in the name of the Lord, who has created all things; who created man from a clot of blood. Read, in the name of the Most High, who taught man the use of the pen; who sheds on his soul the ray of knowledge and teaches him what before he knew not.'

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Upon this Mohammed instantly felt his understanding illumined with celestial light and read what was written on the cloth, which contained the decree of God, as afterwards promulgated in the Koran. When he had finished the perusal the heavenly messenger announced: 'Oh, Mohammed, of a verity thou art the prophet of God! And I am his Angel Gabriel!'

WASHINGTON IRVING 1783

The Light had come . . . to illuminate the darkness of this wild Arab soul. A confused dazzling splendour as of Life and Heaven, in the great darkness which threatened to be death: he called it revelation and the angel Gabriel; — who of us can know what to call it? . . . To *know*, to get into the truth of anything, is ever a mystic act — of which the best Logics can but babble on the surface. . . . That Mohammed's whole soul, set in flame with this grand Truth vouchsafed him, should feel as if it were important and the *only important thing*, was very natural. That Providence had unspeakably honoured *him* by revealing it, saving him from death and darkness; he therefore was bound to make known the same to all creatures. . . . The great Mystery of Existence had glared in upon him, with its terrors, with its splendours; no hearsays could hide that unspeakable fact, 'Here am I' — From of old, a thousand thoughts in his pilgrimings and wanderings had been in this man. What am I? What is this unfathomable Thing I live in, which men call Universe? What is life? What is death? What am I to believe? What am I to do? The grim rocks of Mount Hara, of Mount Sinai, the stern sandy solitudes answered not. There was no answer. The man's own Soul and what of God's inspiration dwelt there, had to answer.

The religion of Mohammed is a kind of Christianity; has a genuine element of what is spiritually highest . . . not to be hidden by all its imperfections. . . . To the Arab nation it was as a birth from darkness into life. Arabia became alive by means of it. To a poor shepherd people, roaming unnoticed in its deserts since the

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creation of the world, a Hero-Prophet was sent down with a word they could believe. . . . Within one century afterwards, Arabia is at Grenada on this hand, at Delhi on that — glancing in valour and splendour and the light of genius. . . . The Arabs, the man Mohammed, and that one century, — is it not as if a spark had fallen, one spark, on a world of what seemed black unnoticeable sand; but lo, the sand proves explosive powder, blazes heaven-high from Delhi to Grenada! . . . The Great Man was always as lightning out of Heaven; the rest of men waited for him like fuel, and then they too would flame.

THOMAS CARLYLE 1795

THE KORAN

O thou ENFOLDED in thy mantle
Stand up all night . . . for prayer. . . .
And with measured tone intone the Koran. . . .
And commemorate the name of thy Lord, and devote thyself to
Him with entire devotion.
Lord of the East and of the West! No God is there but He!
Take Him for thy protector. . . .
Say: I betake me for refuge to the Lord of the Daybreak. . . .
I betake me for refuge to the Lord of Men. . . .
He is God alone:
God the eternal!
He begetteth not, and He is not begotten;
And there is none like unto Him. . . .
Verily, we have caused It (the Koran) to descend on the night of
POWER.
And who shall teach thee what the night of POWER is?
The night of POWER excelleth a thousand months:
Therein descend the angels and the spirits by permission of their
Lord. . . .
And all is peace till the breaking of the morn.

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By the heaven, and by the NIGHT-COMER!
But who shall teach thee what the NIGHT-COMER is?
'Tis the star of piercing radiance.
Over every soul is set a guardian.
Let man then reflect out of what he was created. . . .
The God of MERCY hath taught the Koran,
Hath created man,
Hath taught him articulate speech.
The Sun and Moon have each their times,
And the plants and the trees bend in adoration.
And the Heaven, He hath reared it on high, and hath appointed
the balance. . . .
All on the earth shall pass away,
But the face of thy Lord shall abide resplendent with majesty and
glory. . . .
It is He who hath implanted in you hearing, and sight, and heart:
how few of you give thanks!
It is He who hath caused you to be born on the earth: and unto
Him shall ye be gathered.
And it is He who maketh alive and killeth, and of Him is the
change of the night and of the day: Will ye not under-
stand? . . .
He knoweth *alike* the unseen and the seen. . . .
What! Did ye then think that we had created you for pastime,
and that ye should not be brought back again to us? . . .
It is God who created you — then fed you — then will cause you
to die — then will make you alive. . . .

Praise be to God, Maker of the Heavens and of the Earth! Who
employeth the Angels as envoys, with pairs of wings, two,
three, and four:

He addeth to his creature what he will!

Truly God hath power for all things. . . .

If any one desireth greatness, all greatness is in God. . . .

O men! ye are but paupers in need of God. . . . If He please,

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He could sweep you away, and bring forth a new creation,
nor will this be hard for God. . . .

God truly knoweth the hidden things both of the Heavens and
of the Earth: for He knoweth the very secrets of the breast. . .

Verily God holdeth fast the Heavens and the Earth that they pass
not away: and if they were passing away none could hold
them back but He: for He is Kind, Gracious. . . .

Alike to Him is that person among you who concealeth his words,
and he that telleth them abroad: he who hideth him in the
night, and he who cometh forth in the day.

Each hath a succession of *Angels* before him and behind him, who
watch over him by God's behest. Verily, God will not change
His gifts to men, till they change what is in themselves. . . .

Prayer is His of right. . . . And unto God doth all in the Heavens
and on the Earth bow down in worship . . . their very
shadows also morn and even! . . .

Thus, then, as a code in the Arabic tongue, have we sent down
the Koran. . . .

No doubt is there about this Book: it is a guidance to the God-
fearing,

Who believe in the unseen, who observe prayer, and out of what
we have bestowed on them, expend *for God*.

TRANSLATED BY J. M. RODWELL

We do not descend save at the bidding of thy Lord: His is what
is before us, and what is behind us, and what is between those;
for thy Lord is never forgetful — the Lord of the heavens and the
earth, and of what is between the two; then serve Him and
persevere in His service.

They will ask thee of the spirit. Say, 'The spirit comes at the
bidding of my Lord, and ye are given but a little knowledge
thereof.' If we had wished we would have taken away that with
which we have inspired thee . . . verily, His grace towards thee
is great!

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And every soul shall come — with it a driver and a witness!
Thou wert heedless of this, and we withdrew thy veil from thee,
and to-day is thine eyesight keen!

And listen for the day when the crier shall cry from a near place —
the day when they shall hear the shout in truth — that is, the day
of coming forth.

Verily, in the creation of the heavens and the earth, and the
alternation of night and day, and in the ship that runneth in the sea
with that which profits man, and in what water God sends down
from Heaven and quickens therewith the earth after its death,
and spreads abroad therein all kinds of cattle, and in the shifting
of the winds, and in the clouds that are pressed into service betwixt
heaven and earth, are signs to people who can understand.

TRANSLATED BY E. H. PALMER

LAO-TZE, 604 B.C.

I know how birds can fly, fishes swim, and animals run. But the runner may be snared, the swimmer hooked, and the flyer shot by the arrow. But there is the dragon: — I cannot tell how he mounts on the wind through the clouds, and rises to heaven. To-day I have seen Láo-tze, and can only compare him to the dragon.

CONFUCIUS 551 B.C.

The Tào produces all things and nourishes them; it produces them and does not claim them as its own; it does all, and yet does not boast of it; it presides over all, and yet does not control them. This is what is called 'The mysterious Quality' of the Tào.

The Tào [road] that can be trodden is not the enduring and unchanging Tào. The name that can be named is not the enduring and unchanging name.

Conceived of as having no name, it is the Originator of heaven and earth; conceived of as having a name, it is the Mother of all things. . . .

Under these two aspects, it is really the same; but as development takes place, it receives the different names. Together we call them the Mystery. Where the Mystery is the deepest is the gate of all that is subtle and wonderful.

All things are produced by the Tào, and nourished by its outflowing operation. They receive their forms according to the nature of each, and are completed according to the circumstances of their condition. Therefore all things without exception honour the Tào, and exalt its outflowing operation.

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This honouring of the Tào . . . is not the result of any ordination, but always a spontaneous tribute.

Thus it is that the Tào produces all things, nourishes them, brings them to their full growth, nurses them, completes them, matures them, maintains them, and overspreads them.

It produces them and makes no claim to the possession of them; it carries them through their processes and does not vaunt its ability in doing so; it brings them to maturity and exercises no control over them; —this is called its mysterious operation.

The Tào is like the emptiness of a vessel; and in our employment of it we must be on our guard against all fullness. How deep and unfathomable it is, as if it were the honoured Ancestor of all things!

We should blunt our sharp points, and unravel the complication of things; we should attemper our brightness, and bring ourselves into agreement with the obscurity of others. How pure and still the Tào is, as if it would ever so continue! . . . It might appear to have been before God.

They who knew me are few, and I am on that account the more to be prized. It is thus that the sage wears a poor garb of hair cloth, while he carries his signet of jade in his bosom.

We look at it, and we do not see it, and we name it 'the Equable.' We listen to it, and we do not hear it, and we name it 'the Inaudible.' We try to grasp it, and we do not get hold of it, and we name it 'the Subtle.' . . .

Ceaseless in its action, it yet cannot be named, and then it again returns and becomes nothing. This is called the Form of the Formless, and the Semblance of the Invisible; this is called the Fleeting and Indeterminable.

We meet it and do not see its Front; we follow it, and do not see its Back. When we can lay hold of the Tào of old to direct the things of the present day, and are able to know it as it was of old in the beginning, this is called unwinding the clue of Tào.

LAO - T Z E

There was something undefined and complete, coming into existence before Heaven and Earth. How still it was and formless, standing alone, and undergoing no change, reaching everywhere and in no danger of being exhausted! It may be regarded as the Mother of all things.

I do not know its name, and I give it the designation of the Tâo, the Way or Course. . . . To give it a name I call it The Great.

Great, it passes on in constant flow. Passing on, it becomes remote. Having become remote, it returns. Therefore the Tâo is great; Heaven is great; Earth is great. . . .

Man takes his law from the Earth; the Earth takes its law from Heaven; Heaven takes its law from the Tâo. The law of the Tâo is its being what it is.

He who knows the Tâo does not care to speak about it; he who is ever ready to speak about it does not know it.

He who knows it will keep his mouth shut and close the portals of his nostrils. He will blunt his sharp points and unravel the complications of things; he will attemper his brightness, and bring himself into agreement with the obscurity of others. This is called 'the Mysterious Agreement.'

Such a one cannot be treated familiarly or distantly; he is beyond all consideration of profit or injury; of nobility or meanness: — he is the noblest man under heaven.

The sage holds in his embrace the one thing of humility, and manifests it to all the world. He is free from self-display, and therefore he shines; from self-assertion, and therefore he is distinguished; from self-boasting, and therefore his merit is acknowledged; from self-complacency, and therefore he acquires superiority. It is because he is thus free from striving that therefore no one in the world is able to strive with him.

The multitude of men look satisfied and pleased; as if enjoying a full banquet, as if mounted on a tower in spring. I alone seem

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listless and still, my desires having as yet given no indication of their presence. I am like an infant which has not yet smiled. I look dejected and forlorn, as if I had no home to go to. . . . I am in a state of chaos. . . . I seem to be carried about as on the sea, drifting as if I had nowhere to rest. All men have their spheres of action, while I alone seem dull and incapable, like a rude borderer. Thus I alone am different from other men, but I value the nursing mother, the Tào.

The Tào is hidden, and has no name; but it is the Tào which is skilful at imparting to all things what they need and making them complete.

There are few in the world who attain to the teaching without words, and the advantage arising from non-action.

Without going outside his door, one understands all that takes place under the sky; without looking out from his window, one sees the Tào of Heaven. The farther that one goes out from himself, the less he knows.

Therefore the sages got their knowledge without travelling; gave their right names to things without seeing them; and accomplished their ends without any purpose of doing so.

The sage has no invariable mind of his own; he makes the mind of the people his mind.

To those who are good to me, I am good; and to those who are not good to me, I am also good; — and thus all get to be good. To those who are sincere with me, I am sincere; and to those who are not sincere with me, I am also sincere; — and thus all get to be sincere.

It is the way of the Tào to act without thinking of acting; to conduct affairs without feeling the trouble of them . . . to consider what is small as great, and a few as many; and to recompense injury with kindness.

LAO - T Z E

I have three precious things which I prize and hold fast. The first is gentleness; the second is economy; and the third is shrinking from taking precedence of others.

With that gentleness I can be bold; with that economy I can be liberal; shrinking from taking precedence of others, I can become a vessel of the highest honour. . . .

Gentleness is sure to be victorious even in battle, and firmly to maintain its ground. Heaven will save its possessor, by his very gentleness protecting him.

He who is skilful in managing his life, travels on land without having to shun rhinoceros or tiger. . . . The rhinoceros finds no place in him into which to thrust its horn, nor the tiger a place in which to fix its claws, nor the weapon a place to admit its point.

And for what reason? Because there is in him no place of death. . . . He who has in himself abundantly the attributes of the Tào is like an infant. Poisonous insects will not sting him; fierce beasts will not seize him, birds of prey will not strike him.

To him who holds in his hands the Great Image of the invisible Tào, the whole world repairs. Men resort to him, and receive no hurt, but find rest, peace, and the feeling of ease.

THE TÀO TEH KING 6TH CENTURY B.C.
TRANSLATED BY JAMES LEGGE

And these Signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them. They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.

St. Mark

THE DEATH OF LÃO-TZE

When the master came, it was at the proper time ; and when he went away, it was the simple sequence of his coming. Quiet

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acquiescence in what happens at its proper time, and quietly submitting to its sequence, afford no occasion for grief or for joy. The ancients described death as the loosening of the cord on which God suspended the life. What we can point to are the faggots that have been consumed: but the fire is transmitted elsewhere, and we know not that it is over and ended.

KWANG-TZE 4TH CENTURY B.C.

TRANSLATED BY JAMES LEGGE

KWANG - TZE

(FOURTH CENTURY B.C.)

This is the Tào; — there is in It emotion and sincerity, but It does nothing and has no bodily form. . . . It may be apprehended by the mind, but It cannot be seen. It has Its root and ground of existence in Itself. Before there were heaven and earth, from of old, there It was, securely existing. From It came the mysterious existences of spirits, from It the mysterious existence of God. It produced heaven; It produced earth. It was before the *Thâi-ki* (primal-ether) and yet could not be considered high; It was below all space, and yet could not be considered deep. It was produced before heaven and earth, and yet could not be considered to have existed long; It was older than the highest antiquity, and yet could not be considered old. . . . The Sun and Moon got It, and from all antiquity have not intermitted their bright shining. . . . No one knows Its beginning; no one knows Its end.

Come, and I will tell you about the Perfect Tào. Its essence is surrounded with the deepest obscurity; its highest reach is in darkness and silence. There is nothing to be seen, nothing to be heard. When it holds the spirit in its arms in stillness, then the bodily form will of itself become correct. You must be still . . . not agitating your vital force: — then you may live for long. When your eyes see nothing, your ears hear nothing, and your mind knows nothing, your spirit will keep your body, and the body will live long. Watch over what is within you; shut up the avenues that connect you with what is external; — much knowledge is pernicious. . . . Watch over and keep your body, and all things will of themselves give it vigour. . . . In this way I have cultivated myself for 1200 years, and my bodily form knows no decay.

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The Great Tào does not admit of being praised. The Great Argument does not require words. . . . The Tào that is displayed is not the Tào. . . . Who knows the argument that needs no words, and the Way that is not to be trodden? He who is able to know this has what is called 'The Heavenly Treasure-house.' He may pour into it without its being filled; he may pour from it without its being exhausted; and all the while he does not know whence the supply comes. This is what is called 'The Store of Light.'

The Tào is the extreme to which things conduct us. Neither speech nor silence is sufficient to convey the notion of it. Neither by speech nor by silence can our thoughts about it have their highest expression.

There is the great awaking, after which we shall know that this life was a great dream. All the while, the stupid think they are awake, and with nice discrimination insist on their knowledge; now playing the part of rulers, and now of grooms. . . . I who say that you are dreaming am dreaming myself. These words seem very strange; but if after ten thousand ages we once meet with a great sage who knows how to explain them, it will be as if we met him unexpectedly some morning or evening.

The Perfect man is spirit-like. Great lakes might be boiling about him, and he would not feel their heat; the Ho and the Han might be frozen up, and he would not feel the cold; the hurrying thunderbolts might split the mountains, and the wind shake the ocean, without being able to make him afraid. Being such, he mounts on the clouds of the air, rides on the sun and moon, and rambles at ease beyond the four seas. Neither death nor life makes any change in him, and how much less should the considerations of advantage and injury do so!

How could any one stand by the side of the sun and moon, and hold under his arm all space and all time? The sagely man keeps

his mouth shut, and puts aside questions that are uncertain and dark; making his inferior capacities unite with him in honouring the One Lord. Men in general bustle about and toil; the sagely man seems stupid and to know nothing. He blends ten thousand years together in the one conception of time; the myriad things all pursue their spontaneous course, and they are all before him as doing so.

How do I know that the love of life is not a delusion? and that the dislike of death is not like a young person's losing his way, and not knowing that he is really going home? . . . How do I know that the dead do not repent of their former craving for life?

The Tào is a thing which accompanies all other things and meets them, which is present when they are overthrown and when they obtain their completion. Its name is Tranquillity amid all Disturbances, meaning that such Disturbances lead to Its Perfection.

The perfect Tào is something inexhaustible, and yet men all think it has an end; it is something unfathomable, and yet men all think its extreme limit can be reached. He who attains to my Tào . . . will be one of the August ones. . . . He who fails in attaining it, in his highest attainment will see the light, but will descend and be of the Earth. At present all things are produced from the Earth and return to the Earth. Therefore I will leave you, and enter the gate of the Unending, to enjoy myself in the fields of the Illimitable. I will blend my light with that of the sun and moon, and will endure while heaven and earth endure. If men agree with my views, I will be unconscious of it; if they keep far apart from them, I will be unconscious of it; they may all die, and I will abide alone!

Kien Wû asked Lien Shû, saying, 'I heard Khieh-yü talking words which were great, but had nothing corresponding to them in reality; — once gone they could not be brought back. I was frightened by them; — they were like the Milky Way which cannot be traced

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to its beginning or end. They had no connection with one another, and were not akin to the experience of men.' 'What were his words?' asked Lien Shû, and the other replied, 'Far away on the hill of Kû-shih there dwelt a Spirit-like man whose flesh and skin were smooth as ice and white as snow; that his manner was elegant and delicate as that of a virgin; that he did not eat any of the five grains, but inhaled the wind and drank the dew; that he mounted on the clouds, drove along the flying dragons, rambling and enjoying himself beyond the four seas; that by the concentration of his spirit-like powers he could save men from disease and pestilence, and secure every year a plentiful harvest.' These words appeared to me wild and incoherent and I did not believe them. 'So it is,' said Lien Shû. 'The blind have no perception of the beauty of elegant figures, nor the deaf of the sound of bells and drums. . . . That man, with those attributes, though all things were one mass of confusion, and he heard in that condition the whole world crying out to him to be rectified, would not have to address himself laboriously to the task, as if it were his business to rectify the world. Nothing could hurt that man; the greatest floods, reaching to the sky, could not drown him, nor would he feel the fervour of the greatest heats melting metals and stones till they flowed, and scorching all the ground and hills. From the dust and chaff of himself, he could still mould and fashion Yâos and Shuns; — how should he be willing to occupy himself with things?'

The spirit-like man dislikes the flocking of the multitudes to him. When the multitudes come, they do not agree . . . and no benefit results from their coming. Hence there are none whom he brings very near to himself, and none whom he keeps at a great distance. He keeps his virtue in close embrace, and warmly nourishes the spirit of harmony, so as to be in accordance with all men. This is called the True man.

Why Kwang-Tze did not mourn for his wife.

When she first died, was it possible for me to be singular and not affected by the event? But I reflected on the commencement of

K W A N G - T Z E

her being. She had not yet been born to life; not only had she no life, but she had no bodily form; not only had she no bodily form, but she had no breath. During the intermingling of the waste and dark chaos, there ensued a change, and there was breath; another change, and there was the bodily form; another change, and there came birth and life. There is now a change again, and she is dead. The relation between these things is like the procession of the four seasons from spring to autumn, from winter to summer. There now she lies with her face up, sleeping in the Great Chamber [that lies between Heaven and Earth]; and if I were to fall sobbing and going on to wail for her, I should think that I did not understand what was appointed for all. I therefore restrained myself!

THE DEATH OF KWANG-TZE

When Kwang-Tze was about to die, his disciples signified their wish to give him a grand burial. 'I shall have heaven and earth,' said he, 'for my coffin and its shell; the sun and moon for my two round symbols of jade; the stars and constellations for my pearls and jewels; and all things assisting as the mourners. Will not the provisions for my burial be complete? What could you add to them?'

TRANSLATED BY JAMES LEGGE

THE SAINTS

God's Saints are shining lights: who stays
Here long must passe
O'er dark hills, swift streames, and steep ways
As smooth as glasse;
But these all night
Like Candles, shed
Their beams, and light
Us into Bed.

They are indeed our Pillar-fires,
Seen as we go;
They are that Citie's shining spires
We travell to.
A swordlike gleame
Kept man for sin
First *Out*: this beame
Will guide him *In*.

HENRY VAUGHAN 1622

Would to God that all the Lord's people were Prophets.

Numbers

Vedete el grand amore
Che l'un a l'altro ha en core!

JACOPONE DA TODI circa 1250

(The Saints) through faith, subdued kingdoms, wrought justice,
stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped

THE SAINTS

the edge of the sword, recovered strength from weakness. Had trial of mockeries and stripes, moreover also, of bands and prisons: were tempted; they wandered about in sheep skins and in goat skins, being in want, distressed, afflicted, of whom the world was not worthy; wandering in deserts, in mountains and in dens, and in caves of the earth. And these all having a good report through faith.

TAKEN FROM *Hebrews*

The Communion of Saints not only adorns but constitutes the Life Everlasting. Nay . . . that communion is valid for us here and now. Even now the love of souls departed makes answer to our invocations. Even now our loving memory — love is itself a prayer — supports and strengthens those delivered spirits upon their upward way. No wonder; since we are to them but as fellow-travellers shrouded in a mist; ‘neither death, nor life, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature,’ can bar us from the hearth-fire of the universe, or hide for more than a moment the inconceivable oneness of souls.

F. W. H. MYERS 1843

THE MEETING OF SAINT PAUL THE HERMIT AND SAINT ANTHONY. *Circa 250*

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His Saints.

Psalms

Paul the first hermit, and model of all others, was a native of the lower Thebaid in Egypt. . . . In order to escape from the persecution of Decius and Valerian, and to serve God in Quietness, he betook himself to a cave in the desert. Here there was a palm-tree, on the fruit of which he lived, and of whose leaves he made his raiment until he attained the age of 113 years. At that

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

time Anthony, being now himself aged 90 years, received a command from God to go and see him. They met without knowing one another's names, and saluted one another, after which they fell straightway into a long discourse concerning the kingdom of God. Now it so happened that a raven had of a long time brought Paul every day half a loaf, but on this day while they spake together he brought a whole one.

When the raven had flown away — 'Well,' quoth Paul, 'the Lord hath sent us our dinner. Truly He is gracious; truly He is merciful. It is now sixty years that I have had half a loaf of bread every day, but now that thou art come, Christ giveth His soldiers double rations.' Then they asked a blessing and ate together, sitting by a spring. When they were refreshed they returned thanks as is the custom, and afterwards spent the whole night praising God. At break of day Paul felt the approach of death, and desired Anthony to bring the cloak which Athanasius had given him, to use for his winding-sheet. While Anthony was on his way back from this journey, he saw in a vision the soul of Paul ascending to heaven, surrounded by choirs of angels.

When Anthony reached the cell of Paul, he found the dead body of the Saint in a kneeling posture, with the head thrown up and the hands stretched out towards heaven. He immediately began to chant the psalms and hymns ordained by Christian tradition, while he wrapped the body in the cloak of Athanasius. He had no spade to dig a grave, but two lions came racing from the desert, as though to attend the burying, and scratched a hole big enough to hold a man's body, with their paws, showing meanwhile such signs of grief as their nature alloweth. When they were gone away, Anthony put the holy body in this hole, covered it with earth, and arranged it like a Christian's grave. He took away for himself Paul's tunic, which he had woven out of the palm-leaves somewhat after the manner of basket-work, and this tunic Anthony was in the habit of wearing on the great days of the Passover and Pentecost as long as he lived.

ROMAN MISSAL

THE SAINTS

SAINT AUGUSTINE, A.D. 353

Son of the tears of his mother, St. Monica.

What then do I love, when I love my God? who is He above the head of my soul? By my very soul will I ascend to Him. I will pass beyond that power whereby I am united to my body, and fill its whole frame with Life.

I come to the fields and spacious palaces of my memory, where are the treasures of innumerable images, brought into it from things of all sorts perceived by the senses. There is stored up . . . those things which the sense hath come to; and whatever else hath been committed and laid up, which forgetfulness hath not yet swallowed up and buried. When I enter there, I require what I will, to be brought forth, and something instantly comes; others must be longer sought after, which are fetched, as it were, out of some inner receptacle; others rush out in troops, and while one thing is desired and required, they start forth, as who should say, 'Is it perchance I?' These I drive away with the hand of my heart, from the face of my remembrance; until what I wished for be unveiled, and appear in sight, out of its secret place. . . .

There are all things preserved distinctly and under general heads, each having entered by its own avenue: as light, and all colours and forms of bodies, by the eyes; by the ears all sorts of sounds; all smells by the avenue of the nostrils; all tastes by the mouth; and by the sensation of the whole body, what is hard or soft; hot or cold; smooth or rugged; heavy or light; either outwardly or inwardly to the body. All these doth that great harbour of the memory receive in her numberless secret and inexpressible windings, to be forthcoming, and brought out at need; each entering in by his own gate, and there laid up. . . .

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There are present with me, heaven, earth, sea, and whatever I could think on therein, besides what I have forgotten. There also meet I with myself, and recall myself, and when, where, and what I have done, and under what feelings. . . .

Great is this force of memory, excessive great, O my God; a large and boundless chamber! who ever sounded the bottom thereof? yet is this a power of mine, and belongs unto my nature. . . . A wonderful admiration surprises me, amazement seizes me upon this. And men go abroad to admire the heights of mountains, the mighty billows of the sea, the broad tides of rivers, the compass of the ocean, and the circuits of the stars, and pass themselves by. . . .

Yet not these alone does the unmeasurable capacity of my memory retain. Here also is all, learnt of the liberal sciences and as yet unforgotten; removed as it were to some inner place, which is yet no place. . . . For, what is literature, what the art of disputing, how many kinds of questions there be, whatsoever of these I know, in such manner exists in my memory, as that I have not taken in the image, and left out the thing, or that it should have sounded and passed away like a voice fixed on the ear by that impress, whereby it might be recalled, as if it sounded, when it no longer sounded. . . . For those things are not transmitted into the memory, but their images only are with an admirable swiftness caught up, and stored as it were in wondrous cabinets, and thence wonderfully by the act of remembering, brought forth. . . .

Great is the power of memory, a fearful thing, O my God, a deep and boundless manifoldness; and this thing is the mind, and this am I myself. What am I then, O my God? What nature am I? A life various and manifold, and exceeding immense. Behold in the plains, and caves, and caverns of my memory, innumerable full of innumerable kinds of things . . . over all these do I run, I fly; I dive on this side and on that, as far as I can, and there is no end. So great is the force of memory, so great the force of life, even in the mortal life of man. What shall I do then . . . my God? I will pass even beyond this power of mine which is called memory . . . that I may approach unto Thee,

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O sweet Light . . . desirous to arrive at Thee, and to cleave unto Thee. . . . I will pass then beyond memory also, that I may arrive at Him who hath . . . made me wiser than the fowls of the air. . . . And where shall I find Thee, Thou truly good and certain sweetness? . . .

See what a space I have gone over in my memory seeking Thee, O Lord. . . .

But where in my memory residest Thou, O Lord? . . . What manner of lodging hast Thou framed for Thee? what manner of sanctuary hast Thou builded for Thee? Thou hast given this honour to my memory, to reside in it; but in what quarter of it Thou residest, that am I considering. . . .

Too late I loved Thee, O Thou Beauty of ancient days, yet ever new! Too late I loved Thee! And behold, Thou wert within, and I abroad, and there I searched for Thee. . . . Thou wert with me, but I was not with Thee. Things held me far from Thee, which, unless they were in Thee, were not at all. Thou calledst, and shoutedst, and burstest, my deafness. Thou flashedst, shonest, and scatteredst my blindness. Thou breathedst odours, and *I drew in breath and pant for Thee*. I tasted, and *hunger and thirst*. Thou touchedst me, and I burned for Thy peace.

Thou hast made us for Thyself and our heart is restless till it rest in Thee.

Narrow is the mansion of my soul; enlarge Thou it, that Thou mayest enter in.

All abundance which is not my God is emptiness to me.

O Lord my God, what a depth is that recess of Thy mysteries.

TRANSLATED BY E. B. PUSEY

The mysterious eye of his soul gazed on the Light that never changes above the eye of the Soul and above Intelligence.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

BLESSED PATRICK OF THE BELLS 372

There were many great saints among the Gael, but Patrick was the bush among them all. It was beyond the sea he was born, and his mother was a sister of Saint Martin of Tours; and he dreamed in Rome, and walked all Ireland barefoot. It was in his young youth he was brought from France to Ireland as a slave, and he was set to serve four households, and he did his work so well that every one of the households thought him to be servant to itself alone; and it was by an angel the ashes used to be cleared away from the hearth for him.

He was sent out after a while minding swine and he went through great hardship. . . . And he had no way to buy his freedom, but one time a wild boar came rooting in the field, and brought up a lump of gold; and Patrick brought it to a tinker and the tinker said, 'It is nothing but solder, give it here to me.' But then he brought it to a smith, and the smith told him it was gold, and with that gold he bought his freedom. And from that time the smiths have been lucky, taking money every day and never without work; but as for the tinkers, every man's face is against them and their face is against every man, and they get no ease or rest, but are ever and always travelling the world.

PUT DOWN BY LADY GREGORY

THE DEER'S CRY

Patrick made this hymn one time he was going to preach the Faith at Teamhuir, and his enemies lay in hiding to make an attack on him as he passed. But as he himself and Benen his servant went by, all they could see passing was a wild deer and a fawn. And the Deer's Cry is the name of the hymn to this day:

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I bind myself to-day to a strong strength, to a calling on the Trinity. I believe in a Threeness with confession of a Oneness in the Creator of the World.

I bind myself to-day to the strength of Christ's birth and his baptism; to the strength of his crucifixion with his burial; to the strength of his resurrection with his ascension;

In stability of earth, in steadfastness of rock, I bind to myself to-day God's strength to pilot me;

God's power to uphold me; God's wisdom to guide me; God's eye to look before me; God's ear to hear me;

God's word to speak for me; God's hand to guard me; God's path to lie before me; God's shield to protect me; God's host to save me. . . .

Christ with me, Christ before me; Christ behind me, Christ in me; Christ under me, Christ over me; Christ to the right of me, Christ to the left of me; Christ in lying down, Christ in sitting, Christ in rising up; Christ in the heart of everyone that thinks of me; Christ in the mouth of everyone that speaks to me; Christ in every eye that sees me; Christ in every ear that hears me.

I bind to myself to-day a strong strength to a calling upon the Trinity; I believe in a Threeness with confession of a Oneness in the Creator of the World!

Ibid.

THE CONVERSION OF THE DAUGHTERS OF LAOGHAIRE

The Saint and his Bishops were sitting round a well, when these two maidens came to them. 'Who is God?' they asked. 'Where is his dwelling? Has he sons and daughters, and has he gold and silver? Is he immortal, your God? Is he fair? Has his son been fostered by many? Are his daughters dear to the men of the world and fair in their eyes? Is he in heaven or in earth? Is he in the sea, in the rivers, in the hill-places, in the valleys? Tell us how we may

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know him, in what wise he will appear? How is he discovered? Is he found in youth or old age?’

And St. Patrick replied, ‘Our God is the God of all men, the God of heaven and earth, of sea and rivers, of sun and moon and stars, of the lofty mountains and the lowly valleys, the God above Heaven and under Heaven. He has his dwelling around Heaven and earth and sea and all that in them is. He inspires all, he quickens all, he dominates all, he supports all. He lights the light of the sun: he furnishes the light of the night: he has made springs in the dry land and has set stars to minister to the greater lights. He has a Son, co-eternal with himself and like unto himself. The Son is not younger than the Father, nor the Father older than the Son. And the Holy Spirit breathes in them. The Father the Son and the Spirit are not divided. I wish to unite you with the Heavenly King, as ye are the daughters of an earthly King.’

‘Teach us most diligently,’ they replied, ‘how we may believe in the Heavenly King.’ Then Patrick taught them and baptized them, putting a white veil on their heads. . . . They begged that they might behold the face of Christ, but Patrick said, ‘Until ye taste of death ye cannot see the face of Christ, and unless ye shall receive the sacrifice.’ They answered, ‘Give us the sacrifice that we may see the Son, our bridegroom.’ And they received the Eucharist and fell asleep in death.

TRANSLATED BY J. B. BURY

ST. PATRICK IS WAKED BY THE ANGELS

When the time came for Patrick to die it is to Ardmacha he had a desire to go. But Victor the angel went to meet him on the road at midday and said ‘Go back to the place you came from, to the barn, for it is there your death will be. And give thanks to Christ’ he said ‘for your prayers are granted; it is to Heaven you will soon be going.’ And when his soul parted from his body there was no candle wasted with him, but it was the angels of God kept lasting watch over him until the end of twelve nights, and

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through all that time there was no night in Magh Inis with the light of the angels. It is that was a long day of peace!

PUT DOWN BY LADY GREGORY

OF THE ADVICE GIVEN BY THE ANGEL CONCERNING HIS BURIAL

Now when the angel came to him, he gave him advice as to the manner of his burial: — Let two unbroken oxen be chosen, and let them go whithersoever they will, and in whatever place they lie down, let a church be built in honour of thy poor body. And as the angel said, restive bullocks were chosen, and they drew a wagon with a litter firmly fixed on it in which the holy body was, yoked to their shoulders. And oxen from the herds of Conail, from the place that is called Clocher, on the east of Findubair, were made glorious by being chosen for this purpose. And they went forth, the will of God guiding them, to Dun-Lethglaisse, where Patrick was buried.

TIRECHAN'S MEMOIR

EDITED BY N. J. D. WHITE

SAINT BRENDAN 484

St. Brendan stands out as pre-eminently the Saint of them that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters. As such he is invoked . . . in the chants of hardy seafaring men as the fishing boats set out from the haven.

Did the unknown sojourner catch glimpses of some mysterious land looming through the mist?

What visions may not have come as he communed with his soul alone there with the Unseen, what glimpses beyond the Veil, what stirring of the Spirit upon the darkened waters?

The grace of the Holy Spirit was upon him, and with his earliest lisping speech he revealed the dower that was his, the Heavenly Gift of Vision. . . .

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He urgently besought the Lord to bring him to a land 'secret, hidden, secure, delightful, separated from men.' In a dream an Angel assured him his prayer was granted. 'Arise, O Brenainn, for God hath given thee what thou soughtest, even the Land of Promise. Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the Land that is very far off.'

Adamnan tells . . . of the adventures which befell on the voyages of the Saints, while long after, in the end of the ninth century, it is written in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle how three Scots (Irishmen) 'came to King Alfred in a boat without oars, from Ireland, whence they had stolen away, because for the love of God they desired to be on pilgrimage, they recked not whither.'

Among a people credulous as little children, fervently religious, brave with the bravery of a race to whom the distinction between the seen and the unseen is so trivial as to be almost negligible, Brendan found a congenial environment. In his ears, as in theirs, the wail of homeless spirits in the night wind sounded no more strangely than the blackbird's liquid note at dawn; nor were the dulled footsteps of the dead along the deserted starlit paths more unaccustomed than the tread of the living. In the lonely voyage from the unknown behind to the future all unknown, his only trust is in God. And so comes back again the echo of the Breton prayer which, still uttered fervently fourteen centuries after St. Brendan landed on that shore, may have burst often from his lips as he sailed; 'O my God! help me, for my boat is so little and Thy sea is so great.'

All we know over the vanished years of Brendan's doings in Brittany, is but little. He revisited the venerable Gildas; he passed to Aleth on the mainland near the island of St. Malo. He doubtless stood awe-stricken under the shadow of the pagan tumulus and mount of the sacred fire, now dedicated to the Archangel Michael at Carnac — the place of Cairns — and watched the eerie, age-worn ceremonies of the Night of Fires.

It was on May 15th, 577, that the beautiful words, used by St. Columba of another, might have been spoken of the weary voyager: *Hodie enim natalis beati Brendeni dies*. 'To-day is the

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birthday of Blessed Brendan. For this last night I saw the heavens suddenly open and choirs of Angels descend to meet the soul of holy Brendan; and so great and incomparable was the brightness that in that same hour it illuminated the whole world.'

According to a Barra tradition, Brendan asked to be buried beside his beloved 'anam-chara' (soul-friend) Moluag in Lismore, and this was done.

TAKEN FROM JAMES WILKIE'S STORY OF
St. Brendan's Mystic Quest

And than they sayled forth, and came sooner after to that lond; but bycause of lytell depthe in some place, and in some place were grete rockes, but at the last they wente upon an ylonde, wenyng to them they had ben safe, and made theron a fyre for to dresse theyr dyner, but saynt Brandon abode styll in the shyppe. And whan the fyre was ryght hote, and the meet nygh so den, than this ylonde began to move; wherof the monkes were aferde, and fledde anone to the shyppe, and lefte the fyre and meet behynde them, and mervayled sore of the movyng. And saynt Brandon comforted them, and sayd that it was a grete fische named Jascoyne, whiche laboureth nyght and daye to put his tayle in his mouth, but for gretness he may not. And than anone they sayled west thre dayes and thre nyghtes or they sawe ony londe, wherfore they were ryght hevvy. But soone after, as God wold, they sawe a fayre ylonde, full of floures, herbes, and trees, whereof they thanked God of his good grace, and anone they went on londe. And whan they had gone longe in this, they founde a ful fayre well, and therby stode a fayre tree, full of bowes, and on every bough sate a fayre byrde, and they sate so thycke on the tree that unneth ony lefe of the tree myght be seen, the nombre of them was so grete, and they songe so meryly that it was an hevenly noyse to here. Wherfore saynt Brandon kneled down on his knees, and wepte for joye, and made his prayers devoutly unto our Lord God to knowe what these byrdes ment. And than anone one of the byrdes fledde fro the tree to saynt Brandon, and he with flykerynge of his wynges made a full mery noyse lyke a fydle, that hym semed he

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herde never so joyfull a melodye. And than saynt Brandon commaunded the byrde to tell hym the cause why they sate so thicke on the tree, and sang so meryly. And than the byrde sayd, 'Somtyme we were aungels in heven, but whan our mayster Lucyfer fell down into hell for his hygh pryde, we fell with hym for our offences, some hyther, and some lower, after the qualyte of theyr trespase; and bycause our trespase is but lytell, therfore our Lorde hath set us here out of all payne in full grete joye and myrth, after his pleasyng, here to serve hym on this tree in the best maner that we can. The Sonday is a day of rest fro all worldly occupacyon, and, therfore, that daye all we be made as whyte as ony snow, for to prayse our Lorde in the best wyse we may.' And than this byrde sayd to saynt Brandon, 'It is xij. monethes past that ye departed fro your abbey, and in the vij. yere hereafter ye shall se the place that ye desyre to come, and all this vij. yere ye shal kepe your Eester here with us every yere, and in the ende of the vij. yere ye shal come into the Londe of Byhest.' And this was on Eester daye that the byrde sayd these wordes to saynt Brandon. And than this fowle flewe agayn to his felawes that sate on the tree. And than all the byrdes began to synge evensonge so meryly, that it was an heavenly noyse to here; and after souper saynt Brandon and his felawes wente to bedde, and slepte well, and on the morrowe they arose betymes, and than those byrdes began matyns, pryme, and houres, and all suche service as Chrysten men use to synge.

FROM *The Golden Legend*

TRANSLATED BY W. CAXTON 1483

SAINT COLUMBA 521

As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings. So the Lord alone did lead him.

Deuteronomy

THE SAINTS

In the year 563 Columcille set out from Ireland in a currach, a boat made of wicker and hides. He landed on the south end of Iona. . . . The spot where he landed is called *Port a Churaich*, the Bay of the Boat. There is a mound here about fifty feet long which is supposed to be a model of St. Columba's currach, made by him in commemoration of his landing.

H. D. GRAHAM

Some say that Columcille on reaching Iona buried his coracle, fearing that he might otherwise be tempted to return to his beloved Ireland.

Ibid.

COLUMCILLE, THE FRIEND OF THE ANGELS OF GOD

Aedh King of Ireland gave up the dun he had in Doire to Columcille and he made his dwelling there. And he had so great a love for Doire, and the cutting of the oak trees went so greatly against him, that he could not find a place for his church the time he was building it that would let the front of it be to the east, and it is its side turned to the east. . . . And he put a verse in a hymn after he was gone away to Scotland that shows there was nothing worse to him than the cutting of that oakwood:

‘Though there is fear on me of death and of hell, I will not hide it that I have more fear of the sound of an axe over in Doire.

It is the reason I love Doire, for its quietness, for its purity; quite full of white angels is every leaf of the oaks of Doire.

My Doire, my little oakwood, my dwelling and my white cell. O living God in heaven, it is a pity for him that harms it!’

PUT DOWN BY LADY GREGORY

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

ST. COLUMBA'S LOVE OF HIS DERRY HOME

Were the tribute of all Alba mine,
From its centre to its border,
I would prefer the site of one house,
In the middle of fair Derry.

The reason I love Derry is,
For its quietness, for its purity.
Crowded full of Heaven's angels
Is every leaf of the oaks of Derry.

My Derry, my little oak-grove,
My dwelling, and my little cell;
O eternal God in heaven above,
Woe be to him who violates it!

Beloved are Durrow, and Derry;
Beloved is Raphoe in purity,
Beloved are Swords, and Kells.

To behold the fair Loch Feval,
The form of its shores, is delightful.

Delightful is that, and delightful
The salt main on which the sea-gulls cry,
On my coming from Derry afar;
It is quiet, and it is delightful.
Delightful!

ANCIENT GAELIC
TRANSLATED BY WM. REEVES

THE SAINTS

COLUMCILLE'S FAREWELL TO ARAN

Columcille made a round of the whole of Ireland and he sowed the faith. . . . And before he went to Scotland he stopped in Aran of the Saints. . . . And when he left Aran he made this complaint:

A farewell from me to Aran: it is that is the sorrowful parting; she to be full of white angels and I without a lad in my currach.

Aran my sun, O Aran my sun, my love is lying in her to the west; to be within the sound of her bell, it is the same thing as to be in happiness. . . .

Blessed Aran, O blessed Aran . . . Angels coming down from Heaven to visit you every day of the week.

Gabriel comes every Sunday as it is Christ gave the order; fifty angels, putting a blessing on her Masses.

Every Monday, O every Monday, Michael comes, great the advantage; thirty angels . . . come blessing her churches.

Every Tuesday, O every Tuesday, Raphael comes, of high power; to give a blessing on her houses attending on the prayers of Aran.

Hard Wednesday, O hard Wednesday, Uriel comes, great the advantage; he comes to bless three times over the high angelic churches.

Every Thursday, O every Thursday, Saniel comes, great the advantage; dividing God's good increase from heaven on the bare stones.

Every Friday, O every Friday, Ramael comes, his ranks with him; the way every eye is satisfied with white very bright angels.

Mary comes, Mother of God, having her women in her keeping; angels are in their company; they bless Aran every Saturday.

If there was no other life but listening to the angels of

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Aran, it would be better than any life under heaven to be
hearing their talk together!

PUT DOWN BY LADY GREGORY

ST. COLUMBA'S LAMENT ON HIS EXILE FROM IRELAND

How rapid the speed of my coracle;
And its stern turned upon Derry;
I grieve at my errand o'er the noble sea,
Travelling to Alba of the ravens.

My foot in my sweet little coracle,
My sad heart still bleeding.
Weak is the man that cannot lead;
Totally blind are all the ignorant.

There is a grey eye
That looks back upon Erin;
It shall not see, during life,
The men of Erin, nor their wives.

My vision o'er the brine I stretch,
From the ample oaken planks;
Large is the tear of my soft grey eye,
When I look back upon Erin.

ANCIENT GAELIC
TRANSLATED BY WM. REEVES

ST. COLUMBA'S HYMN IN IONA

Delightful would it be to me
On a pinnacle of rock,
That I might often see
The face of the ocean;
That I might watch its heaving waves over the wide sea
When they chant music to their Father
Upon the world's course. . . .

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That I might hear the thunder of the clamorous waves
 Upon the rocks;
That I might hear the roar by the side of the church
 Of the surrounding sea. . . .
That I might see the ocean monsters,
 Greatest of all wonders; . . .
That my mystical name might be,
 'Cul ri Erin' . . .

That I might search in all the books
 That which would help my soul;
At times kneeling to the Heaven of my heart,
 At times singing psalms; . . .
At times plucking duilisc from the rocks
 At other times fishing;
At times giving food to the poor,
 At times in a hermitage. . . .

The King whom I serve will keep from me
All things that would deceive me.

AN IRISH MS. IN THE BURGUNDIAN LIBRARY, BRUSSELS
TRANSLATED BY EUGENE CURRY

THE CRANE FROM IRELAND

One time when Columcille was living in the island of Hii (Iona), he called to one of the brothers and said 'In the morning of the third day from this go down and wait on the shore . . . for at the ninth hour there will come a stranger, a crane from the north part of Ireland, that has been driven here and there by winds and it will lie down on the strand tired and worn out. And bring it into some neighbouring house' he said 'where it will get a welcome, and where you can be minding it and feeding it for three days and three nights. And when it is refreshed' he said 'with the three days' rest and has no mind to stay longer with us it will fly back

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to the pleasant part of Ireland it came from. And I give this bird to your special care' he said 'because it is from our own country it comes.' And the brother did as he bade him and tended the crane. And at the end of the third day the crane rose to a great height in the air and stopped for a little while marking out its path to its home. And then it went back across the sea to Ireland as straight as it could fly. . . . For Ireland was never out of Columcille's mind and it is what he used to say 'The Gael are more to me than all the rest of the men of the world.'

PUT DOWN BY LADY GREGORY

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

Thou angel of God who hast charge of me . . .
Drive from me every temptation and danger,
Surround me on the sea of unrighteousness,
And in the narrows, crooks and straits
Keep Thou my coracle, keep Thou it always.

Be thou a bright flame before me,
Be thou a guiding star above me,
Be thou a smooth path below me,
And be a kindly shepherd behind me,
To-day, to-night and for ever.

I am tired and I am a stranger,
Lead thou me to the land of angels,
For me it is time to go home,
To the court of Christ, to the peace of heaven.

TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER CARMICHAEL

COLUMCILLE KEEPS THE FEAST OF PENTECOST

And at last one day in the month of May, Columcille went on a cart to see the brothers that were ploughing in the north of the island of Hii (Iona), and he was comforting them and teaching

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them. 'Well' he said 'at the Easter that went into the month of April I was ready to go to Heaven, but I had no mind you to have sorrow or trouble after your heavy work, and so I have stayed with you from Easter to Pentecost.' When his people heard those words they were very downhearted; and Columcille turned his face westward and blessed the island. . . . And then he came to his cell. And when he lifted his eyes he saw a great brightness, and an angel of God waiting there above him. And after that he went out, and his servant Diarmuid, with him; and he blessed the barn and two heaps of winnowed wheat that were in it. And then he told Diarmuid he had a little secret word to tell him, that on this very night of the Sabbath of rest he would go to his own rest, on the invitation of the Lord Jesus. And he sat down on the edge of the path, for all the length of his years came upon him. And there came to him the old spent white horse that used to be carrying the milk vessels from the cowshed in the island to the brothers, and it cried tears into his breast till his clothes were wet. And Diarmuid his servant would have driven the old horse away, but Columcille said 'Leave him, Diarmuid, till he cries his fill, keening me. For you are a man having reason' he said 'and you know nothing of the time of my death but what I myself have told you. But as to this beast that is without reason, God Himself has made known to it in some way that its master is going to leave it.' And he gave his blessing to the horse then, and it went away very sorrowful. And on the night of the Sunday of Pentecost, Columcille was the first in the church and he knelt and prayed. And the brothers came in with their candles, but the whole church was full of light, and Columcille opened his eyes wide and looked about him on every side . . . and they knew he was looking at the angels. And the light of the angels filled the church on every side, and he blessed the brothers, and the life went from his body, and there was a welcome before him in the household of heaven.

PUT DOWN BY LADY GREGORY

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Iona is the Mecca of the Gael. A small island, fashioned of a little sand, a few grasses salt with the spray of an ever-restless wave, a few rocks that wade in heather and upon whose brows the sea-wind weaves the yellow lichen. But since remotest days sacrosanct men have bowed here in worship. In this little island was lit a lamp whose flame lighted pagan Europe from the Saxon in his fen to the swarthy folk who came by Greek waters to trade the Orient. Here Learning and Faith had their tranquil home. From age to age lowly hearts have never ceased to bring their burden here. Iona herself has given us for remembrance a fount of youth more wonderful than that which lies under her own boulders of Dun-I. And here hope waits. . . .

To tell the story of Iona is to go back to God and to end in God.

FIONA MACLEOD

SAINT CHRISTOPHER

St. Christopher was of a right great stature and had a terrible and fearful cheer and countenance. And he was twelve cubits of length. And it came to his mind that he would seek the greatest prince that was in the world and him would he serve and obey.

And so far he went that he came to a right great king of whom the renomee generally was, that he was the greatest of the world. And when the king saw him he received him into his service, and made him to dwell in his court.

Upon a time a minstrel sang to fore him a song, in which he named oft the Devil, and the king which was a Christian when he heard the Minstrel name the Devil, made anon the sign of the Cross in his visage. And when Christopher saw that, he had great marvel what sign it was and wherefore the king made it, and he demanded of him.

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And then the king told to him saying: 'Always when I hear the Devil named, I fear that he should have power over me, and I garnish me with this sign that he grieve not nor annoy me.'

Then Christopher said: 'Then is the Devil more mighty and greater than thou art? I am then deceived, for I had supposed I had found the most mighty and the most greatest Lord of the world. But I commend thee to God, for I will go to seek the Devil for my master as he is greater than thou.'

And then Christopher departed from this king and hasted him for to seek the Devil. And as he went by a great Desert he saw a company of knights of which one knight, cruel and horrible, came to him and demanded whither he went and Christopher said, 'I go seek the Devil for to be my master.' And the horrible knight said: 'I am he that thou seekest.' And then Christopher was glad, and bound him to be his servant perpetual, and took him for his master and his Lord.

And as they went together by a common way, they found a Cross, erect and standing, and anon as the Devil saw the Cross, he was afeared and fled and left the right way and brought Christopher about by a sharp Desert.

And when they were past the Cross, he brought him back to the highway that they had left, and when Christopher saw that, he marvelled and demanded of the Devil, why he had left the high and fair way and had gone so far about by so spare a Desert. And the Devil would not tell him in no wise. Then St. Christopher said, 'If thou wilt not tell me I shall anon depart from thee, and shall serve thee no more.'

Wherefore the Devil was constrained to tell him and said: 'There was a man called Christ, which was hanged on the Cross and when I see His sign I am sore afraid, and flee from it.' To whom Christopher said: 'Then He is greater than thou, when thou art afraid of His sign. I see well that I have laboured in vain, when I have not founden the greatest Lord of the world. I will serve thee no longer. Go thy way for I will seek the Christ, which was hanged on the Cross and of whom thou art afraid.'

And he left him, and when he had long sought, at last he came

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into a great Desert, to an Hermit that dwelt there, and who preached without ceasing of Christ.

He said to Christopher: 'The King whom thou desirest to serve, requireth that thou must oft fast.' And Christopher answered: 'Require of me some other thing, for that which thou requirest I may not do.'

'Thou must then wake and make many prayers,' said the Hermit.

'I wot not what that is. I may do no such thing,' Christopher replied.

Then the Hermit said: 'Knowest thou the River in which many be perished because of its raging waters?'

Of whom Christopher said: 'I know it well.'

Then said the Hermit: 'Because thou art high of stature and strong of thy members, thou shalt be resident by that River and bear over all them that shall pass there, which shall be a thing right convenable to our Lord and Master whom thou desirest to serve.'

Then went Christopher to this River and made there his habitacle for him, and bare a great pole in his hand by which he sustained him in the water, and bare over all manner of people without ceasing.

And in a time as he slept in his lodge, he heard the voice of a child calling him: 'Christopher, Christopher, come out and bare me over.' Three times he was called; and the third time he found a child besides the rivage of the River which prayed him goodly to bare him over the water.

And then Christopher lifted up the child on his shoulders and took his staff, and entered into the River, for to pass.

And the waters arose and swelled more and more; and the child was heavy as lead, and always as he went farther the waters increased and grew more, insomuch that Christopher had great anguish and was afear'd to be drowned.

And when he was escaped with great pains and set the child aground, he said: 'Child, thou hast put me in great peril. Thou weighest almost as I had the world upon me. I might bear no greater burden.'

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And the child said: 'Marvel thee not, Christopher, for thou hast not only borne all the world upon thee but thou hast borne Him that made all the worlds, upon thy shoulders. I am Christ whom thou desirest to serve. Set thy staff in the earth by the house, and thou shalt see to-morn that it shall bear flowers and fruit.' And anon he vanished from his eyes.

And then Christopher set his staff in the earth by his house as Christ had commanded him. And when he arose on the morn, behold he found his staff like a Palmier bearing flowers, leaves and dates.

FROM *The Golden Legend* 1270

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI 1182

TAMER OF SOULS AND STEWARD OF THE MYSTERIES OF GOD

And Lady Poverty lay down upon the bare ground for she was weary, and they straightway brought her a stone and laid it under her head, and she slept for a brief space in peace.

Take nothing with you for your journey, neither staves nor script, neither bread, neither money, neither have two coats apiece.

St. Luke

Beati Pauperes; quia vestrum est Regnum Dei.

St. Matthew

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Inventa una preciosa margarita, abiit et vendidit universa quae habuit et emit eam.

Ibid.

And when he had found the pearl of great price he went his way, and sold all that he had and bought it.

On the harsh rock, between the Tiber and the Arno, Francis received from Christ the last seal (the Stigmata), which his limbs bore for two years. When it pleased Him, who had allotted him to such great good, to draw him up to the reward which he had gained in making himself lowly, he commended his most dear lady to his brethren as to rightful heirs, and commanded them to love her faithfully; and from her bosom his illustrious soul willed to depart, returning to its realm, and for his body he willed no other bier.

Think now what he was, who was a worthy colleague to keep the bark of Peter on the deep sea to its right aim!

DANTE 1265

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

God's Troubadour

Quid enim sunt servi Dei nisi quidem joculatores ejus, qui corda hominum erigere debent et movere ad laetitiam spiritualem?

ST. FRANCIS

For God's servants are His Minstrels. Their task is to fortify the hearts of men, and to move them to joys of the spirit.

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FROM THE SPECULUM PERFECTIONIS

Drunken with the love and compassion of Christ, blessed Francis on a time did things such as these. For the most sweet melody of spirit boiling up within him frequently broke out in French speech and the veins of murmuring which he heard secretly with his ears, broke forth into French-like rejoicing. And sometimes he picked up a branch from the earth, and laying it on his left arm, he drew in his right hand another stick like a bow over it, as if on a viol or other instrument, and making fitting gestures, sang with it in French unto the Lord Jesus Christ. But all this playing ended in tears, and this joy dissolved in compassion for the Passion of Christ. In these times he would draw sighs continually; and with deep drawn groans, forgetful of those things which he held in his hands, he was raised to Heaven.

The Love St. Francis had for the Larks.

Blessed Francis, wholly wrapped up in the love of God, discerned perfectly the goodness of God not only in his own soul . . . but in every creature. . . . Whence above all others he loved a certain little bird which is called the lark, or by the people, the cowed lark. And he used to say of it: 'Sister Lark hath a cowl like a Religious; and she is a humble bird, because she goes willingly by the road to find there any food. . . . But flying she praises God very sweetly like a good Religious, despising earthly things, whose conversation is always in the heavens, and whose intent is always to the praise of God. Her clothes are like to the earth (that is her feathers), and she gives an example to Religious that they should not have delicate and coloured garments. . . .' And because he perceived this in them, he looked on them most willingly. Therefore it pleased the Lord, that these most holy little birds should shew some sign of affection towards him in the hour of his death. For late in the Sabbath day after vespers, before the night

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in which he passed away to the Lord, a great multitude of that kind of birds called larks came on the roof of the house where he was lying; and flying about, made a wheel like a circle round the roof, and sweetly singing, seemed likewise to praise the Lord.

TRANSLATED BY ROBERT STEELE

Et posito ferro in igne pro coctura fienda, beatus Franciscus volens confortare spiritum suum ne pavesceret, sic locutus est ad ignem: 'Frater mi, ignis, nobilis et utilis inter alias creaturas, esto mihi curialis in hac hora quia olim te dilexi et diligam amore illius qui creavit te. Deprecor etiam creatorem nostrum qui nos creavit ut ita tuum calorem temperet ut ipsum sustinere valeam.' Et oratione finita signavit ignem signo crucis.

When the iron was put on the fire for making the cautery, Saint Francis, wishing to encourage himself against fear, spoke thus to the fire: 'My brother fire, noblest and usefulest of creatures, be gentle to me now, because I have loved and will love you with the love of Him who created you. Our Creator, too, Who created us both, I implore so to temper your heat that I may have strength to bear it.' And having thus spoken, he signed the fire with the cross.

TRANSLATED BY HENRY ADAMS

FROM THE FIORETTI

How St. Francis Preached to the Birds.

And passing on his way with the selfsame fervour, he raised his eyes and saw certain trees by the roadside in which were an infinite multitude of birds; at which Saint Francis marvelled greatly, and said to his Companions, 'Await me here in the road, and I will go and preach to my Sisters the birds.' And he entered the field and began to preach to the birds which were on the ground; and suddenly those which were in the trees came down to him, and as many as there were they all stood quietly until Saint Francis

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had done preaching; and even then they did not depart until such time as he had given them his blessing. Saint Francis moving among them touched them with his cape, but not one moved. The substance of Saint Francis's sermon was this: 'My Sisters the birds, ye are greatly beholden unto God your Creator . . . forasmuch as He hath given you freedom to fly in every place; also hath He given raiment twofold and threefold almost, because He preserved your Seed in the ark of Noah, that your race might never be less. Again ye are bounden to Him for the element of the air, which He has deputed unto you; moreover, you sow not, neither do you reap, and God feeds you, and gives you the streams and fountains for your thirst; He gives you mountains and valleys for your refuge; tall trees wherein to make your nests; and inasmuch as you neither spin nor weave, God clothes you, you and your children; hence ye should love your Creator greatly, Who gives you such great benefits, and therefore beware, my Sisters, of the sin of ingratitude, and ever strive to praise God.' Saint Francis saying these words to them, all those birds . . . began to ope their beaks and stretch forth their necks and spread their wings and reverently to bow their heads even to the earth . . . and Saint Francis rejoiced with them. . . . Finally, his preaching ended, Saint Francis made them the sign of the Cross and gave them leave to depart; and then all those birds rose into the air with wondrous songs; and then, according to the Cross which Saint Francis had made them, they divided into four parts; and the one part flew towards the east, and the other towards the west, and the one part towards the south, and the other towards the north, and each band went away singing marvellous songs, signifying by this how that Saint Francis had made the sign of the Cross over them, according to which they had scattered to the four quarters of the globe.

How St. Clara ate with St. Francis in St. Mary of the Angels.

Saint Francis, when he was at Assisi, oft-times visited Saint Clara, giving her holy teachings; and she having the greatest desire to

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eat with him but once, and entreating him many times to this end, he would never grant her that consolation. Hence his Companions . . . said to Saint Francis: 'Father, to us it seems that such severity is not in accordance with Divine Charity, that Sister Clara, a virgin so saintly and so beloved of God, should not gain so small a thing as to eat with you; and especially considering that she through your preachings forsook riches and all the pomps of this world.' Then Saint Francis replied, 'Does it seem to you that I should hear her prayer?' His Companions answered, 'Father, yes; it is a righteous thing that you should grant her request, and a consolation.' Then Saint Francis said: 'Since it seems meet to you, it seems so also unto me. But that she may be the more consoled, I desire that this meal should be eaten in the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, forasmuch as she has long been cloistered in St. Damian: therefore it will rejoice her much to see the Church of St. Mary, where her locks were shorn off and she was made the bride of Jesus Christ; and there we will eat together in the name of God.' When the day came appointed for this, Saint Clara left her Convent with one companion, accompanied by the Companions of Saint Francis, and came to St. Mary of the Angels; and having devoutly saluted the Virgin Mary before the altar, where her locks had been shorn and the veil had been placed upon her head, they led her about to see the place until at last it was time to dine. And Saint Francis ordered the cloth to be laid in their midst upon the bare ground, as he was wont to do. And when the hour came for breaking of bread, Saint Francis and Saint Clara sat down together . . . and then all their Companions took their places humbly. And at the first dish Saint Francis began to talk of God so sweetly, so nobly, so wondrous well, that the abundance of the Divine grace descending upon them, they were all transported as it were to Heaven. And being thus transported, with eyes and hands raised to Heaven, the men of Assisi, and of the country round about, saw how St. Mary of the Angels, and all that place, and the wood which stood beside it, burned fiercely; and it seemed as it were a great fire, which filled the Church . . . and the wood also; wherefore the people of Assisi in great haste

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ran thither to put out the fire, truly thinking that everything was burning. But on reaching the spot, and finding no flames, they entered in, and found Saint Francis with Saint Clara, and with all their companions, absorbed in the contemplation of God, and sitting around that humble board. Whence they perceived that those were Divine and not material Flames, which God had caused to appear miraculously, to show forth and signify the Fire of the Divine Love with which the souls of those holy monks and nuns were consumed; wherefore they departed with great consolation in their hearts.

TRANSLATED BY A. L. ALGER

And Christ called St. Francis . . . and gave him a chalice full of the Spirit of Life and sent him forth saying: Go visit thy brothers and give them to drink of this Chalice of the Spirit of Life . . . And St. Francis gave it to his brothers: and he gave it first to Brother John of Parma: who, taking it, drank it all in haste, devoutly; and straightway he became all shining like the sun. And after him St. Francis gave it to all the other brothers in order: and there were but few among them that took it with due reverence and devotion and drank it all. Those that took it devoutly and drank it all, became straightway shining like the sun . . . but those that drank part and spilled part, became partly shining and partly dark. . . . But the aforesaid Brother John was resplendent above all the rest, the which had more completely drunk the Chalice of Life, whereby he had the more deeply gazed into the abyss of the Infinite Life Divine.

TRANSLATED BY T. W. ARNOLD

Of the Meeting of St. Francis and Pope Honorius.

Hardly had the Pope Honorius ceased speaking when St. Francis radiant with joy turned to depart.

'O simplice quo vadis? O simple child without guile, whither

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goest thou? Whither goest thou without the document ratifying so great a favour?' quoth the Pope.

'If this indulgence,' answered the saint, 'is the work of God, I have no need of any document; let the chart be the Blessed Virgin Mary, the notary Christ and my witnesses the angels.'

LINA DUFF GORDON

Under Christ's leadership, Francis was minded to do mighty deeds, and, albeit his limbs were waxing feeble, yet, strong and glowing in spirit, he hoped in this new contest to vanquish the foe. For there is no room for languor or sloth where the spur of love ever urgeth on unto greater things. Yet in him the flesh was so much in agreement with the spirit, and so ready to obey, as that when the spirit strove to attain unto perfect holiness, the flesh not only refrained from thwarting it, but did even hasten to forestall it. . . .

When, therefore, during the two years after the impression of the sacred stigmata, to wit, in the twentieth year from his conversion, he had been shaped by many trial blows . . . like unto a stone meet to be set in the building of the heavenly Jerusalem, and as it were an hammered work that under the mallet of manifold trials is brought unto perfection, — he asked to be borne unto Saint Mary of the Little Portion, that he might yield up the breath of life there, where he had received the breath of grace. When he had been brought thither . . . he prostrated himself in fervour of spirit all naked on the naked earth, that in that last hour wherein the foe might still rise up against him, he might wrestle in his nakedness with that naked spirit. . . .

Then as all the Brethren sat around him, he stretched his hands over them, crossing his arms in the likeness of the Cross, for that he did ever love that sign, and he blessed all the Brethren . . . in the might and in the Name of the Crucified. . . .

At length, when all the mysteries had been fulfilled in him, and his most holy spirit was freed from the flesh, and absorbed

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into the boundless depths of the divine glory, the blessed man fell on sleep in the Lord. . . .

At the hour of the passing of the holy man, the larks . . . flocked in great numbers unto the roof of the house, albeit the shades of night were then falling, and, wheeling round it for a long while with songs even gladder than their wont, offered their witness, alike gracious and manifest, unto the glory of the Saint, who had been wont to call them unto the divine praises.

ST. BONAVENTURA 13TH CENTURY
TRANSLATED BY E. GURNEY SALTER

As having nothing, yet possessing all things.

THE TEACHINGS OF ST. FRANCIS

Le Chant De Louanges

Tu es saint, Seigneur Dieu, tu es Dieu par-dessus les Dieux, tu es le seul auteur des œuvres miraculeuses!

Tu es le Fort, tu es le Grand, tu es le plus Haut!

Tu es le Tout Puissant, tu es le saint Père et Roi du ciel et de la terre!

Tu es le Triple et l'Unique, le Seigneur Dieu par dessus les Dieux!

Tu es le Bon, toute Bonté, le Bien suprême, le Dieu vivant et véritable!

Tu es l'Amour, tu es la Sagesse, tu es l'Humilité, tu es la Patience!

Tu es la Beauté, tu es la Certitude, tu es la Paix et la Joie!

Tu es notre Espérance, tu es la Justice et la Modération, tu es toute notre Richesse!

Tu es la Douceur, tu es notre Protecteur, tu es notre Défenseur et notre Garde!

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Tu es notre Refuge et notre Force!

Tu es notre Foi, notre Espérance, et notre Amour! Tu es la grande douceur de notre âme!

Tu es le Bien infini, le grand et merveilleux Seigneur, Tout-Puissant, Tout Bon, Tout Compatissant, et notre Sauveur!

TRANSLATED BY J. JOERGENSEN

INCIPIUNT LAUDES CREATURARUM QUAS FECIT BEATUS FRANCISCUS AD LAUDEM ET HONOREM DEI

CUM ESSET INFIRMUS AD SANCTUM DAMIANUM

Altissimo, onnipotente, bon signore,
tue so le laude la gloria e l'onore et onne benedictione.
Ad te sole, altissimo, se konfano
et nullu homo ene digne te mentovare.

Laudato sie, mi signore, cum tucte le tue creature
spetialmente messor lo frate sole,
lo quale jorna, et illumini per lui:
Et ellu è bellu e radiante cum grande splendore;
de te, altissimo, porta significatione.

Laudato si, mi signore, per sora luna e le stelle,
in celu l'ài formate clarite et pretiose et belle.

Laudato si, mi signore, per frate vento
et per aere et nubilo et sereno et onne tempo,
per le quale a le tue creature dai sustentamento.

Laudato si, mi signore, per sor acqua,
la quale è multo utile et humele et pretiosa et casta.

Laudato si, mi signore, per frate focu,
per lo quale ennallumini la nocte,
ed ello è bello et jucundo et robustoso et forte.

Laudato si, mi signore, per sora nostra matre terra,
la quale ne sustenta et governa
et produce diversi fructi con colorite flori et herba. . . .

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Laudate et benedicete mi signore et rengriate
et serviteli cum grande humilitate.

Laudato si, mi signore, per sora nostra morte corporale,
de la quale nullu homo vivente po skappare:
guai a quilli ke morrano ne le peccata mortali;
beati quilli ke se trovarà ne le tue sanctissime voluntati,
ka la morte secunda nol farrà male.

ST. FRANCIS

Très-Haut, Tout Puissant, et Tout Bon Seigneur,
A toi sont les louanges, la gloire, l'honneur, et toute bénédiction!
A toi seul, Très-Haut, ils conviennent,
Et nul homme n'est digne nommer ton nom.
Loué sois-tu, Seigneur, avec toutes tes créatures,
Et tout particulièrement notre frère le Soleil,
Qui nous donne le jour et par qui tu nous éclaires;
Et qui est beau et rayonnant, et qui, avec sa grande splendeur,
Nous porte signification de Toi, Très-Haut!
Et loué sois-tu, Seigneur, pour nos sœurs la lune et les étoiles,
Que tu as créés au ciel, claires et précieuses et belles!
Et loué sois-tu, Seigneur, pour notre frère le vent,
Et pour l'air et les nuages, et pour le serein et pour tous les
temps,
Au moyen desquels tu donnes soutien a tes créatures!
Et loué sois-tu, mon Seigneur, pour notre sœur l'eau,
Qui est très utile, et humble et chaste!
Et loué sois-tu, mon Seigneur, pour notre frère le feu
Au moyen duquel tu éclaires la nuit,
Et qui est beau et joyeux, et robuste et fort!
Et loué sois-tu, mon Seigneur, pour notre sœur, la mère Terre,
Qui nous entretient et nous supporte,
Et produit les divers fruits, et les fleurs colorées, et les arbres!
Louez et benissez le Seigneur, et rendez-lui grâce,
Et servez-le avec grande humilité!
Et loué sois-tu, mon Seigneur, pour notre sœur la mort cor-
porelle,

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A qui nul homme vivant ne peut échapper!
Malheureux seulement ceux qui meurent en péché mortel;
Mais bienheureux ceux qui ont accompli tes très saintes volontés;
Car la seconde mort ne pourra leur faire aucun mal.

TRANSLATED BY J. JOERGENSEN

Corpus est cella nostra et anima est eremita qui moratur intus
in cella ad orandum Dominum et meditandum de ipso.

Our body is the cell and our soul is a hermit dwelling therein,
praying to God and meditating upon Him.

Il avait la nostalgie de la Sainteté.

DE LA SANTA POVERTA E SUO TRIPLICE CIELO

O AMOR de povertate,
regno de tranquillitate! . . .

Povertate muore en pace,
nullo testamento face,
lassa el mondo como iace
e le gente concordate. . . .

Povertá, alto sapere,
a nulla cosa soiacere
en desprezo possedere
tutte le cose create. . . .

Chi desía è posseduto,
a quel ch'ama s'è venduto;
s'egli pensa que n'ha 'vuto,
han' avute rei derrate. . . .

THE SAINTS

Dio non alberga en core stretto,
tant'è grande quant'hai affetto,
povertate ha sí gran petto,
che ci alberga deitate.

Povertate è ciel celato
a chi en terra è ottenebrato. . . .

Da onne ben sí t'ha spogliato
e de virtute spropiato,
tesaurizi el tuo mercato
resaurizi el tuo mercato
en tua propria vilitate.

Questo cielo è fabricato,
en un nihil è fondato,
o' l'amor purificato
vive nella veritate.

Ciò che te pare non è
tanto è alto quello che è
la superbia en cielo se'
e dannase l'umilitate. . . .

Questo cielo ha nome none,
moza lengua entenzione,
o' l'amor sta en pregione
en quelle luce ottenebrate.

Omne luce è tenebria,
ed omne tenebre c'è dia. . . .

Povertate è nulla avere
e nulla cosa poi volere;
ed omne cosa possedere
en spirito de libertate.

FRA JACOPONE DA TODI *circa 1250*

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS
OF HOLY POVERTY AND HER THREEFOLD
HEAVEN

O Love of Poverty, thine is the kingdom of tranquillity.
Poverty can die in peace, making no testament,
Leaving the world, at peace with all men.
Poverty, thou highest wisdom, thou to none art subject;
And by despising them, thou dost possess all created things.
He who desires, is possessed by, and sold to, that which he loves;
If he thinks the gain be his, he will find himself betrayed.
God cannot lodge in a narrow heart; He is as great as thy love of
Him,

But Poverty has so wide a breast, that she can hold the Deity.
Poverty is Heaven, concealed for those held fast to mists of earth.
If thou art stripped of earthly good, emptied of all thy strength,
Then thy treasure is heaped up in thine own lowliness.
This Heaven is built upon the foundation stone of nothingness,
And there Love, purified, can dwell in truth and verity.
That which seemeth to thee real, exists not; so sublime is that
which is.

In Heaven, pride is abased before Humility.
This Heaven without name is beyond all power of speech.
For Love is prisoned here within the darkened light,
Where radiance is shadow, and all the darkness, Light.
Poverty is to have nothing, and to desire nought to have,
And possesses surely all things in a Spirit of Liberty.

TRANSLATED BY NESTA DE ROBECK

THE LADY JULIAN. *Circa 1350*
ANCHORESS AT NORWICH

Here es a vision schewed be the goodenes of God to a deuote
Woman and hir name es Julian, that is recluse atte Norwyche and

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yitt ys on lyfe. . . . In the whilke vision er fulle many comfortabyllle wordes and gretly styrrande to all thaye that desyres to be crystes looverse. 'I desyred three graces be the gyfte of god.'

This is the kinde yernings of the soule by the touching of the Holy Ghost; *God of Thy goodness give me Thyself: for Thou art enow to me, and I may nothing ask that is less than may be full worshippe to Thee. . . . And if I aske anything that is lesse, ever me wantith. . . .* It needyth us to have knoweing of the littlehede of creatures and to nowtyn all thing that is made, for to love and have God that is onmade. . . . For a soule that seith the Maker of all, all that is made semith full litil. . . . But what is *to me* sothly the Maker, the Keper and the Lover, — I cannot tell, for till I am Substantially oned to Him, I may never have full rest ne very blisse; that is to sey, that I be so festined to Him, that there is right nowte that is made betwix my God and me.

And after this He shewed a sovereign ghostly pleasance in my soul. I was fulfilled with the ever-lasting sureness, mightily sustained without any painful dread. This feeling was so glad and so ghostly that I was in all peace and in rest, that there was nothing in earth that should have grieved me.

This lasted but a while, and I was turned and left to myself in heaviness, and weariness of my life, and irksomeness of myself, that scarcely I could have patience to live. There was no comfort nor none ease to me but faith, hope and charity; and these I had in truth, but little in feeling.

And anon after this our blessed Lord gave me again the comfort and the rest in soul, in satisfying and sureness so blissful and so mighty that no dread, no sorrow, no pain bodily that might be suffered should have distressed me. . . .

God willeth that we know that He keepeth us even alike secure in woe and in weal. And for profit of man's soul, a man is sometime left to himself; although sin is not always the cause: for in this time I sinned not wherefore I should be left to myself — for it was so sudden. Also I deserved not to have this blessed feeling.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

But freely our Lord giveth when He will; and suffereth us to be in woe sometime. And both is one love.

And with this sweet enjoying, He shewed unto mine understanding, in part, the blessed Godhead, stirring then the poor soul to understand . . . the endless Love that was without beginning, and is, and shall be ever. And with this our good Lord said full blissfully: Lo, how that I loved thee, as if He had said: My darling, behold and see thy Lord, thy God that is thy Maker and thine endless joy. . . .

And also, for more understanding, this blessed word was said: Lo, how I loved thee! Behold and see that I loved thee so much ere I died for thee that I would die for thee; and now I have died for thee and suffered willingly that which I may. And now is all my bitter pain and all my hard travail turned to endless joy and bliss to me and to thee. How should it now be that thou shouldst anything pray that pleaseth me but that I should full gladly grant it thee? For my pleasing is thy holiness and thine endless joy and bliss with me.

This is the understanding, simply as I can say it, of this blessed word: Lo, how I loved thee. This shewed our good Lord for to make us glad and merry.

EDITED BY GRACE WARRACK

Ecco chi crescerà li nostri amori.

DANTE

SAINT TERESA 1515

The breathing Shrine of God.

RACINE

Nada te turba
Nada te espante.

THE SAINTS

Todo se pasa
Dios no se muda.
La Paciencia
A todo alcanza
Lo que Dios tiene
Nada es falta.

Let nothing disturb thee
Nothing affright thee.
All things are passing,
God never changeth.
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things.
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting,
Alone God sufficeth.

TRANSLATED BY H. W. LONGFELLOW

At last it happened to me, and it still happens sometimes, that our Lord shows me greater secrets, but so that I only see what it pleases Him to show me, without its being in the power of my soul, when she wishes, to see anything beyond. . . . This fire of the true love of God, which comes from above, is so utterly supernatural, that with my utmost desires and efforts, I could not obtain one single spark if the divine Master, as I said elsewhere, did not grant it to me as a pure gift.

TRANSLATED BY DAVID LEWIS

The Similitude of the Waters

The beginner must think of himself as of one setting out to make from a barren piece of ground, full of weeds, a garden in which the Lord may take His delight. His Majesty uproots the weeds, and will set good plants in their place. Let us then suppose that this has already happened — that a soul has determined to live the life of

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prayer, and has already begun it. With God's help, we have, like good gardeners, to make these plants grow, and water them with care so that they die not, but rather produce flowers which shall give out great fragrance and so afford refreshment to our Lord. So may He come often to this garden to delight Himself therein and take His pleasure among these virtues.

Let us now consider how this garden can be watered, that we may know what we have to do, what labour it will cost us, if the gain outweigh the labour, and for how long this labour must be borne. It seems to me that the garden can be watered in four ways; by taking water from a well, which costs us much labour; or by a water-wheel and buckets, when the water is drawn by a windlass — I have drawn it thus at times: it is less laborious than the other way and gives more water; or by a stream or a brook, which waters the ground much better, for it becomes thoroughly saturated, and there is less need to water it often, and the gardener's labour is much less; or by showers of rain, when the Lord Himself waters it without any labour of ours, and this way is incomparably better than any of those which have been described.

And now I come to my point, which is the application of these four manners of watering by which the garden is to be kept in fertility, for without water it must fail. I think I shall be able to give some explanation of the four degrees of prayer which our Lord, of His goodness, has at times applied to my soul. May He also of His goodness grant that I may so speak as to be of some profit to one of the persons who commanded me to write this book, whom our Lord has brought in four months to a point far beyond that which I have reached in seventeen years. He prepared himself better than I, and thus his garden, without labour on his part, is watered by all these four means, — though the last watering he receives only drop by drop; but his garden is making such progress that soon, by the help of the Lord, it will be submerged. I shall be glad for him to laugh at my explanation, if he finds it foolish.

Of those who are beginning the life of prayer, we may say that they are those who draw up the water from the well. This, as I have said, is very laborious, for they have to weary themselves in

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keeping recollected the senses which hitherto have been accustomed to a life of distraction. To do this is a great labour. Beginners must gradually accustom themselves to disregard what they see or hear, and to practise this recollection, during their hours of prayer. They must be alone, and in solitude must think over their past lives. All, in fact, must do this, and often, beginners and proficients alike. Some, however, will do it more, and some less, as I shall show hereafter. Beginners at first advance very painfully, because they have not completely convinced themselves that they are sorry for their sins; and yet they are sorry for them, just because they are resolved so truly to serve God. They must strive to ponder much upon the life of Christ, and that, again, is wearisome to the understanding. Thus much we can accomplish of ourselves — of course with the grace of God helping us, for without that, as all know, we cannot have so much as one good thought.

All this is denoted by beginning to draw up water from the well. God grant that there may be water in it to draw! That, however, is not our business; we are concerned to draw it and to do what we can towards the watering of the flowers. And God is so gracious that when for reasons which His Majesty knows — perhaps for our good — He wills that the well should be dry, then if we, like good gardeners, are doing that which in us lies, He Himself preserves the flowers without water, and makes our virtues grow. By water I here mean tears, and if there be no tears I mean tenderness and an inward feeling of devotion.

What, then, will he do here who sees that, for many days, there is nought but drought, distaste, dislike, and so little desire to go and draw water that he would give it up entirely if he did not remember that it is pleasing and serving the Lord of the garden; if he were not anxious that his service should not be lost, as well as the gain which he hopes for from the great labour of lowering the bucket into the well so often, and drawing it up without water? It will often happen that even for that purpose he is unable to move his arms — unable (that is) to think a single good thought; for working with the understanding is the same as drawing water out of the well.

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What then, as I have said, will the gardener do here? He will be glad and take heart, and consider it the greatest favour to work in the garden of so great a Sovereign; and as he knows that he is pleasing Him by so working — and his purpose must be to please not himself, but Him — let him praise Him greatly for placing such confidence in him, for He sees that without receiving any recompense, he is taking very great care of that which was entrusted to him; let him help Him to bear the Cross, and let him consider how He lived with it all His life long; let him not seek his kingdom here, nor ever cease from prayer; and so let him resolve if this spiritual drought should persist his whole life long, never to let Christ fall beneath the Cross.

TRANSLATED BY E. ALLISON PEERS

I shall think of our soul as of a castle, formed of a single diamond or of a transparent crystal, in which are many rooms, just as in Heaven there are many mansions. . . . Some of these are above, others below, others on either side; and in the centre, in the minds of them all, is the chiefest of them, where many things most secret pass between God and the soul.

Ibid.

A CHRISTO CRUCIFICADO

No me mueve, mi Dios, para quererte
El cielo que me tienes prometido,
Ni me mueve el infierno tan temido
Para dejar por eso de ofenderte.

Tu me mueves, mi Dios, mueveme el verte
Clavado en esa cruz y escarnecido,
Mueveme ver tu cuerpo tan herido,
Muevenme las angustias de tu muerte.

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Mueveme en fin tu amor de tal manera
Que aunque no hubiera cielo yo te amara
Y aunque no hubiera infierno te temiera.

No me tienes que dar porque te quiero,
Porque si cuanto espero no esperara
Lo mismo que te quiero te quisiera.

ANON. 16TH CENTURY

UPON THE BOOK AND PICTURE OF THE SERAPHICAL ST. TERESA

O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
By all thy lives and deaths of love;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;
By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire,
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His;
By all the Heav'n thou hast in Him,
(Fair sister of the seraphim!)
By all of Him we have in thee;
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die!

RICHARD CRASHAW 1613

Ev'n like two little bank-dividing brookes,
That wash the pebles with their wanton streames,
And having rang'd and search'd a thousand nookes,
Meet both at lengthe in silver-brested *Thames*,
Where in a greater Current they conjoyne:
So I my Best-Beloveds am; so He is mine.

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Ev'n so we met; and after long pursuit,
Ev'n so we joyn'd; we both became entire.
No need for either to renew a Suit,
For I was Flax and he was Flames of Fire:
Our firm united soules did more than twine:
So I my Best-Beloveds am; so He is mine. . . .

Nor Time, nor Place, nor Chance, nor Death can bow
My least desires unto the least remove.
Hee's firmly mine by Oath; I, His, by Vow.
Hee's mine by Faith; and I am His by Love.
Hee's mine by Water; I am His, by Wine:
Thus I my Best-Beloveds am; Thus He is mine.

He is my Altar; I, his Holy Place.
I am his Guest; and He, my living Food.
I'm his, by Penitence; He, mine by Grace.
I'm his, by Purchase; He is mine, by Blood.
Hee's my supporting Elme; and I, His Vine:
Thus I my Best-Beloveds am; Thus He is mine

FRANCIS QUARLES 1592

St. Teresa's influence still breathes over Spain, and to this day
in her convents a vacant seat is left in each Refectory for the
shadowy guest.

GABRIELA CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS 1522

The flame-like Mystic.

Small of stature indeed but great in the sight of God.

ST. TERESA

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NOCHE ESCURA DEL ALMA

En una noche oscura,
Con ansias en amores inflamada,
¡ Oh dichosa ventura!
Salí sin ser notada,
Estando ya mi casa sosegada.

A oscuras y segura,
Por la secreta escala disfrazada,
¡ Oh dichosa ventura!
A oscuras, encelada,
Estando ya mi casa sosegada.

En la noche dichosa,
En secreto que nadie me veía,
Ni yo miraba cosa,
Sin otra luz ni guía
Sino la que en el corazón ardía.

DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL

In a dark night,
Burning with ecstasies wherein I fell,
Oh happy plight,
Unheard I left the house wherein I dwell,
The inmates sleeping peacefully and well.

Secure from sight
By unknown ways, in unknown robes concealed,
Oh happy plight;
And to no eye revealed,
My home in sleep as in the tomb was sealed.
Sweet night, in whose blessed fold,
No human eye beheld me and mine eye
None could behold.

Only for Guide had I
His Face Whom I desired so ardently.

TRANSLATED BY W. H. HUTCHINGS

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LIVING FLAME OF LOVE

O flame of living love
That dost eternally
Pierce through my soul with so consuming heat,
Since there's no help above,
Make thou an end of me,
And break the bond of this encounter sweet.

O burn that burns to heal!
O more than pleasant wound!
And O soft hand, O touch most delicate,
That dost new life reveal,
That dost in grace abound
And slaying, dost from death to life translate!

O lamps of fire that shined
With so intense a light
That those dark caverns where the senses live,
Which were obscure and blind,
Now with strange glories bright
Both heat and light to his beloved give!

With how benign intent
Rememberest thou my breast
Where thou alone abidest secretly,
And in thy sweet ascent,
With glory and good possessed,
How delicately thou teachest love to me.

TRANSLATED BY ARTHUR SYMONS

THE DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL

This second dark night is an inflowing of God into the soul,
which purges it of its ignorances and imperfections, habitual,

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natural and spiritual. Contemplatives call this 'infused contemplation', or 'mystical theology', whereby God secretly teaches the soul and instructs it in the perfection of love, the soul itself doing nought but wait lovingly upon God, hearing Him and receiving His light, without understanding that this is infused contemplation. And since this is the loving wisdom of God, it makes special effects in the soul, preparing it by purifying and illumination for the union of love with God. It is the same loving wisdom that by illumination purifies the spirits of the blessed which here purifies and illumines the soul.

But there may be raised this doubt: Why should the soul call 'dark night' that divine light which, as we say, illumines it and purges it of its ignorances? To this the reply is that for two reasons the divine wisdom is not only night and darkness to the soul but also pain and torment. The first is the height of divine wisdom, which exceeds all the capacity of the soul, and to it is therefore darkness. The second is the meanness and impurity of the soul, for which cause the wisdom of God is painful and afflictive to it, besides being dark. . . .

The clearer and more manifest are divine things in themselves, the darker and more secret are they, naturally, to the soul. Just so, the more directly the sun is gazed at, the greater the darkness caused to the visual organs, for it deprives them of power, so greatly does its strength exceed their weakness. . . .

For this cause St. Dionysius and other mystical theologians call this infused contemplation a 'ray of darkness', — that is, to the soul not yet enlightened and purified, — for by its great supernatural light it conquers the natural power of the reason, and deprives it of its natural means of understanding. . . . And this is the cause why, when God descends from Himself to the soul not yet transformed, this illuminating ray of His secret wisdom causes thick darkness in the understanding.

And that this dim contemplation in its beginnings is also painful to the soul is clear. . . .

This we will show in the following way inductively. First, since the light and wisdom of contemplation is most pure and

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bright, and the soul upon which it strikes is dark and impure, hence the reception causes the soul much pain. . . . This pain in the soul caused by its impurity, is exceedingly great when the divine light strikes upon it. For when the pure light strikes the soul, in order to expel its impurities, the soul perceives itself to be so unclean and wretched that it seems as if God is fighting against it — that it has become the adversary of God. . . .

The second manner of the soul's sufferings arises from its natural and spiritual weakness; for, when this divine contemplation strikes it with a certain force, in order to strengthen and subdue it, it suffers so greatly in its weakness that it all but faints. This is particularly so at times when the divine contemplation strikes it with rather great force; for sense and spirit, as if they were beneath some great and gloomy burden, are in such torment and agony that they would find death itself a welcome relief. . . .

A wonderful and a piteous thing it is that the soul's impurity and weakness should be so great that the hand of God, in reality so soft and so gentle, is felt by the soul in this state to be severe and heavy, even though it neither presses nor even rests upon it but only touches it — and that most mercifully, for He would fain grant the soul His graces, not chastise it.

TRANSLATED BY E. ALLISON PEERS

I will give thee the treasures of Darkness, and hidden riches of secret places.

SPIRITUAL TEACHERS
DIONYSIUS THE AREOPAGITE
(FIRST CENTURY)

‘Divine Gloom’ is the darkness from excessive light; *Agnosia* is neither ignorance nor knowledge intensified: but a supra-knowledge of Him, Who is above all things known. It is ‘The most Divine knowledge of Almighty God, within the union beyond mind, when the mind, having stood apart from all existing things, and then, having dismissed itself, has been united to the superluminous rays — thence and there, being illuminated by the unsearchable wisdom.’

DIONYSIUS EXHORTS TIMOTHY

But thou, O dear Timothy, leave behind both sensible perception, and intellectual efforts, and all objects of sense and intelligence; and all things being and not being, and be raised aloft as far as attainable — unknowingly — to the union with Him above every essence and knowledge. For by the resistless and absolute ecstasy from thyself, in all purity, thou wilt be carried high to the super-essential ray of the Divine Darkness, when thou hast cast away all, and become liberated from all.

TO GAIUS THERAPEUTES

Darkness becomes invisible by light, and especially by much light. Varied knowledge and especially much varied knowledge, makes the

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Agnosia to vanish. Take this in a superlative, but not in a defective sense, and reply with superlative truth, that the *Agnosia*, respecting God, escapes those who possess existing light, and knowledge of things being; and His pre-eminent Darkness is both concealed by every light, and is hidden from every knowledge. And, if any one, having seen God, understood what he saw, he did not see *Him*, but some of His creatures that are existing and known. But He Himself, highly established above mind, and above essence, by the very fact of His being wholly unknown, and not being, both is super-essentially and is known above mind. The all-perfect *Agnosia*, in its superior sense, is a knowledge of Him, who is above all known things.

TO DOROTHEUS LEITOURGOS

The Divine Gloom is the unapproachable Light in which God is said to dwell. And in this gloom, invisible indeed, on account of the surpassing brightness, and unapproachable on account of the excess of the super-essential stream of light, enters every one deemed worthy to know and to see God, by the very fact of neither seeing nor knowing, really entering in Him, Who is above vision and knowledge, knowing this very thing, that He is after all the object of sensible and intelligent perception . . . even as the Divine Paul is said to have known Almighty God, by having known Him as being above all conception and knowledge. Wherefore also, he says, 'His ways are past finding out and His Judgments inscrutable', and His gifts 'indescribable', and that his peace surpasses every mind, as having found Him Who is above all, and having known this which is above conception, that, by being Cause of all, He is beyond all.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN PARKER

SPIRITUAL TEACHERS

EPICTETUS A.D. 50

Coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.

The sky, not the Soul changeth, of him who crosseth the sea.

What says Zeus? 'O Epictetus, if it were possible, I had made this little body and property of thine free, and not liable to hindrance. But do not mistake; it is not thy own, but only a finer mixture of clay. Since then I could not give thee this, I have given thee a certain portion of myself; this faculty of exerting the powers of pursuit and avoidance, of desire and aversion. . . . Taking care of this point, and making what is thy own to consist in this, thou wilt never be restrained, never be hindered; thou wilt not groan, wilt not complain, wilt not flatter any one. How then! Do all these advantages seem small to thee? Heaven forbid! Let them suffice thee then, and thank the Gods.'

When the weather doth not happen to be fair for sailing, we sit in distress and gaze out perpetually.

'Which way is the wind?'

'North.'

'What do we want of that? When will the West blow?'

'When it pleases, friend, or when Æolus pleases; for Zeus has not made you dispenser of the winds, but Æolus.'

'What, then, is to be done?'

'To make the best of what is in our power, and to take the rest as it occurs.'

'And how does it occur?'

'As it pleases God.'

If you ask me, what is the good of man; I know not where it lies, save in dealing wisely with the phenomena of existence.

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You are a distinct portion of the essence of God; and contain a certain part of him in yourself. Why, then, are you ignorant of your noble birth? Why do you not consider whence you came? Why do you not remember, when you are eating, who you are who eat; and whom you feed? . . . Do not you know, that it is the Divine you feed; the Divine you exercise? You carry a God about with you, poor wretch, and know nothing of it. Do you suppose I mean some god without you of gold or silver? It is within yourself that you carry him. . . .

Being, then, the work of such an artist, will you dishonour him — especially, when he hath not only formed you, but given your guardianship to yourself? . . .

I answer that I have not yet so much dignity as the case demands. For I do not yet trust to what I have learned, and accepted. I still fear my own weakness. Let me take courage a little, and then you shall see such a look, and such an appearance, as I ought to have. . . .

Such will I show myself to you . . . noble, tranquil.

‘What, and immortal too, and exempt from age and sickness?’

No. But sickening and dying as becomes the divine within me. This is in my power; this I can do.

If a person could be persuaded . . . that we are all originally descended from God, and that he is the father of men and gods; I conceive he would never think of himself meanly or ignobly. Suppose Cæsar were to adopt you, there would be no bearing your haughty looks; and will you not feel ennobled on knowing yourself to be the son of God?

As we call that a Phidian statue, which is formed according to the art of Phidias; so show me some one person formed according to the principles which he professes. Show me one who is sick, and happy; in danger, and happy; dying, and happy; exiled, and happy; disgraced, and happy. Show him to me, for, by Heaven, I long to see a Stoic.

SPIRITUAL TEACHERS

What else can I do, a lame old man, but sing hymns to God? If then I were a nightingale, I would do the nightingale's part; if I were a swan, I would do as a swan. But now I am a rational creature, and I ought to praise God: this is my work; I do it, nor will I desert my post, so long as I am allowed to keep it: and I exhort you to join in this same song.

TRANSLATED BY T. W. HIGGINSON

BALADE DE BON CONSEYL

That thee is sent, receyve in buxumnesse,
The wrastling for this worlde axeth a fal,
Her nis non hoom, her nis but wildernesse:
Forth, pilgrim, forth! Forth, beste, out of thy stal!
Know thy contree, look up, thank God of al;
Hold the hye wey, and lat thy gost thee lede:
And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.

ENVOY

Therefore, thou vache, leve thyn old wrecchednesse
Unto the worlde; leve now to be thral;
Crye him mercy, that of his hy goodnesse
Made thee of noght, and in especial
Draw unto him, and pray in general
For thee, and eek for other, hevenlich mede;
And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.

CHAUCER 1340

EDITED BY W. W. SKEAT

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

MARCUS AURELIUS 121

The Residue of Life is short.
Live as on a mountain.

The time of a man's life is as a point; the substance of it ever flowing, the sense obscure. His soul is restless, fortune uncertain and fame doubtful; to be brief, as a stream so are all things belonging to the body; as a dream, or as a smoke so all that belong unto the soul. Our life is a warfare, and a mere pilgrimage. Fame after life is no better than oblivion. What is it then that will adhere and follow? Only one thing, philosophy. And philosophy doth consist in this, for a man to preserve that spirit which is within him, from all manner of contumelies and injuries . . . all things that happen unto him to embrace contentedly, as coming from Him from whom he himself also came. How then stands the case? Thou hast taken ship, thou hast sailed, thou art come to land; go out if to another life, there also shalt thou find gods, who are everywhere. Moreover, let thy God that is in thee to rule over thee, find by thee, that he hath to do with a man; an aged man; a sociable man; a Roman; a prince; one that hath ordered his life, as one that expecteth, as it were, nothing but the sound of the trumpet, sounding a retreat to depart out of this life with all expedition.

I am in harmony with all that is part of thy harmony, great Universe. For me nothing is early and nothing late, that is in season for thee. All is fruit for me which thy seasons bear, O Nature! From thee, in thee, and unto thee are all things. 'Dear City of Cecrops!' saith the poet: and wilt thou not say, 'Dear City of God?'

Live with the gods. And he lives with the gods, who ever presents to them his soul acceptant of their dispensations, and busy about

SPIRITUAL TEACHERS

the will of God, even that *particle of Zeus* which Zeus gives to every man for his controller and governor — to wit, his mind and reason.

All things intertwine one with another in a holy bond: scarce one thing is disconnected from another. In due co-ordination they combine for one and the same order. For the world-order is one, made out of all things; and God is one, pervading all; and Being is one; and Law is one, even the common Reason of all beings possessed of mind; and Truth is one.

The Pythagoreans were wont betimes in the morning the first thing they did, to look up unto the heavens, to put themselves in mind of them who constantly and invariably did perform their task; as also to put themselves in mind of orderliness, or good order, and of purity, and of naked simplicity. For no star or planet hath any cover before it.

Remember that all is but opinion, and all opinion depends on the mind. Take thine opinion away, and then thou art as a ship that hath stricken within the arms and mouth of the harbour, a present calm; all things safe and steady: a bay, not capable of any storms and tempests. . . . Cast away from thee opinion, and thou art safe. And what is it that hinders thee from casting of it away? When thou art grieved at anything, hast thou forgotten that all things happen according to the nature of the universe. . . . Thou hast also forgotten that every man's mind partakes of the Deity, and issueth from thence; and that no man can properly call anything his own, no not his son, nor his body, nor his life; for that they all proceed from that One who is the giver of all things.

TRANSLATED BY MERIC CASAUBON 1634

Over these years hung a shadow darker than could be cast by any visible foe. Plague had become endemic in the Roman world . . . it had destroyed half the population of the Empire . . . it struck

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its last blow . . . upon the person of the Emperor himself. He died in the camp, alone. 'Why weep for me,' were his last words of stern self-suppression, 'and not think rather of the pestilence and of the death of all?'

F. W. H. MYERS

La religion de Marc-Aurèle . . . est la religion absolue, celle qui résulte du simple fait d'une haute conscience morale placée en face de l'univers. Elle n'est ni d'une race ni d'un pays. Aucune révolution, aucun progrès, aucune découverte ne pourront la changer.

RENAN

PLOTINUS 205

The fire still burns on the altars of Plotinus.

EUNAPIUS

'Let us depart from hence, and fly to our father's delightful land.' But by what leading stars shall we direct our flight, and by what means avoid the magic power of Circe, and the detaining charms of Calypso? For thus the fable of Ulysses obscurely signifies, which feigns him abiding in unwilling exile, though pleasant spectacles were continually presented to his sight; and every thing was promised to invite his stay which can delight the senses, and captivate the heart. But our true country, like that of Ulysses, is from whence we came; and where our father lives. But where is the ship to be found, by which we can accomplish our flight? For our feet are unequal to the task, since they only take us from one part of the earth to another. May we not each of us say,

What ships have I, what sailors to convey,
What oars to cut the long laborious way?

SPIRITUAL TEACHERS

But it is in vain that we prepare horses to draw, or ships to transport us to our native land. On the contrary, neglecting all these, as unequal to the task, and excluding them entirely from our view, having now closed the corporeal eye, we must stir up, and assume a purer eye within, which all men possess, but which is alone used by a few. What is it then this inward eye beholds? Indeed, suddenly raised to intellectual vision, it cannot perceive an object exceeding bright. The same must therefore be first accustomed to contemplate fair studies, and then beautiful works; not such as arise from the operations of art, but such as are the offspring of worthy men: and next to this it is necessary to view the soul which is the parent of this lovely race. But you will ask, after what manner is this beauty of a worthy soul to be perceived? It is thus. Recall your thoughts inward, and if, while contemplating yourself, you do not perceive yourself beautiful, imitate the statuary; who, when he desires a beautiful statue, cuts away what is superfluous, smooths and polishes what is rough, and never desists until he has given it all the beauty his art is able to effect. In this manner must you proceed, by lopping what is luxuriant, directing what is oblique, and, by purgation, illustrating what is obscure; and thus continue to polish and beautify your statue, until the divine splendour of Virtue shines upon you, and Temperance, seated in pure and holy majesty, rises to your view. If you become thus purified, residing in yourself, and having nothing any longer to impede this unity of mind, and no farther mixture to be found within, but perceiving your whole self to be a true light, and light alone; a light which though immense, is not measured by any magnitude, nor limited by any circumscribing figure, but is everywhere immeasurable as being greater than every measure, and more excellent than every quantity: perceiving yourself thus improved, and trusting solely to yourself, as no longer requiring a guide, fix now steadfastly your mental view, for with the intellectual eye alone can such immense beauty be perceived. But if your eye is yet infected with any sordid concern, and not thoroughly refined, while it is on the stretch to behold this most shining spectacle, it will be immediately darkened and incapable of intuition, though some one should declare the

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

spectacle present, which it might otherwise be unable to discern. For it is here necessary that the perceiver and the thing perceived should be similar to each other before true vision can exist. Thus the sensitive eye can never be able to survey the orb of the sun unless strongly endued with solar fire, and participating largely of the vivid ray. Every one, therefore, must become divine, and of godlike beauty, before he can gaze upon a god, and the beautiful itself. Thus proceeding in the right way of beauty, he will first ascend into the region of intellect contemplating every fair species, the beauty of which he will perceive to be no other than ideas themselves; for all things are beautiful by the supervening irradiations of these, because they are the offspring and essence of intellect. But that which is superior to these is no other than the fountain of good, every where widely diffusing around the streams of beauty, and hence, in discourse, called the beautiful itself; because beauty is its immediate offspring. But if you accurately distinguish the intelligible objects, you will call the beautiful the receptacle of ideas; but the good itself, which is superior, the fountain and principle of the beautiful; or, you may place the first beautiful and the good in the same principle, independent of the beauty which there subsists.

Besides, it is necessary that whoever perceives this species of beauty should be seized with much greater delight, and more vehement admiration than any corporeal beauty can excite; as now embracing beauty real and substantial. Such affections, I say, ought to be excited about true beauty, as admiration and sweet astonishment; desire also, and love, and a pleasant trepidation. For all souls, as I may say, are affected in this manner about invisible objects, but those the most who have the strongest propensity to their love; as it likewise happens about corporeal forms, yet all are not equally excited, but lovers in the greatest degree.

But it may be allowable to interrogate those who rise above sense, concerning the effects of love in this manner: of such we enquire, what do you suffer respecting fair studies, and beautiful

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manners, virtuous works, affections, and habits, and the beauty of souls? What do you experience on perceiving yourselves lovely within? After what manner are you roused as it were to a *Bacchanalian* fury; striving to converse with yourselves, and collecting yourselves separate from the impediments of body? For thus are true lovers enraptured. But what is the cause of these wonderful effects? It is neither figure, nor colour, nor magnitude; but soul herself, fair through temperance, and not with the false gloss of colour, and bright with the splendours of virtue herself. And this you experience as often as you turn your eye inwards; or contemplate the amplitude of another soul: the just manners, the pure temperance; fortitude venerable by her able countenance; and modesty and honesty walking with an intrepid step, and a tranquil and steady aspect; and, what crowns the beauty of them all, constantly receiving the irradiations of a divine intellect.

In what respect then, shall we call these beautiful? For they are such as they appear, nor did ever any one behold them, and not pronounce them realities. But as yet reason desires to know how they cause the loveliness of the soul; and what that grace is in every virtue which beams forth to view, like light? Are you then willing we should assume the contrary part, and consider what in the soul appears deformed? For perhaps it will facilitate our search if we can thus find what is base in the soul, and from whence it derives its original.

Let us suppose a soul deformed, to be one intemperate and unjust, filled with a multitude of desires, a prey to foolish hopes, and vexed with idle fears. . . . Hence, becoming impure, and being on all sides snatched in the unceasing whirl of sensible forms, it is covered with corporeal stains, and wholly given to matter, contracts deeply its nature, loses all its original splendour, and almost changes its own species into that of another: just as the pristine beauty of the most lovely form would be destroyed by its immersion in mire and clay. . . . If such a one desires then to recover his former beauty, it is necessary to cleanse the infected parts, and thus by a thorough purgation to resume his original form. Hence, then, if we assert that the soul, by her mixture, confusion and

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commerce with body and matter, becomes thus base, our assertion will, I think, be right. For the baseness of the soul consists in not being pure and sincere. And as the gold is deformed by the adherence of earthly clods, which are no sooner removed than on a sudden the gold shines forth with its native purity, and then becomes beautiful when separated from natures foreign from its own, and when it is content with its own purity for the possession of beauty; so the soul when separated from the sordid desires engendered by its too great immersion in body, and liberated from the dominion of every perturbation, can thus and thus only blot out the base stains imbibed from its union with body; and thus becoming alone, will doubtless expel all the turpitude contracted from a nature so opposite to its own.

Let us, therefore, reascend to the good itself, which every soul desires; and in which alone it can find perfect repose. For, if any one shall become acquainted with this source of beauty, he will then know what I say, and after what manner he is beautiful. Indeed, whatever is desirable is a kind of good, since to this desire tends. But they alone pursue true good, who rise to intelligible beauty; and so far only tend to good itself, as far as they lay aside the deformed vestments of matter, with which they become connected in their descent. Just as those who penetrate into the holy retreats of sacred mysteries are first purified, and then divest themselves of their garments, until some one, by such a process, having dismissed every thing foreign from the God, by himself alone, beholds the solitary principle of the universe, sincere, simple, and pure, from which all things depend, and to whose transcendent perfections the eyes of all intelligent natures are directed, as the proper cause of being, life, and intelligence. With what ardent love, with what strong desire will he who enjoys this transporting vision be inflamed while vehemently affecting to become one with this supreme beauty? For thus it is ordained, that he who does not yet perceive him, yet desires him as good; but he who enjoys the vision is enraptured with his beauty; and is equally filled with admiration and delight.

PARAPHRASED TRANSLATION BY THOMAS TAYLOR 1758

SPIRITUAL TEACHERS

PORPHYRY ON PLOTINUS

If a Soul be taken into the All-Soul what evil can reach it there?

If it be requisite to employ the testimony of the wise, who is wiser than a God? . . .

And this is no other than Apollo . . . when Amelius inquired [concerning Plotinus] of his oracle. . . .

According to this oracle then, Plotinus was worthy and mild, gentle and endearing, and such as we truly found him to be. It also asserts that he was vigilant, that he had a pure soul, and that he was always tending to divinity, which he most ardently loved. Likewise that he endeavoured with all his might to emerge from the bitter waters of this sanguine life. Hence, when by the assistance of this divine light he had frequently raised himself by his conceptions to the first God who is beyond intellect, and by employing for this purpose the paths narrated by Plato in the Banquet, the supreme divinity appeared to him, who has neither any form nor idea, but is established above intellect and every intelligible; to whom also I Porphyry say that I once approached, and was united, when I was sixty-eight years of age. The mark, therefore, at which all his endeavours aimed, appeared to Plotinus to be near. For the end and scope with him consisted in approximating and being united to the God who is above all things. But he four times obtained this end while I was with him, and this by an ineffable energy, and not in capacity. The oracle also adds, that while Plotinus was wandering (on the sea of life) the Gods frequently directed him into the right path, by benignantly extending to him abundant rays of divine light; so that he may be said to have composed his works from the contemplation and intuition of divinity.

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS TAYLOR

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

THE HOMILIES OF NARSAI 502

The Creator took a body. . . . A reasonable temple the Holy Spirit built in the bosom of Mary. . . . He is then one in His Godhead and in His manhood. . . . He was laid in a manger and wrapped in swaddling-clothes, as Man; and the watchers extolled Him with their praises, as God. . . . He was baptized in Jordan by John, as Man; and the heaven was opened in honour of His baptism, as God. He went in to the marriage-feast of the city of Cana, as Man; and he changed the water that it became wine, as God. He fasted in the wilderness forty days, as Man; and watchers descended to minister unto Him, as God. He slept in the boat with His disciples, as Man; and He rebuked the wind and calmed the sea, as God.

He set out and departed to a desert place, as Man; and He multiplied the bread and satisfied thousands, as God. He ate and drank and walked and was weary, as Man; and He put devils to flight by the word of His mouth, as God. . . . He asked water of the Samaritan woman, as Man; and He revealed and declared her secrets, as God. He sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, as Man; and He forgave the sinful woman her sins, as God. He went up into the mountain of Tabor, with His disciples, as Man; and He revealed His Glory in their sight, as God. He shed tears and wept over Lazarus, as Man; and He called him that he came forth by His Mighty power, as God. . . . He drew nigh to the fig-tree and shewed that He was an hungered, as Man; and His mighty power caused it to wither on a sudden, as God. He washed the feet of His twelve, as Man; and He called Himself Lord and Master, as God. . . . The attendants seized Him and bound His hands, as Man; and He healed the ear that Simon cut off, as God.

SPIRITUAL TEACHERS

He was hanged upon the wood and endured the passion, as Man; and He shook the earth and darkened the sun, as God. Nails were driven into His body, as Man; and He opened the graves and quickened the dead, as God. He cried out upon the cross 'My God, My God', as Man; and He promised Paradise to the thief, as God. . . . They embalmed His body and He was buried in the earth, as Man; and He raised up His temple by His mighty power as God. . . . He commanded Thomas to feel His side, as Man; and He gave them the Spirit for an earnest, as God. He ate and drank after His resurrection, as Man; and He ascended to the height and sent the Spirit, as God.

TRANSLATED BY DOM. R. H. CONNOLLY

JĀLĀLU 'DDĪN RŪMĪ 1207

The Masnavi has all the pantheistic beauty of the Psalms, the music of the hills, the colour and scent of roses, the swaying of forests. . . . These things of scent and form and colour are the Mirror of the Beloved; these earthly loves, the journey down the valley into the Rose-garden where the roses never fade, and where Love is.

F. HADLAND DAVIS

This is Love; to fly heavenward,
 To rend every instant a hundred veils.
 The first moment to renounce Life;
 The last step, to fare without feet.
 To regard this world as invisible,
 Not to see what appears to one's self.
 'O heart,' I said, 'may it bless thee
 To have entered the circle of lovers,

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

To look beyond the range of the eye. . . .
Whence did this breath come to thee, O my Soul,
Whence this throbbing, O my heart?’

TRANSLATED BY R. A. NICHOLSON

TAKEN FROM THE MASNAVI

Go! seek at once a friend of God; when you have done so, God is your friend.

Sometimes you are a sun, sometimes a sea.

In your essence you are neither that nor this, O you, who are beyond all conjecture, and more than more.

Do not every moment charge the heart of Jesus with the troubles of a body which is full of bones.

Do not seek from your Jesus that your body should live.

Put the thought and care of living but little on your heart; your sustenance will not fall short; attend you at the Court of God.

This body is a tent for the Spirit; or it is like an Ark for Noah.

If God keep you, with the thoughts of the happy, amongst snakes and scorpions, the snakes and scorpions will be to you as familiar companions, because those thoughts are the alchemy which transmutes copper into gold.

The Seal of God is upon the ears and eyes; behind the veils there is many a form and many a sound.

Wait till one day that thought and imagination spread their wings without any veil;

You will see the mountains even as soft wool; and this world of cold and hot, annihilated.

You will see not the sky, not the stars, not any existent being; you will see nothing but God, the One, the Living, the Loving.

SPIRITUAL TEACHERS

When the provision of destitution has become your provision,
you have found Eternal Life, and death has departed.

When grief has taken up great joy for you, roses and lilies
occupy the garden of your soul.

That which is terror to others is your security.

It requires one like Abraham to see in the fire Paradise and its
palaces, by the light of deep knowledge.

One who like the Friend of God may pass beyond the seventh
heaven, saying with him, *'I love not things which decline and set.'*

Pain is a treasure when there are mercies in it.

To be in a dark and cold place, my brother, to practise patience
in grief, languor, and suffering —

All this is the water of Life, and the cup of intoxication, for these
spiritual heights are all in lowness.

How can the verdure, the delight of Union with God, grow in
the heart?

How can the flower-beds tell their secrets to the verdant plain?
How can the violet make a treaty with the jasmine?

How can a plane-tree open its leaves in prayer? How can a
tree sway its head in the breeze of love?

How can the blossoms in the days of spring begin to throw
out their sleeves full of offerings?

How can the face of the tulip blaze like blood? How can the
rose take out gold from its pocket?

How can the nightingale come and smell the rose? How can
the ring-dove like a seeker utter 'kú-kú'?

How can the stork give vent heartily to that clatter of 'lak-lak'?

From where have they brought those garments? *From a Bene-
ficent One, from a Compassionate One, all of them.*

He who has seen the King is rejoiced by signs of Him.

TRANSLATED BY C. E. WILSON

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

THE MYSTICAL UNION OF THE SOUL WITH GOD

I have circled awhile with the nine Fathers in each heaven,
For years I have revolved with the stars in their signs.
I was invisible awhile, I was united with Him,
I was in the Kingdom of Absolute Being. I saw what I have seen.
I have my nourishment from God, like a child in the womb;
Man is born once, I have been born many times.
Clothed in the mantle of corporeal limbs, I have busied myself
often with affairs,
And often I have rent this mantle with my own hands.
I have passed nights with ascetics in the monastery,
I have slept with infidels before the idols in the pagoda.
I am the theft of rogues, I am the pain of the sick,
I am both cloud and rain, I have rained in the meadows.
Never did the dust of annihilation settle on my skirt, O dervish!
I have gathered a wealth of roses in the meadow and garden of
eternity.
I am not of water nor fire, I am not of the froward wind;
I am not moulded clay. I have transcended them all.
O son, I am not Shamsi Tabriz, I am the pure Light;
If thou seest me, beware! Tell it not to any, that thou hast seen.

TRANSLATED BY R. A. NICHOLSON

MEISTER ECKHART 1260

*Diz ist Meister Eckhart
Dem Got nie niht verbarg.*

*Behold Master Eckhart
From whom God concealed naught.*

SPIRITUAL TEACHERS

Tiefe Sprüche von der nackten Findung göttlicher Wahrheit.

Deep teachings of the unadorned contact with Divine Truth.

Geht wieder in ihre Einsamkeit zurück und verkehrt mit Gott.

Turn thou again into thy Solitude and there commune with God.

Da alle Dingen inmitten des Schweigens waren, ward mir zugesprochen ein verborgenes Wort.

Then when all things were wrapped in deepest silence, to me was uttered the hidden Word.

O, wie edel ist die Kraft die über der Zeit steht und die da ohne Raum steht. Denn damit hat sie alle Zeit in sich geschlossen und ist alle Zeit.

How noble is the power which standeth above Time, and is without Space. For then itself containeth all Time; it is all Time.

Dionysius sagt zu Timotheus: 'Mein Freund, wirst du des Geistes der Wahrheit gewahr, so geh ihr nicht mit menschlichen Sinnen nach, denn er ist sehr geschwinde: er kommt als ein Sausen.'

Dionysius saith to Timotheus: 'My Friend, shouldst thou desire awareness of the truth of Spirit, proceed not thereunto with thy mortal reason, for Spirit is fleet, and cometh like a rushing wind.'

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Wenn die Seele in die namenlose Stadt kommt, da ruht sie aus: wo alle Dinge Gott in Gott sind, da ruhet sie. Die Stadt der Seele, die Gott ist, die ist ungenannt. Ich sage dass Gott ungesprochen ist. Einen unserer ältesten Meister der die Wahrheit schon lange und lange vor Gottes Geburt gefunden hat . . . den dünkte es, dass alles, was er von den Dingen sprechen könnte, etwas Fremdes und Unwahres in sich trüge; darum wollte er schweigen. Er wollte nicht sagen: Gebt mir Brot, oder gebt mir zu trinken. Aus dem Grunde wollte er nicht von den Dingen sprechen, weil er von ihnen nicht so rein sprechen könnte, wie sie aus der ersten Ursache entsprungen seien: darum wollte er lieber schweigen und seine Notdurft zeigte er mit Zeichen der Finger. Da nun er nicht einmal von den Dingen reden könnte, so schickt es sich für uns noch mehr, dass wir ganz und gar schweigen müssen von dem, der da ein Ursprung aller Dinge ist.

When the Soul cometh into the Nameless State, there she resteth; when all things are God within God, there resteth she. The state of the Soul which is God — that is without a name. I say that God is not to be spoken.

One of our most ancient masters who long and long before God's birth found the Truth, believed that all which he could outwardly express as to the nature of things contained perforce somewhat of strangeness and untruth. For this reason willed he to be silent; nor would he even say: Give me bread, or Give me to drink. He would not speak of Things, forasmuch as he was not able to utter of them that purity of essence which they possessed when they sprang from the First Cause. Hence he preferred silence; and to convey his need he would point with his finger. Since thus he could not speak of Things, it behooveth us even more to remain silent as to that which is the Foundation of all that is.

Dass ein Mensch ein Leben der Ruhe oder Rast in Gott hat, das ist gut: dass der Mensch ein Leben der Pein mit Geduld Trägt, ist besser: aber dass man in dem peinvollen Leben seine Rast habe, das ist das allerbeste.

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That a man should have a life of rest or peace in God, is well; that a man should bear with patience a life of suffering is yet better; but that a man should in a suffering life find his peace, that is in sooth the best of all.

Ich sage dass eine Kraft in der Seele ist, die nicht Zeit noch Fleisch berührt, sie fliesst aus dem Geiste und bleibt in dem Geiste und ist ganz geistig. In dieser Kraft ist Gott allzumal grünend und blühend. Da ist so unbegreiflich grosse Freude und Wonne, dass niemand genug davon sagen kann.

I affirm that there is a power in the Soul which is unmoved by time or the flesh: this power floweth from the Spirit, yet abideth therein. Yea it is all spirit. In this power God Himself blossometh and is ever green. Therein is such ineffable Joy and Ecstasy that no man can sufficiently speak thereof.

Wer nicht alle Aeusserlichkeit der Kreaturen lässt, der kann in diese göttliche Geburt weder empfangen noch geboren werden.

He who doth not forsake all outwardness of creatures, such a one can neither be received into this divine nativity nor yet be himself born of it.

Meine Seele zerschmolz und zerfloss, als die Liebe ihr Wort sprach: als sie Einging, da musste ich hinschwinden.

My Soul melted away when Love spoke the Word. When my Soul entered therein I, my Self, perforce vanished away.

So sollte der Mensch allen Sinnen entweichen und alle seine Kräfte nach innen kehren und in ein Vergessen aller Dinge und seiner selber kommen.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Therefore shall a man avoid all outward knowledge, turning all his powers within only, where he shall come to a forgetfulness of all things, and to an oblivion of his own Self.

Dass müsset ihr auch wissen dass sie innen frei ist, und ohne alle Mittel und Bilder auskommt, dass sich Gott frei mit ihr vereinigen kann, ohne Bilder oder Gleichnisse.

This must you know also, that the Soul hath inward freedom, and she cometh forth without help and without images, that God may freely unite Himself with her: yea, without images or likenesses.

TRANSLATED BY GRETCHEN WARREN

JAN VAN RUYSBROECK 1293

The Admirable Ruysbroeck knew little Latin and less Greek and, speaking from his own root, he had not read the authorities; but he had stood upon that shore where the waves of the divine sea baptize the Pilgrim, or in that undeclared sphere . . . whence those who can look further, discern that there is Ain Soph Aour, the Limitless Light.

A. E. WAITE

FROM RUYSBROECK

When Christ, the Divine Sun, has risen to the zenith of our hearts . . . so that we do not rest in any savours, how great soever they be, which God may pour into our Souls; if then, masters of ourselves, we ever turn inwards . . . with fervent thanksgiving, towards the very source from which all gifts flow

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forth according to the needs and the merits of each creature: then Christ stands on high in the zenith of our hearts, and He will draw all things to Himself. . . . This drawing and this inviting . . . is an inward constraining of the heart towards the most high Unity of God.

By this fierce ardour . . . some men are at times caught into the spirit, above the senses; and there words are spoken to them and images and similitudes shown to them, teaching them some truth of which they or other men have need, or else things that are to come. These are called revelations or visions. . . . This may be the work of an angel in man, through the power of God. . . . Sometimes a man may also be drawn above himself and above the spirit . . . into an Incomprehensible Good, which he shall never be able either to utter or to explain in the way in which he heard and saw; for in this simple act and this simple vision, to hear and to see are one. . . . At times God grants to such men a sudden spiritual glimpse, like the lightning in the sky. . . . And thereby for an instant the spirit is raised above itself; but the light passes at once and the man returns to himself again. This is the work of God Himself; it is something very sublime, for those to whom it happens often become illuminated men.

If a man would have fruition of God, three things are needful thereto: these are true peace, inward silence, and loving adherence. . . . There are three other points which are higher still. . . .

The first of these points is to rest in Him Whom one enjoys; that is, where love is overcome by the lover, and love is taken possession of by the lover, in bare Essential Love. . . .

From this there follows the second; and this is called a falling asleep in God, that is, when the spirit immerses itself, and knows not how, nor where, not in what it is.

And therefrom follows the last point that can be put into words, that is, when the spirit beholds a Darkness into which it cannot enter with the reason. And there it feels itself dead and lost to itself, and one with God without difference and without distinction.

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. . . And this is an unfathomable abyss wherein man must die to himself in blessedness and must live again in virtues, whenever love and its stirring demand it.

If above all things we would taste God, and feel eternal life in ourselves, we must go forth into God with our feeling, above reason; and there we must abide, onefold, empty of ourselves and free from images, lifted up by love into the simple bareness of our intelligence. For when we go out in love beyond and above all things, and die to all observation in ignorance and darkness, then we are wrought and transformed through the Eternal Word. . . . In this idleness of our spirit, we receive the Incomprehensible Light, which enwraps us and penetrates us, as the air is penetrated by the light of the sun. And this Light is nothing else than a fathomless staring and seeing. What we are, that we behold; and what we behold, that we are; for our thought, our life, and our being are uplifted in simplicity, and made one with the Truth which is God, and therefore in this simple staring we are one life and one spirit with God: and this I call a contemplative life. As soon as we cleave to God through love, we practise the better part; but when we gaze thus into our super-essence, we possess God utterly. With this contemplation, there is bound up an exercise which is wayless, that is to say, a noughting of life; for, where we go forth out of ourselves into darkness and the abysmal Waylessness, there shines perpetually the simple ray of the Splendour of God, in which we are grounded, and which draws us out of ourselves into the super-essence, and into the immersion of love. And with this sinking into love there is always bound up a practise of love which is wayless; for love cannot be lazy, but would search through and through and taste through and through the fathomless richness which lives in the ground of her being, and this is a hunger which cannot be appeased. But a perpetual striving after the unattainable — this is swimming against the stream. One can neither leave it nor grasp it, neither do without it nor attain it, neither be silent on it nor speak of it, for it is above reason and understanding, and it transcends all creatures. . . . An eternal unrest of Love. The

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Divine charioteer, driving Spirits towards the Heart of God, where they are one Fire with Him.

TRANSLATED BY DOM. C. A. WYNSCHENK

En dit is in dat wiselose wesen dat alle ynnighe gheeste boven alle dinc hebben vercoren,

Dit is die donkere stille daer alle minnende in zijn verloren:

Maer moche wi ons aldus in doghenden ghereden,

Wi souden ons schiere van den live ontcleden,

En souden vlieten in wilde zeebaren:

Nemmermeer en mochte ons creature verhalen.

FLEMISH TEXT BY RUYSBROECK

The eternal voyage of the adventurous Soul on the vast and stormy sea of the Divine.

EVELYN UNDERHILL

Outside Time, the Eternal Now

Let be this everywhere and this ought, in comparison with this nowhere and this nought. Reck thee never if thy wits cannot reason of this nought; for surely I love it much the better. It is so worthy a thing in itself, that they cannot reason thereupon. This nought may better be felt than seen: for it is full blind and full dark to them that have but little while looked thereupon. Nevertheless, if I shall soothlier say, a soul is more blinded in feeling of it for abundance of ghostly light, than for any darkness or wanting of bodily light.

The Cloud of Unknowing

EDITED BY EVELYN UNDERHILL

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

My Knyghtes and my seruantes & my true children whiche ben come oute of dedely lyf in to spyrytual lyf, I wyl now no longer hyde me from yow, but ye shal see now a parte of my secretes & of my hydde thynges.

THE HOLY GRAAL

We are here, all at once, on the confines of human thought, and far within the polar circle of the mind. It is strangely cold here, it is strangely dark, and yet all around there is light and flame. . . . We are dealing here with the most exact of sciences. We have to explore the most rugged and least habitable promontories of the divine 'Know Thyself'; and the midnight sun hangs over the tempestuous sea, where the psychology of man mingles with the psychology of God.

MAETERLINCK

TRANSLATED BY JANE STODDART

WALTER HILTON 1320

CANON OF THURGARTON

How a Soul that is formed to the likeness of Jhesu desireth nothing but Him; and how He maketh this desire in the Soul, and He it is that desireth thy Soul.

Just as a true pilgrim going towards Jerusalem, leaveth behind him house and land, wife and children, and maketh himself poor

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and bare from all things that he hath, that he may go lightly without letting, right so, if thou wilt be a spiritual pilgrim, thou shalt strip thyself naked of all that thou hast . . . then shalt thou resolve in thy heart fully and wholly that thou wilt be at Jerusalem, and at no other place but there. . . . Jerusalem is as much as to say a sight of peace; and betokeneth contemplation in perfect love of God.

How that presence is felt, may better be known by experience than by any writing, for it is the life and the love, the joy and the rest of a chosen Soul. And therefore he that hath once truly felt it cannot forbear it without pain, neither can he choose but desire it, it is so good in itself and so comfortable. . . . He cometh secretly sometimes when thou art least aware of Him, but thou shalt know Him full well ere He go; for He wonderfully stirreth and mightily turneth thy heart into the beholding of his goodness, and then doth thy heart melt delectably as wax against the fire into softness of His love.

What this opening of the spiritual eye is, the greatest scholar on earth cannot imagine by his wit, nor show fully by his tongue; for it cannot be gotten by study, nor by man's industry alone, but by grace of the Holy Ghost. I am afraid to speak anything of it, for methinketh that I cannot, it passeth my assay. Nevertheless, because it seems to me that love asketh, yea, love biddeth that I should, therefore shall I say a little more of it, as I hope love teacheth. This opening of the spiritual eye is that lightsome darkness and rich nought that I spake of before, and it may be called purity of spirit and spiritual rest, inward stillness and peace of conscience, highness of thought and loneliness of Soul, a lively feeling of grace . . . the tasting of heavenly savour burning in Love and shining in Light.

The Scale of Perfection

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

RICHARD ROLLE 1349

HERMIT OF HAMPOLE

A Heavenly Melody — intolerably sweet

I cannot pray, I cannot meditate but in sounding the Name Jesus. I savour no joy that is unmingled with Jesus. Wheresoever I be, wheresoever I sit . . . the remembrance of the Name of Jesus departs not out from my mind. I have set it as a token upon my heart, as a token upon my arm: for 'love is as strong as death' . . . Everlasting love has overcome me, not to slay but to quicken me. . . . It has struck through my heart that it may be the more healthfully healed. . . . The Name of Jesus has taught me to sing, and has lighted my mind with the heat of uncreated light.

TRANSLATED BY GERALDINE E. HODGSON

In the night, before supper, as I my psalms sung, as it were the sound of readers or rather singers about me I beheld. Whilst, also, praying to heaven, with all desire I took heed, suddenly, in what manner I wot not, in me the sound of song I felt; and likeliest heavenly melody I took with me dwelling in mind. Forsooth my thought continually to mirth of song was changed: and as it were the same that loving I had thought, and in prayers and psalms had said, in *sound* I showed.

Sweetest forsooth, is the rest which the Spirit takes whilst sweet goodly sound comes down in which it is delighted: and in most sweet song and playful, the mind is ravished, to sing likings of love everlasting.

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Song I call it, when in a plenteous Soul the sweetness of Eternal Love with burning is taken, and thought into song is turned, and the mind into full sweet sound is changed.

The Fire of Love

MODERNIZED BY F. M. M. COMPER

What are the servants of the Lord but His Minstrels.

ST. FRANCIS

*The world can hear not the sweet notes that move
The Sphere, whose light is melody to lovers.*

Delight thyself so in Him that thy heart receive neither the world's joy nor the world's sorrow, and dread not any anguish nor hurt that may befall thee bodily, nor any of thy friends: but commit everything into God's will, and ever thank Him for all His sendings; so that thou mayest have rest and savour in His love: for if thine heart be led either with fear of the world or by comfort of the world, thou art very far from the sweetness of Christ's love.

I went about by covetousness of riches, and I found not Jesus. I ran by the wantonness of the flesh, and I found not Jesus. I sat in companies of worldly mirth and I found not Jesus. In all of them . . . I found Him not; for He let me know by His grace that He is not found in the land of softly living. Therefore, I turned by another way, and I ran about by poverty, and I found Jesus, poorly born into the world, laid in a crib, lapped in cloths. I went by sharpness of suffering; and I found Jesus weary in the way, tormented with hunger, thirst and cold, filled with reproofs and blame. I sat by my love. . . and I found Jesus, in the desert, fasting, in the Mount, praying alone. I ran by pain and penance, and I found Jesus, bound, scourged, given gall to drink, nailed to the Cross . . . and dying on the Cross. Therefore, Jesus is not found in riches but in poverty . . . not among many but in loneliness.

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If thou wilt be well with God, and have grace to rule thy life right and come to the joy of love; fasten this Name of Jesus so fast in thine heart that it can never come out of thy thought. . . .

Eat and drink, sleep and wake, speak and hold silence, pray and think, work, and all that thou dost do it in the Name of Jesus.

God bless you, and keep you and give you good perseverance, through the virtue of this joyful Name, Jesus. Amen.

. . . Jesus receive my heart, and bring me to Thy love: all my desire Thou art, and Thy coming I covet. Make me clean from sin, and let us never part: kindle fire within me, that I may win to Thy love and see Thy face. . . . Turn my thoughts to love . . . and make the soul which Thou has bought stay with Thee. But how I covet Thee! . . . Thou art He Whom I have sought, when shall I see Thy Face? Do Thou make my soul clear. Thy love changeth the look of me. How long shall I be here? When may I come near to Thee? — to hear Thy melody: oft to hear that song, which lasts and lasts so long? Wilt Thou be my love, that I may sing of love to Thee?

If thou wilt think thus, every day, thou shalt find great sweetness therein, such as shall draw thine heart up . . . and thy thought shall be reft from all earthly things.

Thou art often times waking early; why then findest thou not Him. Certainly if thou seekest Him right thou shalt find Him. . . .

The herdsmen who sought found Him lying in a crib between two beasts, that thou knowest: if thou seekest Him verily, it behoves thee to go in the way of poverty not of riches.

The star led the Three Kings into Bethlehem; there they found Christ simply in swaddling cloths like a poor child. Understand thereby that whilst thou art in pride and vanity thou findest Him not. . . .

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The love of Jesus is full dear treasure, full delectable joy . . .
He gives it to those who neither for weal nor for woe will let it
pass from them.

Now, dear friend, before Matins, thou shalt think, at the first,
of the sweet birth of Jesus Christ, and then afterwards of His
Passion. . . . Concerning His birth, thou shalt think busily
of the time and the place and the hour that our Lord Jesus Christ
was born of His Mother Mary. The time was in mid-winter,
when it was most cold; the hour was at midnight; . . . in clouts
was He wound, like a child was He bound, and in a Crib, before
an Ox and an Ass that lovely Lord was laid, for there was no other
place void. . . . Thou shalt think also of the herds who saw the
token of His birth, and thou shalt think of the sweet fellowship
of angels, and raise up thine heart and sing with them *Gloria in
excelsis deo*.

Soothly Jesus; desirable is Thy Name, lovable and comfortable.
None other so sweet song may be heard, none other so sweet joy
be conceived; none other so delectable solace may be had in mind.

TRANSLATED BY GERALDINE E. HODGSON

*O Lord, we beseech thee that these our oblations may, through
the holy intercession of the blessed hermit, Richard, be accepted by
Thee; that by their virtue we may be protected from all dangers,
and may be strengthened in the love of Thy Name ever more and
more. Through our Lord.*

YORK BRIVIARY

MODERNIZED BY F. M. M. COMPER

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS
THE CLOUD OF UNKNOWING
FOURTEENTH CENTURY

That what I am, Lord, I offer unto Thee, without any looking to any quality of Thy Being, but only that Thou art as Thou art, without any more.

Lift up thine heart unto God with a meek stirring of love . . . And thereto look thee loth to think on aught but Himself. So that nought work in thy wit, nor in thy will, but only Himself. . . . But now thou askest me and sayest, 'How shall I think on Himself, and what is He?' and to this I cannot answer thee but thus: 'I wot not.'

For thou hast brought me with thy question into that same darkness, and into that same cloud of unknowing, that I would thou wert in thyself. For of all other creatures and their works, yea, and the works of God's self, may a man through grace have fullhead of knowing, and well he can think of them: but of God Himself can no man think. And therefore I would leave all that thing that I can think, and choose to my love that thing that I cannot think. For why; He may well be loved, but not thought. By love may He be gotten and holden; but by thought never. . . . And thou shalt step above it stalwartly, but listily, with a devout and a pleasing stirring of love, and try for to pierce that darkness above thee. And smite upon that thick cloud of unknowing with a sharp dart of longing love; and go not thence for thing that befalleth.

And therefore travail fast awhile, and beat upon this high cloud of unknowing, and rest afterwards. . . .

Then will He sometimes peradventure send out a beam of ghostly light, piercing this cloud of unknowing that is betwixt

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thee and Him; and shew thee some of His privy, the which man may not, nor cannot speak. Then shalt thou feel thine affection inflamed with the fire of His love, far more than I can tell thee, or may or will at this time. For of that work, that falleth to only God, dare I not take upon me to speak with my blabbering fleshly tongue: and shortly to say, although I durst I would do not. But of that work that falleth to man when he feeleth him stirred and helped by grace, list me well tell thee: for therein is the less peril of the two.

For silence is not God, nor speaking is not God, fasting is not God, nor eating is not God; loneliness is not God, nor company is not God; nor yet any of all the other two such contraries. He is hid between them, and may not be found by any work of thy soul, but all only by love of thine heart. He may not be known by reason, He may not be gotten by thought, nor concluded by understanding; but He may be loved and chosen with the true lovely will of thine heart. . . . Such a blind shot with the sharp dart of longing love may never fail of the prick, the which is God.

Do thou . . . mean God all, and all God, so that nought work in thy wit and in thy will, but only God.

Heaven ghostly is as nigh down as up, and up as down: behind as before, before as behind, on one side as other. Insomuch, that whoso had a true desire for to be at heaven, then that same time he were in heaven ghostly. For the high and the next way thither is run by desires, and not by paces of feet.

Farewell, ghostly friend, in God's blessing and mine! And I beseech Almighty God, that true peace, holy counsel, and ghostly comfort in God with abundance of grace, evermore be with thee and all God's lovers in earth. Amen.

EDITED BY EVELYN UNDERHILL

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

KABIR *circa* 1440

Within this earthen vessel are bowers and groves, and within it
is the Creator:

Within this vessel are the seven oceans and the unnumbered
stars. . . .

My beloved Lord is within.

O how may I ever express that secret word?

O how can I say He is not like this, and He is like that?

If I say that He is within me, the universe is ashamed:

If I say that He is without me, it is falsehood.

He makes the inner and the outer worlds to be indivisibly one;

The conscious and the unconscious, both are His footstools.

He is neither manifest nor hidden, He is neither revealed nor
unrevealed:

There are no words to tell that which He is.

Within the Supreme Brahma, the worlds are being told like beads:
Look upon that rosary with the eyes of wisdom.

Go where you will, to Benares or to Mathura; if you do not find
your soul, the world is unreal to you.

There is a strange tree, which stands without roots and bears
fruits without blossoming;

It has no branches and no leaves, it is lotus all over.

Why so impatient, my heart?

He who watches over birds, beasts, and insects,

He who cared for you whilst you were yet in your mother's womb,

Shall He not care for you now that you are come forth?

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Between the poles of the conscious and the unconscious, there
has the mind made a swing:

Thereon hang all beings and all worlds. . . .

Millions of beings are there: the sun and the moon in their courses
are there:

Millions of ages pass, and the swing goes on.

All swing! the sky and the earth and the air and the water; and the

Lord Himself taking form:

And the sight of this has made Kabir a servant.

I have drunk of the Cup of the Ineffable.

I have found the Key of the Mystery. . . .

Travelling by no track, I have come to the Sorrowless Land. . . .

Wonderful is that land of rest. . . .

It is the wise who has seen it, it is the wise who has sung of it.

This is the Ultimate Word: but can any express its marvellous
savour?

To what shore would you cross, O my heart? There is no
traveller before you, there is no road:

Where is the movement, where is the rest, on that shore?

There is no water; no boat, no boatman, is there;

There is not so much as a rope to tow the boat, nor a man to draw it.

No earth, no sky, no time, no thing, is there; no shore, no ford:

There, there is neither body nor mind: and where is the place
that shall still the thirst of the soul?

It is the mercy of my true Guru that has made me to know the
unknown;

I have learned from Him how to walk without feet, to see without
eyes, to hear without ears, to drink without mouth, to fly without
wings;

I have brought my love and my meditation into the land where
there is no sun and moon, nor day and night.

Without eating, I have tasted of the sweetness of nectar; and without
water I have quenched my thirst.

TRANSLATED BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

THEOLOGIA GERMANICA 1497

Luther said of the Theologia Germanica:

'Next to the Bible and St. Augustine, no book hath ever come into my hands, whence I have learnt, or would wish to learn more of what God, and Christ, and man and all things are; God grant that this book may be spread abroad.'

And of that eternal love which loveth Goodness as Goodness and for the sake of Goodness, a true, noble, Christ-like life is so greatly beloved, that it will never be forsaken or cast off. Where a man hath tasted this life, it is impossible for him ever to part with it, were he to live until the Judgment Day. And though he must die a thousand deaths, and though all the sufferings that ever befell all creatures could be heaped upon him, he would rather undergo them all than fall away from this excellent life; and if he could exchange it for an angel's life, he would not.

This life is not chosen in order to serve any end, or to get anything by it, but for love of its nobleness, and because God loveth and esteemeth it so greatly. And whoever saith that he hath had enough of it, and may now lay it aside, hath never tasted nor known it; for he who hath truly felt or tasted it, can never give it up again. And he who hath put on the life of Christ with the intent to win or deserve aught thereby, hath taken it up as an hireling and not for love, and is altogether without it. For he who doth not take it up for love, hath none of it at all; he may dream indeed that he hath put it on, but he is deceived. Christ did not lead such a life as His for the sake of reward, but out of love; and love maketh such a life light and taketh away all its hardships, so that it becometh sweet and is gladly endured. But to him who hath not put it on

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from love, but hath done so, as he dreameth, for the sake of reward, it is utterly bitter and a weariness and he would fain be quit of it. And it is a sure token of an hireling that he wisheth his work were at an end. But he who truly loveth it, is not offended at its toil nor suffering, nor the length of time it lasteth.

As soon as a man turneth himself in spirit, and with his whole heart and mind entereth into the mind of God which is above time, all that ever he hath lost is restored in a moment. And if a man were to do thus a thousand times in a day, each time a fresh and real union would take place; and in this sweet and divine work standeth the truest and fullest union that may be in this present time. For he who hath attained thereto, asketh nothing further, for he hath found the Kingdom of Heaven and Eternal Life on earth.

Blessedness lieth not in much and many, but in One and oneness. All the great works and wonders that God has ever wrought . . . or even God Himself with all His goodness, can never make me blessed, but only in so far as they exist and are done and loved, known, tasted, and felt within me.

If our inward man were to make a leap and spring into the Perfect, we should find and taste how that the Perfect is without measure, number or end, better and nobler than all which is imperfect and in part, and the Eternal above the temporal or perishable, and the fountain and source above all that floweth or can ever flow from it. Thus that which is imperfect and in part would become tasteless and be as nothing to us.

The Perfect is none of the things which are in part. The things which are in part can be apprehended, known, and expressed; but the Perfect cannot be apprehended, known, or expressed by any creature as creature. Therefore we do not give a name to the Perfect, for it is none of these. The creature as creature cannot know nor apprehend it, name nor conceive it.

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I would fain be to the Eternal Goodness, what his own hand
is to a man.

For in what measure we put off the creature, in the same measure
are we able to put on the Creator; neither more nor less. Where
heat and light enter in, cold and darkness must needs depart;
it cannot be otherwise.

TRANSLATED BY SUSANNA WINKWORTH

The Miracle of Miracles is that mortal man is made Divine.

EUCKEN

JOHN DONNE 1573

He was of stature moderately tall, of a straight and equally
proportioned body, to which all his words and actions gave an
unexpressible addition of comeliness.

The melancholy and pleasant humour were in him so con-
tempered, that each gave advantage to the other, and made his
company one of the delights of Mankind.

His fancy was inimitably high, equalled only by his great wit;
both being made useful by a commanding judgement.

His aspect was cheerful, and such as gave a silent testimony
of a clear knowing soul, and of a Conscience at peace with itself.

He did much contemplate (especially after he entered into his
Sacred Calling) the mercies of Almighty God, the immortality of
the Soul, and the joys of heaven; and would often say in a kind
of sacred ecstasy, 'Blessed be God that he is God, only and divinely
like Himself.'

He was by nature highly passionate. . . . A great lover of the

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offices of humanity, and of so merciful a spirit, that he never beheld the miseries of Mankind without pity and relief.

He was earnest and unwearied in the search of knowledge, with which his vigorous soul is now satisfied, and employed in a continual praise of that God that first breathed it into his active body; that body, which once was a Temple of the Holy Ghost and is now become a small quantity of Christian dust: — But I shall see it reanimated.

A Preacher in earnest, weeping sometimes for his Auditory, sometimes with them: always preaching to himself, like an Angel from a cloud, but in none; carrying some, as *St. Paul was*, to Heaven in holy raptures, and inticing others by a sacred Art and courtship to amend their lives: here picturing a vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it, and a vertue so as to make it beloved even by those that lov'd it not: and all this with a most particular grace and an unexpressible addition of comeliness.

IZAACK WALTON 1593

Donne wrote some of the most magnificent and astounding pages in our literature. . . . He is Demiourgos — a swart smith at the forge, beating out things worthy of the heavenly city: and he cares not what costly stuff he casts into the furnace, so that he hammer out a paving-stone, or it may be a primrose for it: and, for the sake of a primrose great fiery masses will hurtle up out of Etna. Also one has to peer through the smoke to discern what the artificer, too intent to help you, has there on the anvil. It may be just a primrose, or it may be a whole length of celestial wall. He, absorbed, sees only on the anvil a part of his vision.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

FROM JOHN DONNE

CARELESS DEVOTIONS

But when we consider with a religious seriousness the manifold weaknesses of the strongest devotions in time of Prayer, it is a sad consideration. I throw myself down in my chamber, and I call in and invite God and His Angels thither, and when they are there, I neglect God and His Angels for the noise of a fly, for the rattling of a coach, for the whining of a door; I talk on, in the same posture of praying; eyes lifted up; knees bowed down as though I prayed to God; and if God or His Angels should ask me, when I thought last of God in that prayer, I cannot tell: Sometimes I find that I had forgotten what I was about, but when I began to forget it, I cannot tell. A memory of yesterday's pleasures, a fear of to-morrow's dangers, a straw under my knee, a noise in mine ear, a light in mine eye, an any thing, a nothing, a fancy, a Chimera in my brain, troubles me in my prayer. So certainly is there nothing, nothing in spiritual things, perfect in this world.

ORDERS OF ANGELS

That there are distinct orders of *Angels*, assuredly I believe; but what they are, I cannot tell. . . . They are creatures, that have not so much of a body as *flesh* is, as *froth* is, as a *vapour* is, as a *sigh* is, and yet with a touch they shall moulder a rock into less atoms than the sand that it stands upon; and a millstone into smaller flour than it grinds. They are creatures *made*, and yet not a minute older now than when they were first made, if they were made before all measure of time began. . . . They are super-elementary meteors, they hang between the nature of God and the nature of man . . . they are *ænigmata Divina*, the riddles of heaven, and the perplexities of speculation.

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THE DEATH OF EXTASIE

Death and life are in the power of the tongue, says Solomon, in another sense; and in this sense too, if my tongue, suggested by my heart, and by my heart rooted in faith, can say, *Non moriar, non moriar*; if I can say that the blood of my Saviour runs in my veins, that the breath of His Spirit quickens all my purposes, that all my deaths have their Resurrection, all my sins their remorse, all my rebellions their reconciliations, I will hearken no more after this question, as it is intended *de morte naturali*, of a natural death; I know I must die that death, what care I? nor *de morte spirituali*, the death of sin, I know I do, and shall die so; why despair I? But I will find out another death, *mortem raptus*, a death of rapture and of extasie, that death which *S. Paul* died more than once, the death which *S. Gregory* speaks of, *Divina contemplatio quoddam sepulchrum animæ*, the contemplation of God and heaven, is a kind of burial, and sepulchre, and rest of the soul. And in this death of rapture and extasie, in this death of the contemplation of my interest in my Saviour, I shall find myself and all my sins interred and entombed in His wounds, and like a Lily in Paradise, out of red earth I shall see my soul rise out of His blade, in a candour, and in an innocence, contracted there, acceptable in the sight of His Father.

UNCONSCIOUS PRAYER

That soul that is accustomed to direct herself to God, upon every occasion that, as a flower at sun-rising, conceives a sense of God in every beam of His, and spreads and dilates itself towards Him, in a thankfulness, in every small blessing that He sheds upon her; that soul that as a flower at the sun's declining, contracts and gathers in, and shuts up herself, as though she had received a blow, whensoever she hears her Saviour wounded by an oath, or blasphemy, or execration; that soul who, whatsoever string be struck in her, base or treble, her high or her low estate, is ever tuned toward God, that soul prays sometimes when it does not know that it prays.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

JACOB BOEHME 1575

A DISCOURSE BETWEEN JACOB BOEHME AND HIS DISCIPLE UPON THE SUPERSENSUAL LIFE

The Disciple said to his Master: Sir, how may I come to the Supersensual Life, so that I may see God, and hear God speak?

The Master answered and said: Son, when thou canst throw thyself into That, where no Creature dwelleth, though it be but for a Moment, then thou hearest what God speaketh.

Disciple: Is that where no Creature dwelleth near at hand or is it afar off?

Master: It is in thee. And if thou canst, my Son, for a while but cease from all thy thinking and willing, then thou shalt hear the unspeakable Words of God.

Disciple: How can I hear Him speak, when I stand still from thinking and willing?

Master: When thou standest still from the thinking of self, and the willing of self. When both thy intellect and will are quiet, and passive to the Impressions of the Eternal Word and Spirit; and when thy Soul is winged up, and above that which is temporal, the outward Senses and the Imagination being locked up by holy Abstraction, then the Eternal Hearing, Seeing, and Speaking will be revealed in thee; and so God heareth and seeth through thee, being now the Organ of His Spirit; and so God speaketh in thee, and whispereth to thy Spirit, and thy Spirit heareth His Voice. Blessed art thou therefore if that thou canst stand still from Self-thinking and Self-willing, and canst stop the Wheel of thy Imagination and Senses . . . being made capable of all Manner of Divine Sensations and Heavenly Communications. . . .

Disciple: But wherewith shall I hear and see God, forasmuch as He is above Nature and Creature?

Master: Son, when thou art quiet and silent, then art thou as God was before Nature and Creature . . . then thou hearest and

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seest even with that wherewith God Himself saw and heard in thee, before ever thine own Willing or thine own Seeing began. . .

This thy Willing moreover stops thy Hearing, and maketh thee deaf towards God through thine own thinking upon terrestrial Things and thy attending to that which is without thee; and so it brings thee into a ground where thou art laid hold on and captivated in Nature. And having brought thee hither it overshadows thee with that which thou willest; it binds thee with thine own Chains. . . .

Disciple: But being as I am in Nature and thus bound as with my own Chains and by my own natural Will . . . tell me how I may come through Nature into the supersensual and supernatural Ground, without the destroying of Nature?

Master: Thou must resign up thy Will to God. . . . And if thou dost thus, know that God will speak unto thee and will bring thy resigned will into Himself . . . and then thou shalt hear, my Son, what the Lord speaketh in thee.

Disciple: This is a hard saying, Master, for I must forsake the World and my Life too, if I should do thus.

Master: Be not discouraged hereat. If thou forsakest the World, then thou comest into that out of which the World is made. . . . Thy Life is in God, from whence it came into the Body; and as thou comest to have thine own Power faint and weak and dying, the Power of God will then work in thee and through thee. . . .

Disciple: Ah! How shall I arrive at this Heavenly Understanding, at this Sight of All Things in God, at this pure and naked Knowledge which is abstracted from the Senses; at this Light above Nature and Creature; and at this Participation of the Divine Wisdom which oversees all Things?

Master: Wouldest thou remain untouched by Sensibles; wouldest thou behold Light in the very Light of God, and see all Things thereby; then consider the Words of Christ, Who is that Light, and Who is the Truth. O consider now His Words, Who said, 'Without Me ye can do nothing,' and defer not to apply thyself unto Him. . . . Without such a total Surrender to God, and to

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the Life of God, thou canst never arrive at such a Rest as this, or the true Quiet of the Soul, wherein no Creature can molest thee, or as much as touch thee. . . .

If thou dost once every Hour throw thyself by Faith beyond all Creatures, beyond and above all sensual Perception . . . yea, above Discourse and Reasoning into the abyssal Mercy of God . . . then thou shalt receive Power from above to rule over Death, and the Devil. . . .

Disciple: Blessed is the Man that arriveth to such a State as this. But, alas! poor man that I am, how is this possible as to me? . . .

Master: Son, why art thou so dispirited? . . . If it were that thy Will . . . could break off itself for one Hour . . . from all Creatures, and plunge itself into That where no Creature is, or can be, presently it would be penetrated and clothed upon with the Supreme Splendour of the Divine Glory, would taste in itself the most sweet Love of Jesus, the Sweetness whereof no Tongue can express. . . .

Disciple: This for the Soul would be exceedingly well indeed: but what would then become of the Body seeing that it must of Necessity live in the Creature? . . .

Master: There is no other way for thee that I know but to present the Body 'a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God. . . . ' It would get forth from the Reproach and Contradiction of the World, by a Conformity to the Passion of Jesus Christ; and from the Sorrows and Pains in the Flesh, which are only the Effects of some sensible Impression of Things without, by a quiet Introversion of the Spirit, and secret Communion with the Deity. . . . And it would see and find within itself a new world. . . . And then should a Man wrap his Soul in this, even in the great Love of God, and clothe himself therewith as with a Garment; and should account thence all Things alike; because in the Creature he finds nothing that can give him without God the least Satisfaction; and because also nothing of Harm can touch him more, while he remains in this Love, the which indeed is stronger than all Things, and makes a Man hence invulnerable both from within and without. . . .

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He hath God for his Friend; he hath all His Angels for his Friends; in all Dangers and necessities these protect and relieve him; so that he need fear no Manner of Evil; no Creature can hurt him. God is his Helper; and that is sufficient. . . .

Disciple: Dear Master, pray tell me how I may understand this.

Master: When thou art gone forth wholly from the Creature, and from that which is visible, and art become Nothing to all that is Nature and Creature, then thou art in that Eternal One, which is God Himself. . . .

Nothing is like unto it, and therefore it may fitly be compared to Nothing; for it is deeper than any Thing, and is as Nothing with Respect to All Things, forasmuch as it is not comprehensible by any of them. And because it is Nothing respectively, it is therefore free from All Things; and is that only Good, which a Man cannot express or utter what it is; there being Nothing to which it may be compared, to express it by. . . .

Whosoever finds it, finds All Things. . . . It hath been the Beginning of All Things; and it ruleth All Things. It is also the End of All Things; and will thence comprehend All Things within its Circle. All Things are from it, and in it, and by it. If thou findest it, thou comest into that Ground from whence All Things are proceeded, and wherein they subsist. . . .

Be silent therefore in thy Spirit, and watch unto Prayer; that when we meet again to-morrow in the Love of Christ, thy Mind may be disposed for finding that noble Pearl, which to the World appears Nothing, but which to the Children of Wisdom is All Things.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM LAW

The Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the Deep Things of God.

*Im Wasser lebt der Fisch, die Pflanze in der Erden,
Der Vogel in der Luft, die Sonn' am Firmament;
Der Salamander muss in Feu'r erhalten werden,
Und Gottes Herz ist Jakob Boehmes Element.*

ANGELUS OF SILESIA 1624

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*In the Water lives the fish, the plants in the Earth,
The birds in the Air, the sun in the Firmament;
The Salamander must dwell in the Fire,
But the Heart of God is Jacob Boehme's Element.*

SIR THOMAS BROWNE 1605

THE MIRACLE

Now for my life, it is a miracle . . . which to relate were not a History, but a piece of Poetry, and would sound to common ears like a Fable; for the World, I count it not an Inn, but an Hospital; and a place not to live, but to die in. The world that I regard is myself; it is the Microcosm of my own frame that I cast mine eye on; for the other, I use it but like my Globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perusing only my condition and Fortunes, do err in my Altitude; for I am above Atlas his shoulders. The earth is a point, not only in respect of the Heavens above us, but of that Heavenly, and Celestial part within us: that mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind; that surface that tells the Heavens it hath an end, cannot persuade me I have any; I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty; though the number of the Arc do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my mind; whilst I study to find how I am a Microcosm or little world, I find myself something more than great. There is surely a piece of Divinity in us; something that was before the Elements, and owes no homage unto the Sun.

Socrates was content that his friends should bury his body, so they would not think they buried Socrates.

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The smattering I have of the Philosopher's Stone (which is something more than the perfect exaltation of gold) hath taught me a great deal of divinity, and instructed my belief how that immortal Spirit and incorruptible substance of my soul may be obscure, and sleep awhile within this house of flesh.

Before Abraham was, I Am, is the saying of Christ; yet is it true in some sense, if I say it of my self; for I was not only before my self, but Adam, that is, in the Idea of God, and the decree of that Synod held from all Eternity. And in this sense, I say, the World was before the Creation, and at an end before it had a beginning; and thus was I dead before I was alive: though my grave be England, my dying place was Paradise.

Trismegistus his Circle, whose centre is every where, and circumference no where, was no Hyperbole. Even the most winged Thoughts fall at the setting out, and reach not the portal of Divinity.

Abraham might have thought the Ram in the thicket came thither by accident: human reason would have said that mere chance conveyed Moses in the Ark to the sight of Pharaoh's Daughter. . . . Surely there are in every man's Life certain rubs, doublings, and wrenches, which pass a while under the effects of chance, but at the last, well examined, prove the mere hand of God. When unexpected accidents slip in, and unthought of occurrences intervene, these must proceed from a power that owes no obedience to those Axioms: whereas in the writing upon the wall, we may behold the hand, but see not the spring that moves it.

Be able to be alone. Lose not the advantage of Solitude . . . but delight to be alone and single with Omnipresency.

He who is thus prepared, the Day is not uneasy nor the Night black unto him.

Darkness may bound his Eyes — not his imagination.

In his bed he may ly, like Pompey and his sons, in all quarters

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of the Earth, may speculate the Universe and enjoy the whole world in the Hermitage of himself.

Thus the old ascetic Christians found a Paradise in a Desert, and with little converse on earth, held a conversation in Heaven; thus they astronomized in Caves and though they beheld not the Stars, had the Glory of Heaven before them.

There is nothing strictly immortal, but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning, may be confident of no end.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us.

CONVERSATIONS AND LETTERS OF BROTHER LAURENCE

a lay Brother of the Barefooted Carmelites 1611

The first time I saw Brother Laurence . . . he told me that God had done him a singular favour in his conversion at the age of eighteen. That in the winter, seeing a tree stripped of its leaves, and considering that within a little time the leaves would be renewed, and after that the flowers and fruit appear, he received an high view of the providence and power of God, which has never since been effaced from his soul. This view had kindled in him such a love for God, that he could not tell whether it had increased during in above forty years that he had lived since. . . .

He had desired to be received into a monastery, thinking that his bones would be there broke for his awkwardness and the faults he should commit, and so he should sacrifice to God his life with its pleasures; but that God had disappointed him, he having met with nothing but satisfaction in that state.

That we should establish ourselves in a sense of God's Presence

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by continually conversing with him. . . . That we should feed and nourish our souls with high notions of God . . . and give ourselves up to God, with regard both to things temporal and spiritual, and seek our satisfaction only in the fulfilling of his will, whether he lead us by suffering or by consolation.

That we ought to act with God in the greatest simplicity, speaking to him frankly and plainly, and imploring his assistance in our affairs, just as they happen. . . .

That he had been lately sent into Burgundy, to buy the provision of wine for the society, which was a very unwelcome task for him, because he had no turn for business, and because he was lame and could not go about the boat, but by rolling himself over the casks. That however, he gave himself no uneasiness about it, nor about the purchase of the wine. That he said to God, *It was his business he was about*, and that he afterwards found it very well performed. . . . So, likewise, in his business in the kitchen . . . during fifteen years that he had been employed there.

That his prayer was nothing else but a sense of the Presence of God, his soul being at that time insensible to everything but divine love; and that when the appointed times of prayer were past, he found no difference, because he still continued with God, praising and blessing Him with all his might, so that he passed his life in continual joy. . . . The time of business, said he, does not with me differ from the time of prayer, and in the noise and clatter of my kitchen, while several persons are at the same time calling for different things, I possess God in as great tranquillity as if I were upon my knees at the Blessed Sacrament.

I have quitted all forms of devotions and set prayers but those to which my state obliges me. And I make it my business only to persevere in His Holy Presence, wherein I keep myself by a simple attention, and a general fond regard to God, which I may call an *actual Presence* of God; or, to speak better, an habitual, silent, and secret conversation of the soul with God. . . . In short, I am assured beyond all doubt that my soul has been with God above

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these thirty years. . . . When I apply myself to prayer, I feel all my spirit and all my soul lift itself up without any care or effort of mine, and it continues as it were suspended and firmly fixed in God, as in its centre and place of rest.

THOMAS TRAHERNE 1620

All transient things are permanent in God.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

Will you see the infancy of this sublime and celestial greatness? Those pure and virgin apprehensions I had from the womb, and that divine light wherewith I was born, are the best unto this day, wherein I can see the Universe. By the Gift of God they attended me into the world, and by His special favour I remember them till now. Certainly Adam in Paradise had not more sweet and curious apprehensions of the world, than I when I was a child.

All appeared new and strange at first, inexpressibly rare and delightful and beautiful. I was a little stranger, which at my entrance into the world was saluted and surrounded with innumerable joys. My knowledge was Divine. I knew by intuition those things which since my Apostasy, I collected again by the highest reason. My very ignorance was advantageous. I seemed as one brought into the Estate of Innocence. All things were spotless and pure and glorious; yea, and infinitely mine, and joyful and precious. I knew not that there were any sins, or complaints or laws. I dreamed not of poverties, contentions, or vices. All

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tears and quarrels were hidden from mine eyes. Everything was at rest, free and immortal. I knew nothing of sickness or death, or rents or exactions, either for tribute or bread. In the absence of these I was entertained like an Angel with the works of God in their splendour and glory. . . . All Time was Eternity and Sabbath. Is it not strange that an infant should be heir of the whole World, and see those mysteries which the books of the learned never unfold?

The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold: the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me, their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap. . . . The Men! O what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem! Immortal Cherubims! And young men glittering and sparkling Angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! Boys and girls tumbling in the street and playing, were moving jewels. I knew not that they were born or should die; but all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places. The city seemed to stand in Eden, or to be built in Heaven. The streets were mine, the Temple was mine, the people were mine, their clothes and gold and silver were mine. The skies were mine and so were the sun and moon and stars. And all the world was mine, and I the only spectator and enjoyer of it.

THE SALUTATION

These little limbs
These eyes and hands which here I find,
These rosy cheeks wherewith my life begins,
Where have ye been? behind
What curtain were ye from me hid so long,
Where was, in what abyss, my speaking tongue?

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When silent I
So many thousand, thousand years
Beneath the dust did in a chaos lie,
How could I smiles or tears,
Or lips or hands or eyes or ears perceive?
Welcome ye treasures which I now receive. . . .

Long time before
I in my mother's womb was born,
A God preparing did this glorious store,
The world for me adorn.
Into this Eden so divine and fair,
So wide and bright, I came His son and heir.

A stranger here
Strange things doth meet, strange glories see;
Strange treasures lodg'd in this fair world appear,
Strange all and new to me;
But that they mine should be, who nothing was,
That strangest is of all, yet brought to pass.

Your enjoyment of the world is never right till every morning you awake in Heaven; see yourself in your Father's Palace: and look upon skies the earth and the air as Celestial joys; having such a reverend esteem of all as if you were among the Angels. . . .

You never enjoy the world aright till the Sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the Heaven and crowned with the stars and perceive yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world, and more than so, because men are in it who are every one sole heirs as well as you. Till you can sing and rejoice and delight in God, as misers do in gold, and Kings in sceptres, you never enjoy the world.

Till your spirit filleth the whole world, and the stars are your jewels; till you are as familiar with the ways of God in all Ages as with your walk and table; till you are intimately acquainted with that shady nothing out of which the world was made; till you love

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men so as to desire their happiness, with a thirst equal to the zeal of your own; till you delight in God for being good to all: you never enjoy the world. Till you more feel it than your private estate, and are more present in the hemisphere, considering the glories and beauties there, than in your own house: Till you remember how lately you were made, and how wonderful it was when you came into it: and more rejoice in the palace of your glory, than if it had been made but to-day morning.

Then did I dwell within a world of Light,
Distinct and separate from all men's sight,
Where I did feel strange thoughts, and such things see
That were, or seem'd, only reveal'd to me. . . .
No business serious seem'd but one; no work
But one was found; and that did in me lurk.

D'ye ask me what? It was with clearer eyes
To see all creatures full of Deities. . . .
And every stone and every star, a tongue,
And every gale of wind a curious song.
The Heavens were an Oracle, and spake
Divinity.

Socrates was wont to say – They are most happy and nearest the Gods that needed nothing. And coming once into the Exchange at Athens, where they that traded asked him, What will you buy; what do you lack? After he had gravely walked up into the middle, spreading forth his hands and turning about, Good Gods, saith he, who would have thought there were so many things in the world which I do not want! And so left the place under the reproach of Nature. He was wont to say: That Happiness consisted not in having many, but in needing the fewest things: for the Gods needed nothing at all, and they were most like them that least needed. We needed Heaven and Earth, our senses, such souls and such bodies, with infinite riches in the Image of God to be enjoyed: Which God of His mercy having freely prepared, they are most happy that so live in the enjoyment of those, as to need no accidental trivial things, no Splendours, Poms, and Vanities.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

The Soul is a miraculous abyss of infinite abysses, an undrainable ocean, an unexhausted fountain of endless oceans, when it will exert itself to fill and fathom them.

EDITED BY BERTRAM DOBELL

MIGUEL MOLINOS 1627

In omnibus debemus subicere voluntatem nostram voluntati Divinae, haec est enim pax voluntatis nostrae, ut sit per omnia conformis voluntati Divinae.

HUGO CARDINALIS

The way of inward peace is in all things to conform to the pleasure and disposition of the Divine Will. Such as would have all things succeed and come to pass according to their own fancy, are not come to know this way. And therefore lead a harsh and bitter life, always restless and out of humour, without treading in the way of peace, which consists in a total conformity to the will of God.

Finally, be not afflicted nor discouraged to see thyself faint-hearted; He returns to quiet thee, that still He may stir thee; because this Divine Lord will be alone with thee, to rest in thy soul, and form therein a rich throne of peace; that within thine own heart, by means of internal recollection, and with His heavenly grace, thou mayest look for silence in tumult, solitude in company, light in darkness, forgetfulness in pressures, vigour in despondency, courage in fear, resistance in temptation, peace in war, and quiet in tribulation.

Let the soul, then, when it enters into recollection, place itself at the gate of Divine Mercy, which is the amiable and sweet

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remembrance of the Cross and Passion of the Word that was made Man and died for Love. Let it stand there with humility, resigned to the Will of God, in whatsoever it pleases the Divine Majesty to do with it; and if, from that holy and sweet remembrance, it soon falls into forgetfulness, there is no necessity of making a new repetition. Only continue silent and quiet in the Presence of the Lord.

By not speaking, nor desiring, and not thinking, one arrives at the true and perfect Mystical Silence, wherein God speaks with the soul, communicates Himself to it, and in the abyss of its own depth, teaches it the most perfect and exalted wisdom.

Thou art to keep thyself in this Mystical Silence if thou wouldest hear the sweet and Divine Voice.

Rest in this Mystical Silence and open the door that so God may communicate Himself unto thee, unite with thee, and then form thee unto Himself.

The perfection of the soul consists not in speaking, nor in thinking much on God, but in loving Him sufficiently.

The happy souls which are guided by God, by the secret way of the interior walk and of purgative contemplation, must suffer above all strong temptations. . . .

But the desolate soul that must die in itself, and put off and make clean its heart, surrounded by temptations, darkness, anguish, affliction, sorrow, and rigid doubts, doth taste of death every moment in its tremendous desolation, without feeling the least comfort, with an affliction so great that the pain of it seems nothing else than a death prolonged, and a continual martyrdom.

Thy sorrow will seem to thee insuperable, and thine afflictions past the power of comfort.

Thou wilt see thyself begirt with grief, and besieged with sorrows.

But if thou, O blessed soul, shouldest know how much thou art beloved and defended by that Divine Lord, in the midst of thy long torments, thou wouldest find them so sweet that it would be necessary that God should work a miracle to let thee live.

He is within thee that fighteth for thee, and He is strength itself.

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JOHN BUNYAN 1628

As I walk'd through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place, where was a Denn; And I laid me down in that place to sleep; And as I slept I dreamed a Dream. I dreamed, and behold *I saw a Man cloathed with Raggs, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own House, a Book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back.* I looked, and saw him open the Book, and Read therein; and as he Read, he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, *what shall I do?* . . .

I saw also that he looked this way, and that way, as if he would run; yet he stood still, because as I perceived, he could not tell which way to go. I looked then, and saw a Man named *Evangelist* coming to him, and asked, *Wherefore dost thou cry?* He answered Sir, I perceive, by the Book in my hand, that I am Condemned to die, and after that to come to Judgement. . . .

Then said *Evangelist*, Why not willing to die? since this life is attended with so many evils? The Man answered, Because I fear that this burden that is upon my back, will sink me lower than the Grave; and I shall fall into Tophet. . . .

So I saw in my Dream, that the Man began to run: Now he had not run far from his own door, but his Wife and Children perceiving it, began to cry after him to return; but the Man put his fingers in his Ears, and ran on crying, Life, Life, Eternal Life.

But we will come again to this Valley of *Humiliation*. It is the best, and most fruitful piece of Ground in all those parts. It is fat Ground, and as you see, consisteth much in Meddows; and if a man was to come here in the Summertime as we do now, if he knew not any thing before thereof and if he also delighted himself in the sight of his Eyes, he might see that that would be delightful to him. Behold, how green this Valley is, also how beautified *with*

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Lillies. I have also known many labouring Men that have got good Estates in this Valley of *Humiliation*. (For God resisteth the Proud, but gives *more, more* Grace to the Humble;) for indeed it is a very fruitful Soil, and doth bring forth by handfuls. Some also have wished that the next way to their Father's House were here, that they might be troubled no more with either Hills or Mountains to go over; but the way is the way, and there's an end.

Now as they were going along and talking, they espied a Boy feeding his Father's Sheep. The Boy was in very mean Cloaths, but of a very fresh and wellfavoured Countenance, and as he sat by himself he Sung. Hark, said Mr. *Greatheart*, to what the Shepherd's Boy saith. So they hearkened, and he said:

*He that is down, needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no Pride:
He that is humble, ever shall
Have God to be his Guide.*

*I am content with what I have,
Little be it, or much:
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.*

*Fulness to such a burden is
That go on Pilgrimage:
Here little, and hereafter Bliss,
Is best from Age to Age.*

Then said their *Guide*, do you hear him? I will dare to say, that this Boy lives a merrier Life, and wears more of that Herb called *Hearts-ease* in his Bosom, than he that is clad in Silk, and Velvet.

After this, it was noised abroad that Mr. *Valiant-for-Truth* was taken with a Summons, by the same *Post* as the other, and had this for a Token that the Summons was true, That *his Pitcher was broken at the Fountain*. When he understood it, he called for his Friends, and told them of it. Then said he, I am going to my Fathers, and tho with great Difficulty I am got hither, yet now

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I do not repent me of all the Trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My *Sword*, I give to him that shall succeed me in my Pilgrimage, and my *Courage* and *Skill*, to him that can get it.

My *Marks* and *Scarrs* I carry with me, to be a Witness for me, that I have fought his Battels, who now will be my Rewarder. When the Day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the River side, into which, as he went, he said: *Death, where is thy Sting?* And as he went down deeper, he said, *Grave, where is thy Victory?* So he passed over, and all the Trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

When Mr. *Stand-fast* had thus set things in order, and the time being come for him to haste him away; he also went down to the River. Now there was a great Calm at that time in the River, wherefore Mr. *Stand-fast*, when he was about half way in, he stood a while and talked to his Companions that had waited upon him thither. And he said,

This River has been a Terror to many, yea the thoughts of it also have often frightened me. But now methinks I stand easie, my Foot is fixed upon that, upon which the Feet of the Priests that bare the Ark of the Covenant stood, while *Israel* went over this *Jordan*. The Waters indeed are to the Palate Bitter, and to the Stomach cold; yet the thoughts of what I am going to, and of the Conduct that waits for me on the other side, doth lie as a glowing Coal at my Heart.

I see my self now at the *end* of my Journey, my *toilesome* Days are ended. I am going now to see that Head that was Crowned with Thorns, and *that* Face that was spit upon, for me.

I have formerly lived by Hear-say and Faith, but now I go where I shall live by Sight, and shall be with him in whose Company I delight my self.

I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of, and wherever I have seen the print of his Shooe in the Earth, there I have coveted to set my Foot too.

His name has been to me as a Civit-Box, yea, sweeter than all Perfumes. His Voice to me has been most sweet, and his Counte-

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nance, I have more desired^l than they that have most desired the Light of the Sun. His Word I did use to gather for my Food, and for Antidotes against my Faintings. He has held me, and hath kept me from mine Iniquities; Yea, my steps hath he strengthened in his Way.

Now while he was thus in Discourse, his Countenance changed, his *strong-man* bowed under him, and after he had said, *Take me, for I come unto thee*, he ceased to be seen of them.

The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper Chamber, whose window opened towards the Sun rising; the name of the Chamber was *Peace*, where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang.

Then there came to him a hand, with some of the leaves of the Tree of Life, the which Christian took and applied to the wounds he had received in the battle, and was healed immediately.

WILLIAM LAW 1686

God, the only good of all intelligent natures, is not an absent or distant God, but is more present in us and to our souls than our own bodies; and we are strangers to Heaven, and without God in the world, for this only reason – because we are void of the Spirit of Prayer, which alone can and never fails to unite us with the one only good, and to open Heaven and the Kingdom of God within us.

For the sun meets not the springing bud that stretches towards him with half that certainty as God, the Source of all good, communicates Himself to the soul that longs to partake of Him.

Awake then thou that sleepest, and Christ, Who from all Eternity hath been espoused to thy soul, shall give thee Light.

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Begin to search and dig in thine own field for this Pearl of Eternity, that lieth hidden in it ; it cannot cost thee too much, nor canst thou buy it too dear, for it is all.

The Word, which is the Wisdom of God, is in thy heart. It is there as a speaking Word of God in thy soul; and as soon as thou art ready to hear, this eternal, speaking Word will speak Wisdom and Love. Sure it is not art or science, or skill in grammar or logic, but the opening of the divine Life in the soul, that can give true understanding of the things of God.

There is but one salvation for all mankind, and the way to it is one; and that is, the desire of the soul turned to God. This desire brings the soul to God, and God into the soul; it unites with God, it co-operates with God, and is one life with God. O my God . . . how great is Thy love and mercy to mankind, that heaven is thus everywhere open, and Christ thus the common Saviour to all that turn the desire of their hearts to Thee! No creature can have any union or communion with the goodness of the Deity till its life is a spirit of love. This is the one only bond of union betwixt God and his creature. Love has no by-ends, wills nothing but its own increase: everything is as oil to its flame. The spirit of love does not want to be rewarded, honoured, or esteemed; its only desire is to propagate itself, and become the blessing and happiness of everything that wants it.

Thy reason and senses, thy heart and passions have turned all their attention to the poor concerns of this life, and therefore thou art a stranger to this principle of Heaven, this riches of Eternity within thee. For as God is not, cannot be, truly found by any worshipper but those who worship Him in spirit and in truth, so this Light and Spirit, though always within us, is not, cannot be, found, felt, or enjoyed but by those whose whole Spirit is turned to it.

When, therefore, the first spark of a desire after God arises in thy soul, cherish it with all thy care; give all thy heart unto it; it is nothing less than a touch of the divine loadstone that is to draw

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thee out of the vanity of time unto the riches of Eternity. Get up therefore and follow it as gladly as the Wise Men of the East followed the Star from heaven that appeared unto them. It will do for thee as the Star did for them; it will lead thee to the birth of Jesus, not in a stable at Bethlehem in Judea, but to the birth of Jesus in the centre of thine own fallen soul.

If you were to use yourself . . . to pray always in the same place; if you were to reserve that place for devotion, and not allow yourself to do anything common in it; if you were never to be there yourself but in times of devotion; if any little room . . . if any particular part of a room was thus used, this kind of consecration of it, as a place holy unto God, would have an effect upon your mind, and dispose you to such tempers, as would very much assist your devotion. For by having a place thus sacred in your room, it would in some measure resemble a chapel or house of God. . . . Your own apartment would raise in your mind such sentiments as you have when you stand near an altar; and you would be afraid of thinking or doing anything that was foolish near that place which is the place of prayer and holy intercourse with God.

Dominus illuminatio mea.

SWEDENBORG— THE OLYMPIAN JOVE OF MYSTICS 1688

Swedenborg saw Nature 'wreathing through an everlasting spiral, with wheels that never dry, on axles that never creak,' and sometimes sought 'to uncover those secret recesses where Nature is sitting at the fires in the depths of her laboratory.'

EMERSON

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

What I relate comes from no mere inward persuasion. I recount the things I have seen. I do not labour to recall and to express the manifestation made me in some moment of ecstatic exaltation. I write you down a plain statement of journeys and conversations in the spiritual world, which have made the greater part of my daily history for many years together. I take my stand upon experience. I have proceeded by observation and induction as strict as that of any man of science among you. Only it has been given me to enjoy an experience reaching into two worlds – that of spirit, as well as that of matter.

I was once asked, how from a philosopher I became a theologian; and I answered, 'In the same way that fishermen were made disciples by the Lord.'

The whole day I spent in prayer, in songs of praise, in reading God's Word, and fasting. This much have I learned in spiritual things, that there is nothing for it but to humble oneself, and with all humility to desire nothing but the grace of Christ. . . . The Holy Spirit taught me all this, but I in my weak understanding passed over humility, which yet is the foundation of all.

I was elevated into heaven interiorly by degrees; and in proportion as I was elevated my understanding was cleared, so that I was at length enabled to perceive things which at first I did not perceive, and finally, such things as it had been impossible for me to comprehend.

I have spoken with many Spirits. It has been my destiny to live for years in company with Spirits.

It is not hidden from me that many will say that no one can ever speak with Spirits and Angels as long as he lives in the body; and many will say that it is all fantasy, others that I relate such things to gain credence, and others again other things. But by this I am not

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deterred; for I have seen, I have heard, and I have felt what I relate. The things I have habitually seen are not visions, but things seen in the highest wakefulness of the body, and now for several years.

By 'being in the Spirit', which is sometimes mentioned in the Word, is meant a state of mind separate from the body; in that state the prophets saw such things as exist in the spiritual world. But I have been in the spirit and at the same time in the body, and only several times out of the body.

THE DIVINE LOVE AND WISDOM ARE SEEN IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD AS A SUN. There are two worlds, the spiritual and the natural; they are quite distinct and communicate only by correspondences.

These two worlds being thus distinct, it is evident that the sun of the spiritual world is different from that of the natural world. For in the spiritual world there are heat and light just as in the natural world; but the heat there is spiritual and so is the light; and spiritual heat is the good of charity and spiritual light is the truth of faith. Now since heat and light can flow from no other source than a sun, it is evident that in the spiritual world there is a different sun from that of the natural world; and further, that the sun of the spiritual world is by its very nature capable of emitting spiritual heat and light, while the sun of the natural world is by its very nature capable of emitting natural heat. . . .

The existence of any other sun than that of the natural world has hitherto been unknown. The reason is that man's spiritual thought has become so completely natural that he does not know what the term spiritual means, nor consequently that there is a spiritual world inhabited by Spirits and Angels, different and separate from the natural world. As the spiritual world has been so completely hidden from those who are in the natural world, it has pleased the Lord to open the sight of my spirit, that I might see the things that exist in that world as I see those in the natural world, and afterwards describe them.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

That the form of man's spirit is the human form, is evident from the fact that man is man from his spirit and not from his body; and that the corporeal form is added to the spirit according to its form, and not the reverse; for the spirit is clothed with a body according to its own form.

They who are in Heaven are continually advancing to the spring-time of life; and the more thousands of years they live, the more delightful and happy is the spring to which they attain. Women who have died old and worn out with age, if they have lived in faith in the Lord, and in charity toward their neighbour, come, with the succession of years, more and more into the flower of youth . . . and into beauty which exceeds all idea of beauty ever perceivable by our sight.

When a man passes from one life into the other, or from one world into the other, it is like passing from one place to another; for he carries with him all things which he possessed in himself as a man, so that it cannot be said that the man after death, which is only the death of the earthly body, has lost anything of himself. He carries with him natural memory, for he retains everything which he has heard, seen, read, from earliest infancy to the end of life.

The whole natural world corresponds to the spiritual world, not only in general, but also in particular. Whatever, therefore, in the natural world exists from the spiritual is said to be its correspondent.

How charming is Divine Philosophy!

WALT WHITMAN 1819

I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,
And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of sand, and the
egg of the wren.

SPIRITUAL TEACHERS

And the tree-toad is a chef-d'œuvre for the highest,
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlours of heaven,
And the narrowest hinge in my hands puts to scorn all machinery,
And the cow crunching with depress'd head surpasses any statue,
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels.

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and
self-contain'd.

I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,

They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,

Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of
owning things,

Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of
years ago,

Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

My faith is the greatest of faiths and the least of faiths,

Enclosing worship ancient and modern and all between ancient and
modern.

Believing I shall come again upon the earth after five thousand
years,

Waiting responses from oracles, honouring the gods, saluting the
sun,

Making a fetish of the first rock or stump, powowing with sticks in
the circle of obis,

Helping the Lama or Brahmin as he trims the lamps of the idols . . .

Accepting the Gospels, accepting him that was crucified, knowing
assuredly that he is divine,

To the mass kneeling or the puritan's prayer rising, or sitting
patiently in a pew,

I know every one of you, I know the sea of torment, doubt,
despair and unbelief.

I take my place among you as much as among any,

I do not know what is untried and afterward,

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

But I know it will in its turn prove sufficient, and cannot fail.
It cannot fail the young man who died and was buried,
Nor the young woman who died and was put by his side,
Nor the little child that peep'd in at the door, and then drew back
and was never seen again.
Nor the old man who has lived without purpose, and feels it with
bitterness worse than gall.
Nor anything in the earth, or down in the oldest graves of the earth,
Nor anything in the myriads of spheres, nor the myriads of myriads
that inhabit them,
Nor the present, nor the least wisp that is known.

What is known I strip away,
I launch all men and women forward with me into the Unknown.
The clock indicates the moment – but what does eternity indicate?
We have thus far exhausted trillions of winters and summers,
There are trillions ahead, and trillions ahead of them.
I do not call one greater and one smaller,
That which fills its period and place is equal to any.
I am an acme of things accomplish'd, and an encloser of things to be.
My feet strike an apex of the apices of the stairs,
On every step bunches of ages, and larger bunches between the
steps,
All below duly travell'd, and still I mount and mount.
Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind me,
Afar down I see the huge first Nothing, I know I was even there,
I waited unseen and always, and slept through the lethargic mist.
Immense have been the preparations for me,
Faithful and friendly the arms that have help'd me.
Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen,
For room to me stars kept aside in their own rings,
They sent influences to look after what was to hold me.
Before I was born out of my mother, generations guided me,
My embryo has never been torpid, nothing could overlay it.
For it the nebula cohered to an orb,
The long slow strata piled to rest it on,

SPIRITUAL TEACHERS

Vast vegetables gave it sustenance,
Monstrous sauroids transported it in their mouths and deposited
it with care.

All forces have been steadily employ'd to complete and delight me.
Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul.

I open my scuttle at night and see the far-sprinkled systems,
And all I see multiplied as high as I can cipher edge but the rim of
the farther systems.

Wider and wider they spread, expanding, always expanding.

My sun has his sun and round him obediently wheels,

He joins with his partners a group of superior circuit.

If I, you, and the worlds, and all beneath or upon their surfaces,
were this moment reduced back to a pallid float, it would not
avail in the long run,

We should surely bring up again where we now stand,

And surely go as much farther, and then farther and farther.

A few quadrillions of eras, a few octillions of cubic leagues, do not
hazard the span or make it impatient,

They are but parts, anything is but a part.

See ever so far, there is limitless space outside of that,

Count ever so much, there is limitless time around that.

My rendezvous is appointed, it is certain,

The Lord will be there and wait till I come on perfect terms.

EARTH

O EARTH, EARTH, EARTH, HEAR THE WORD OF
THE LORD

Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd
And now a bubble burst, and now a World.

They come gathered together from the East to the West, by the
Word of the Holy One.

Baruch

Die Natur ist ein schlafender Geist.

SCHELLING 1775

Nature is a sleeping spirit.

Nature is a Vision of the Science of the Elohim.

BLAKE 1757

Ich häufe ungeheure Zahlen,
Gebürge Millionen auf,
Ich setze Zeit auf Zeit und Welt auf Welt zu Hauf.

A. VON HALLER

E A R T H

Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth: and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed. But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.

Psalms

Here, there, within, without,
Evry where is mighty Pan:
Search and ye shall find him out
Chiefely in the hearte of man.
there he
loves to be
As in a temple brighte
cleane swepte,
purely kepte
From polluting dreggs of night.

Fire, ayre, the sea, and earth,
Shewe the workinge of his hand:
Whence they all receive theyre birth,
And obey att his command.
they move
by his love
In due vicissitude:
but man
only can
Boaste his hearte with him endude.

Bright starres, lightning, and winde,
Who can tell us howe they goe.
But more difficulte, and blinde
Are his secret wayes to knowe.
go then
fir'd agen

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With warme enlightning rayes
dance, singe
leape and springe
Ravisht with his holy prayse.

ANONYMOUS 17TH CENTURY LYRIC

DISCOVERED BY NORMAN AULT

RE-RENDERED BY V. DE S. PINTO AND NEILL WRIGHT

TO EARTH, THE MOTHER OF ALL

Concerning Earth, the mother of all, shall I sing, firm Earth, eldest of Gods, that nourishes all things in the world; all things that fare on the sacred land, all things in the sea, all flying things, all are fed out of her store. Through thee, revered Goddess, are men happy in their children and fortunate in their harvest. Thine it is to give or to take life from mortal men. Happy is he whom thou honourest with favouring heart; to him all good things are present innumerable: his fertile field is laden, his meadows are rich in cattle, his house filled with all good things. Such men rule righteously in cities of fair women, great wealth and riches are theirs, their children grow glorious in fresh delights: their maidens joyfully dance and sport through the soft meadow flowers in floral revelry. Such are those that thou honourest, holy Goddess, kindly spirit. Hail, Mother of the Gods, thou wife of starry Ouranos, and freely in return for my ode give me sufficient livelihood. Anon will I be mindful of thee and of another lay.

HOMERIC HYMN

TRANSLATED BY ANDREW LANG

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains —
Are not these, O Soul, the vision of Him who reigns?

TENNYSON 1809

Beneath the veil of each atom is hidden the soul-ravishing beauty
of the face of the Beloved.

MAHMŪD SHABISTARĪ

TRANSLATED BY E. H. WHINFIELD

EARTH

Each speck of matter did He constitute
A mirror, causing each one to reflect
The beauty of His visage. From the rose
Flashed forth His beauty, and the nightingale
Beholding it, loved madly. From that fire
The candle drew the lustre which beguiles
The moth to immolation. On the sun
His beauty shone, and straightway from the wave
The lotus reared its head. . . .
His Beauty everywhere doth show itself,
And through the forms of earthly beauties shines
Obscured as through a veil. . . .
Where'er thou seest a veil,
Beneath that veil He hides.

JĀMĪ 1414

TRANSLATED BY E. G. BROWNE

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

'In no strange land.'

O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air —
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumour of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars! —
The drift of pinions, would we hearken
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

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The angels keep their ancient places; —
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry; — and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched between Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my Daughter,
Cry, clinging Heaven by the hems;
And lo, Christ walking on the water,
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!

FRANCIS THOMPSON 1860

Beauty — a living Presence of the earth
Surpassing the most fair ideal Forms
Which craft of delicate Spirits hath composed
From Earth's materials — waits upon my steps;
Pitches her tent before me as I move,
An hourly neighbour.

WORDSWORTH 1770

I felt
Gleams like the flashing of a shield; — the Earth
And common face of Nature spake to me
Rememberable things.

Ibid.

Ye Presences of Nature in the sky
And on the Earth! Ye Visions of the hills!
And souls of lonely places!

Ibid.

EARTH

The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea.
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with His eternal motion make
A sound like thunder — everlastingly.

Ibid.

All things among the mountains breathed immortality.

Ibid.

If a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds will separate between him and what he touches. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. . . . If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the City of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of Beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile. . . .

The lover of Nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other; who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the area of manhood. His intercourse with heaven and earth becomes part of his daily food. . . . Not the sun or the summer alone, but every hour and season yields its tribute of delight. . . . Crossing a bare common, in snow puddles, at twilight, under a clouded sky . . . I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. I am glad to the brink of fear. In the woods, too, a man casts off his years, as the snake his slough, and at what period soever of life is always a child. In the woods is perpetual

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

youth. Within these plantations of God, a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed. . . . In the woods we return to reason and faith. . . . Standing on the bare ground — my head bathed by the blithe air, and uplifted into infinite space — all mean egotism vanishes. . . . The currents of the Universal Being circulate through me, I am part or particle of God. . . . I am the lover of uncontained and immortal Beauty.

EMERSON 1803

Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And to all the world besides.
Each part may call the farthest, brother;
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so far
But man has caught and kept it as his prey;
His eyes dismount the highest star;
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there. . . .

The stars have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain which the sun withdraws.
Music and light attend our head,
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being: to our mind
In their ascent and cause. . . .

More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of. In every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
O mighty love! Man is one World, and hath
Another to attend him.

GEORGE HERBERT 1593

EARTH

And hence, from the same source,
Sublimed joy; for I would walk alone,
Under the quiet stars, and at that time
Have felt whate'er there is of power in sound
To breathe an elevated mood, by form
Or image unprofaned; and I would stand,
If the night blackened with a coming storm,
Beneath some rock, listening to notes that are
The ghostly language of the ancient earth,
Or make their dim abode in distant winds.
Thence did I drink the visionary power;
And deem not profitless those fleeting moods
Of shadowy exultation: not for this,
That they are kindred to our purer mind
And intellectual life; but that the soul,
Remembering how she felt, but what she felt
Remembering not, retains an obscure sense
Of possible sublimity, whereto
With growing faculties she doth aspire,
With faculties still growing, feeling still
That whatsoever point they gain, they yet
Have something to pursue.

WORDSWORTH

I hold him happiest
Who, before going quickly whence he came,
Hath looked ungrieving on these majesties,
The world-wide sun, the stars, waters and clouds
And fire. Live, Parmeno, a hundred years
Or a few weeks, these thou wilt always see,
And never, never, any greater thing.

MENANDER 342 B.C.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

This is a piece too fair
To be the child of Chance, and not of Care.
No Atoms casually together hurl'd
Could e'er produce so beautifull a world.

DRYDEN 1631

What if Earth
Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein
Each to other like, more than on Earth is thought?

MILTON 1608

A most ancient shoreless sea of forms incomprehensibly interchanging and intermingling, but symbolizing the protean magic of that Infinite Unknown that shapes and reshapes for ever, all Cosmic Being.

LAFCADIO HEARN 1850

Paradise is still upon earth, and only because of our self-thinking and self-willing we do not see and hear God.

JACOB BOEHME 1575

There will never be any more perfection than there is now, nor any more of Heaven or hell than there is now. . . . Why should I wish to see God better than this day.

WALT WHITMAN 1819

When thou seest an Eagle, thou seest a portion of Genius; lift up thy head! . . . The pride of the peacock is the glory of God.

BLAKE

E A R T H

The sage Teu Tse one day pointed to a stone lying near the temple gate and remarked, 'Therein reside all the Buddhas of the past, the present and the future.'

A. K. COOMARASWAMY

And every rock is deluged with Deity.

EMERSON

*L'anima d'ogni bruto e delle piante
di complession potenziata tira
lo raggio e il moto delle luci sante.*

DANTE 1265

The life of every brute and of the plants is drawn from compounds having potency, by the ray and movement of the sacred lights.

TRANSLATED BY PHILIP H. WICKSTEED

Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice.

WORDSWORTH

Fine sounds are floating wild about the earth.

Nec requies, quin aut pomis exuberet annus
Aut fetu pecorum aut Cerealis mergite culmi
Proventuque oneret sulcos atque horrea vincat;
Venit hiems, teritur Sicyonia baca trapetis,
Glande sues laeti redeunt, dant arbuta silvae;
Et varios ponit fetus autumnus, et alte
Mitis in apicis coquitur vindemia saxis.

VIRGIL 70 B.C.

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And unceasingly the year lavishes fruit or young of the flock, or sheaf of the cornblade, and loads the furrow and overflows the granary with increase. Winter is come; the Sicyonian berry is crushed in the olive-presses, the swine come home sleek from their acorns, the woodland yields her arbute-clusters, and autumn drops his manifold fruitage, and high up the mellow vintage ripens on the sunny rock.

TRANSLATED BY J. W. MACKAIL

Earth, divine goddess, Mother Nature, who generatest all things and bringest forth anew the sun which thou hast given to the nations; Guardian of sky and sea and of all gods and powers; through thy power all nature falls silent and then sinks in sleep. . . . Again, when thou wilt thou sendest forth the joyous day and givest the nourishment of life with thy eternal surety; and when the soul departs to thee we return. Thou indeed art duly called great Mother of the Gods; thou conquerest by thy divine name. Thou art the source of the strength of nations and of gods, without thee nothing can be brought to perfection or be born; thou art great, queen of the gods. Goddess! I adore thee as divine, I call upon thy name; be pleased to grant that which I ask thee, so shall I give thanks to thee, goddess, with due faith. . . .

Now I make intercession to you, all ye powers and herbs, and to your majesty; ye whom earth, parent of all, hath produced and given as a medicine of health to all nations and hath put majesty upon you, be, I pray you, the greatest help to the human race. This I pray and beseech from you, be present here with your virtues, for she who created you hath herself promised that I may gather you with the goodwill of him on whom the art of medicine was bestowed, and grant for health's sake good medicine by grace of your powers.

12TH CENTURY HERBAL
TRANSLATED BY DR. CHARLES SINGER

EARTH

BLESSED CIARAN AND HIS SCHOLARS

SIXTH CENTURY

The first of the saints to be born in Ireland of the Saints was Ciaran, that was of the blood of the nobles of Leinster. And the first of the wonders he did was in the island of Cleire. . . . There came a hawk in the air over his head, and it stooped down before him and took up a little bird that was sitting on a nest. And pity for the little bird came on Ciaran and it was bad to him the way it was. And the hawk turned back and left the bird before him, and it half dead and trembling; and Ciaran bade it to rise up and it rose and went up safe and well to its nest, by the grace of God. It was Patrick bade Ciaran after that to go to the Well of Uaran, the mering where the north meets with the south in the middle part of Ireland. 'And bring my little bell with you,' he said, 'and it will be without speaking till you come to the Well.' So Ciaran did that and when he reached to the Well of Uaran, for God brought him there, the little bell spoke out on the moment in a bright clear voice. And Ciaran settled himself there, and he alone, and great woods all around the place; and he began to make a little cell for himself, that was weak enough. And one time as he was sitting under the shadow of a tree a wild boar rose up on the other side of it; but when it saw Ciaran it ran from him, and then it turned back again as a quiet servant to him, being made gentle by God. And that boar was the first scholar and the first monk Ciaran had; and it used to be going into the wood and to be plucking rods and thatch between its teeth as if to help towards the building. And there came wild creatures to Ciaran out of the places where they were, a fox and a badger and a wolf and a doe; and they were tame with him and humbled themselves to his teaching the same as brothers. . . . But one day the fox, that was greedy and cunning and full of malice, met with Ciaran's brogues and he stole them and went away, shunning the rest of the company, to his own old den, for he had a mind to eat the brogues. But that was showed to Ciaran, and he sent another monk of the monks of his family

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that was the badger, to bring back the fox to the place where they all were. . . . And Ciaran said to the fox 'O brother,' he said 'why did you do this robbery that was not right for a monk to do? And there was no need for you to do it,' he said, 'for we all have food and water in common, that there is no harm in. But if your nature told you it was better for you to use flesh, God would have made it for you from the bark of those trees that are about you.' Then the fox asked Ciaran to forgive him and to put a penance on him; and Ciaran did that, and the fox used no food till such time as he got leave from Ciaran; and from that out he was as honest as the rest.

PUT DOWN BY LADY GREGORY

Marvan the Hermit in converse with his brother King Gooary of Connaught shows why he renounced his rank of Warrior Prince for a sylvan life.

A SHIELING IN THE WOOD

I have a shieling in the wood,
None knows it save my God:
An ash-tree on the hither side, a hazel-bush beyond,
A huge old tree encompasses it.

Two heath-clad doorposts for support,
And a lintel of honeysuckle:
The forest around its narrowness sheds
Its mast upon fat swine.

The size of my shieling tiny, not too tiny,
Many are its familiar paths:
From its gable a sweet strain sings
A she-bird in her cloak of the ousel's hue. . . .

E A R T H

A hiding mane of green-barked yew
Supports the sky:
Beautiful spot! the large green of an oak
Fronting the storm.

A tree of apples — great its bounty!
Like a hostel, vast!
A pretty bush, thick as a fist, of tiny hazelnuts,
A green mass of branches.

A choice pure spring and princely water
To drink:
There spring watercresses, yew-berries,
Ivy-bushes thick as a man.

Around it tame swine lie down,
Goats, pigs,
Wild swine, grazing deer,
A badger's brood.

A peaceful troop, a heavy host of denizens of the soil,
A-trysting at my house:
To meet them foxes come,
How delightful! . . .

A clutch of eggs, honey, delicious mast,
God has sent it:
Sweet apples, red whortle-berries,
And blaeberrries. . . .

The music of the bright red-breasted men,
A lovely movement!
The strain of the thrush, familiar cuckoos
Above my house.

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Swarms of bees and chafers, the little musicians of the
world,
A gentle chorus:
Wild geese and ducks, shortly before summer's end,
The music of the dark torrent.

An active songster, a lively wren
From the hazel-bough,
Beautiful hooded birds, woodpeckers,
A vast multitude!

Fair white birds come, herons, sea-gulls,
The cuckoo sings between —
No mournful music! dun heathpoults
Out of the russet heather.

IRISH SONG, 10TH CENTURY
TRANSLATED BY KUNO MEYER

Life is sweet, brother. . . . There's day and night, brother,
both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, all sweet things; there's
likewise a wind on the heath.

GEORGE BORROW 1803

THE GARDEN OF ALCINOUS

And without the courtyard hard by the door is a great garden,
of four plough gates, and a hedge runs round on either side. And
there grow tall trees blossoming — pear trees, and pomegranates,
and apple trees with bright fruit, and sweet figs, and olives in their
bloom. The fruit of these trees never perisheth, neither faileth,
winter nor summer, enduring through all the year. Evermore
the West wind blowing, brings some fruits to birth, and ripens
others. Pear upon pear waxes old, and apple on apple, yea, and
cluster ripens upon cluster of the grape, and fig upon fig. There
too hath he a fruitful vineyard planted, whereof the one part is

E A R T H

being dried by the heat, a sunny plot on level ground, while other grapes men are gathering, and yet others they are treading in the wine-press. In the foremost row are unripe grapes that cast the blossom, and others there be that are growing black to vintaging.

There too, skirting the furthest line, are all manner of garden beds, planted trimly, that are perpetually fresh, and therein are two fountains of water, whereof one scatters his streams all about the garden, and the other runs over against it beneath the threshold of the courtyard, and issues by the lofty house, and thence did the townsfolk draw water. These were the splendid gifts of the gods in the palace of Alcinous.

HOMER: THE *Odyssey*

TRANSLATED BY S. H. BUTCHER AND ANDREW LANG

IN PRAISE OF GYPSIES

They are changeless; the world has no power over them. . . .
They go about in our midst untouched by us, but reading our secrets, knowing more about us than we do about ourselves, prophets, diviners, soothsayers. They are our only link with the East, with mystery, with magic. . . .

Like one on a secret errand, they pass through the world. . . .
The Gypsy represents nature before civilization. He is the wanderer whom all of us, who are poets or love the wind, are summed up in. He does what we dream. He is the last romance left in the world. . . .

They are part of the spectacle of the world, which they pass through like a great procession to the sound of passionate and mysterious music. They are here to-day and there to-morrow; you cannot follow them for all the leafy tracks that they leave for each other on the ground. They are distinguishable from the people of every land which they inhabit. There is something in them finer, stranger, more primitive, something baffling. . . .
The mystery of Gypsy eyes, especially in the women, their way

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

of coiling their hair, of adorning themselves with bright colours and many rings and long earrings are to be found whenever one travels east or west. Yet it is eastward that we must go to find their least touched beauty, their original splendour.

ARTHUR SYMONS

GAIS BOHÉMIENS

Sorciers, bateleurs ou filous,
Reste immonde
D'un autre monde,
Sorciers, bateleurs, ou filous,
Gais Bohémiens, d'où venez-vous?

D'où nous venons? l'on n'en sait rien.
L'hirondelle
D'où vous vient-elle?
D'où nous venons, l'on n'en sait rien;
Ou nous irons, le sait-on bien?

Sans pays, sans prince et sans lois,
Notre vie
Doit faire envie.
Sans pays, sans prince et sans lois,
L'homme est heureux un jour sur trois.

Tous indépendans nous naissons,
Sans église
Qui nous baptise,
Tous indépendans nous naissons,
Au bruit de fifre et des chansons. . . .

Pauvres oiseaux que Dieu bénit,
De la ville
Qu'on nous exile;
Pauvres oiseaux que Dieu bénit,
Au fond des bois pend notre nid. . . .

EARTH

Voir, c'est avoir. Allons courir!
Vie errante
Est chose enivrante.
Voir, c'est avoir; allons courir;
Car tout voir, c'est tout conquérir. . . .

Quand nous mourons, vieux ou bambin,
Homme ou femme,
A Dieu soit notre âme!

Quand nous mourons, vieux ou bambin,
On vend le corps au carabin. . . .

Mais croyez-en notre gaîté,
Noble ou prêtre,
Valet ou maître;
Mais croyez-en notre gaîté:
Le bonheur, c'est la liberté.

BÉRANGER 1780

The old hills and rivers, the old earth with her star firmaments and burial-vaults carry on a mysterious unfathomable dialogue with me. It is eight years since I have seen a spring and in such a mood I never saw one. It seems all new and original to me — beautiful, almost solemn. Whose great laboratory is that? The hills stand snow-covered, pale, bright. The black hail-storm awakens in them, rushes down like a black swift ocean tide, valley answering valley, and again the sun blinks out, and the poor sower is casting his grain into the furrow, hopeful he that the *Zodiacs* and far Heavenly Horologues have not faltered: that there will be yet another summer added for us and another harvest.

THOMAS CARLYLE 1795

Immortal Amaranth, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life
Began to bloom, but soon for man's offence
To Heaven removed where first it grew, there grows
And flowers aloft, shading the Fount of Life.

MILTON

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

If I had only two loaves of bread, I would barter one for hyacinths
to nourish my Soul.

MOHAMMED

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing. . . .
The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet —
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to witta-woo!
Spring, the sweet Spring!

THOMAS NASHE 1567

THE SEED SHOP

Here in a quiet and dusty room they lie,
Faded as crumbled stone or shifting sand,
Forlorn as ashes, shrivelled, scentless, dry —
Meadows and gardens running through my hand.

Dead that shall quicken at the trump of spring,
Sleepers to stir beneath June's morning kiss,
Though bees pass over, unremembering,
And no bird seek here bowers that were his.

In this brown husk a dale of hawthorn dreams;
A cedar in this narrow cell is thrust
That will drink deeply of a century's streams;
These lilies shall make summer on my dust.

Here in their safe and simple house of death,
Sealed in their shells, a million roses leap;
Here I can blow a garden with my breath,
And in my hand a forest lies asleep.

MURIEL STUART

EARTH

OF GARDENS

God Almighty first planted a garden. And indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man. I do hold . . . there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year; in which . . . things of beauty may be then in season. . . .

And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes, like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight, than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. Roses, damask and red, are fast flowers of their smells; so that you may walk by a whole row of them and find nothing of their sweetness; yea, though it be in a morning dew. Bays likewise yield no smell as they grow. Rosemary little; nor sweet marjoram. That which above all others yields the sweetest smell in the air, is the violet; specially the white double violet, which comes twice a year. . . . Next to that is the musk-rose. Then the strawberry-leaves dying, which yield a most excellent cordial smell. Then the flower of the vines. Then wall-flowers, which are very delightful to be set under a parlour or lower chamber window. Then pinks and gilly-flowers, specially the matted pink and clove gilly-flower. Then the flowers of the lime-tree. Then the honeysuckles, so they be somewhat afar off. But those which perfume the air most delightfully . . . being trodden upon and crushed, are three: burnet, wild thyme, and watermints. Therefore you are to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread.

FRANCIS BACON 1561

A CONTEMPLATION UPON FLOWERS

Brave flowers, that I could gallant it like you
And be as little vaine,
You come abroad, and make a harmlesse shew,
And to your bedds of Earthe againe;
You are not proud, you know your birth
For your Embroidered garments are from Earth:

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

You doe obey your moneths, and times, but I
Would have it ever springe,
My fate would know noe winter, never dye
Nor thinke of such a thing;
O that I could my bedd of Earth but view
And Smile, and looke as Chearefully as you.

HENRY KING 1592

PERDITA:

Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping:
O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frightened thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The fleur-de-luce being one! O, these I lack
To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

SHAKESPEARE 1564

Lord! how glad and at ease I was! For every where I cast mine eyes were trees clad, each after its kind, with ever-during leaves in colour fresh and green as emerald, a joy to behold: the builder oak, eke the hardy ash . . . the fir to bear sails, the cypress to

EARTH

mourn death, the yew the bowman . . . the olive of peace. . . . the victor palm, and the laurel for divination. . . . By a river in a green mead, where is evermore sweetness enough, I saw a garden, full of blossomy boughs, with white, blue, yellow and red flowers; and cold fountain-streams . . . full of small shining fishes with red fins and silver-bright scales. On every bough I heard the birds sing with the voice of angels in their melody. Some busied them to lead forth their young. . . . Stringed instruments I heard playing harmonies of such ravishing sweetness that God, Maker and Lord of all, never heard better, I trow. At the same time a wind, scarce could it have been gentler, made in the green leaves a soft noise which accorded with the song of the birds above. . . . There grew every wholesome spice and herb, and no man could age or sicken. There was joy a thousand-fold more than man can tell. And it would never be night there, but ever bright day in every man's eye.

CHAUCER 1340

PUT INTO MODERN ENGLISH BY JOHN S. P. TATLOCK AND PERCY MACKAYE

THE LAND WHERE THE IMMORTAL PHOENIX DWELLS

Serene is that pleasant plain; its sunny groves gleameth, winsome its woodland glades. Its increase faileth not, its pleasant fruit; but ever the trees stand green as God gave bidding. In winter and in summer are the groves likewise hung with fruit; never a leaf fadeth in the air. . . . In that land, there is no hated foe, neither weeping nor vengeance, nor any sign of sorrow, nor age nor misery, nor narrow death, failing of life nor coming of the foe, nor sin nor strife nor tribulation, paupers' toil nor want of wealth, sorrow nor sleep nor bed of pain, nor wintry gust, nor tossing tempests raging beneath the sky, neither the hard frost with chill icicles troubleth any. There no hail nor rime fall upon the earth, nor windy cloud; there water falleth not, stirred in air. But flowing streams, wondrous curious wells flow forth, watering the earth with pleasant streams. From the wood's middle, from the turf of earth, each month a

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

winsome water breaketh, cold as the sea, faring abundantly through all the groves. It is the bidding of the Lord that twelve times the joy of water floods shall overflow the glorious land. The groves are hung with bloom and beauteous increase; the holy treasures of the wood wane not beneath the heaven. The fallow blossoms, the beauty of the forest trees fall not upon the ground, but on the trees the boughs are ever wondrous laden, the fruit new in every season. In the grassy plain, the forests fair stand green, joyously garnished by the might of Holy God. Nor is the wood broken in aspect, but there a holy perfume dwelleth in that winsome land. Never shall that know change for ever, until He Who shaped it in the beginning shall bring His ancient Work of Wisdom unto its end.

ASCRIBED TO CYNEWULF 737

TRANSLATED BY C. W. KENNEDY

TO THE CORN GODDESS

These handfuls of corn from the furrows of a tiny field, Demeter lover of wheat, Sosicles the tiller dedicates to thee, having reaped now an abundant harvest: again likewise may he carry back his sickle blunted from shearing of the straw.

PHILIPPUS 20

TRANSLATED BY J. W. MACKAIL

Thou perceivest the Flowers put forth their precious Odours,
And none can tell how from so small a centre comes such sweets,
Forgetting that within that Centre Eternity expands. . . .
First, e'er the morning breaks, joy opens in the flowery bosoms,
Joy even to tears, which the Sun rising dries; first the Wild Thyme
And Meadow-sweet, downy & soft waving among the reeds,
Light springing on the air, lead the Sweet Dance; they wake
The Honeysuckle sleeping on the Oak; the flaunting beauty
Revels along upon the wind; the White-thorn, lovely May,
Opens her many lovely eyes listening; the Rose still sleeps,

E A R T H

None dare to wake her; soon she bursts her crimson curtain'd bed
And comes forth in the majesty of beauty; every Flower,
The Pink, the Jessamine, the Wall-flower, the Carnation,
The Jonquil, the mild Lily, opes her heavens; every Tree
And Flower & Herb soon fill the air with an innumerable Dance,
Yet all in order sweet & lovely.

BLAKE

Such power was given to the Solitary wanderer:
The barked Oak, the long limb'd Beech, the Chestnut tree, the
Pine,
The Pear tree mild, the frowning Walnut, the sharp Crab, &
Apple sweet,
The rough bark opens; twittering peep forth little beaks & wings,
The Nightingale, the Goldfinch, Robin, Lark, Linnet & Thrush.
The Goat leap'd from the craggy cliff, the Sheep awoke from the
mould.
Upon its green stalk rose the Corn, waving innumerable,
Infolding the bright Infants from the desolating winds.

Ibid.

Thou hearest the Nightingale begin the Song of Spring.
The Lark sitting upon his earthy bed, just as the morn
Appears, listens silent; then springing from the waving Cornfield,
loud
He leads the Choir of Day: trill, trill, trill, trill,
Mounting upon the wings of light into the Great Expanse,
Re-echoing against the lovely blue & shining heavenly Shell,
His little throat labours with inspiration; every feather
On throat & breast & wings vibrates with the effluence Divine.
All Nature listens silent to him, & the awful Sun
Stands still upon the Mountain looking on this little Bird
With eyes of soft humility & wonder, love & awe.
Then loud from their green covert all the Birds begin their Song:

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

The Thrush, the Linnet & the Goldfinch, Robin & the Wren
Awake the Sun from his sweet reverie upon the Mountain.
The Nightingale again assays his song, & thro' the day
And thro' the night warbles luxuriant, every Bird of Song
Attending his loud harmony with admiration & love.

Ibid.

When on the highest lift of his light pinions he arrives
At that bright Gate, another Lark meets him, & back to back
They touch their pinions, tip tip, and each descend
To their respective Earths & there all night consult with Angels
Of Providence & with the eyes of God all night in slumbers
Inspired, & at the dawn of day send out another Lark
Into another Heaven to carry news upon his wings.

Ibid.

And there the Eagle hides her young in cliffs & precipices.
His bosom is like starry heaven expanded: all the stars
Sing round; there waves the harvest & the vintage rejoices; the
springs
Flow into rivers of delight; there the spontaneous flowers
Drink, laugh & sing, the grasshopper, the Emmet and the Fly;
The Golden Moth builds there a house & spreads her silken bed.
His loins inwove with silken fires are like a furnace fierce.

Ibid.

Then Laertes answered him and spake, saying: 'If thou art indeed
Odysseus, mine own child, that art come hither, show me now a
manifest token, that I may be assured.'

Then Odysseus of many counsels answered him saying: . . .
'But come, and I will even tell thee the trees through all the
terraced garden, which thou gavest me once for mine own, and I
was begging of thee this and that, being but a little child, and
following thee through the garden. Through these very trees we

EARTH

were going, and thou didst tell me the names of each of them. Pear-trees thirteen thou gavest me and ten apple-trees and figs two-score, and, as we went, thou didst name the fifty rows of vines thou wouldest give me, whereof each one ripened at divers times, with all manner of clusters on their boughs, when the seasons of Zeus wrought mightily on them from on high.'

So he spake, and straightway his knees were loosened, and his heart melted within him, as he knew the sure tokens that Odysseus showed him. About his dear son he cast his arms, and the steadfast goodly Odysseus caught him fainting to his breast.

HOMER: *THE Odyssey*

TRANSLATED BY S. H. BUTCHER AND ANDREW LANG

Le temps a laissé son manteau
De vent, de froidure et de pluye,
Et s'est vestu de brouderie,
De soliel luyant, cler et beau;
Il n'y a beste ne oyseau
Qu'en son jargon ne chant ou crie:
Le temps a laissé son manteau
De vent, de froidure et de pluye.
Rivière, fontaine et ruisseau
Portent, en livrée jolie,
Gouttes d'argent et d'orfaverie,
Chascun s'abille de nouveau.

Le temps a laissé son manteau.

CHARLES D'ORLÉANS 1391

I dreamed that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring,
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, these pearled Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxslips; tender bluebells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets —
Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth —
Its mother's face with Heaven's collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cowbind and the moonlight-coloured may,
And cherry-blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew, yet drained not by the day;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray;
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold.
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold. . . .

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours
Within my hand, — and then, elate and gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it! — Oh! to whom?

SHELLEY 1792

Τᾶμος ἄϋπνος κλυτὸς ὀρθρος ἐγείρησιν ἀηδόνας.

Then sleepless magnificent dawn awakes the nightingales.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thine happiness, —
 That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
 O, for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stainèd mouth;
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
 Where palsy shakes a few sad last grey hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs,
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain —
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:

EARTH

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music: — Do I wake or sleep?

KEATS, 1795

The sea fowl takes the wintry blast for a cov'ring to her limbs,
And the wild snake the pestilence to adorn him with gems & gold;
And trees & birds & beasts & men behold their eternal joy.
Arise, you little glancing wings, and sing your infant joy!
Arise, and drink your bliss, for everything that lives is holy!

BLAKE

With a blue sky spread over with wings
And a mild sun that mounts and sings,
With trees and fields full of Fairy elves
And little devils who fight for themselves . . .
With Angels planted in Hawthorn bowers
And God himself in the passing hours.

Ibid.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

THE DOVE

Call then to mind that admirable Dove, which *Noë*, the great restorer of the world, from that vast and huge Argosie of his, or rather unmeasurable Chest, wherein he had enclosed and shut up the world, as under lock and key, sent forth to be his Spy and Intelligencer abroad, to understand, how matters went with the other world so buried under waters. Who flying freely through the emptie world, within the liquid ayre, prying everie where with the pearcing cast of her little eyes, the elder world beginning now at length to discover some part of its lamentable ruines, when she mought wel have lighted either on some stately Cedar, or victorious Palme, upon some mountainous Cypresse, or robustuous Oak, or els on a prudent Mulberrie, the most sweet Fig-tree, or most flourishing Almond: yet she belike as slighting them al, and al other kinds of plants or fruits whatsoever, made choice of the Olive to set her little foot upon.

PARTHENEIA SACRA 1633

There is a cave,
All overgrown with trailing odorous plants,
Which curtain out the day with leaves and flowers,
And paved with veined emerald, and a fountain
Leaps in the midst with an awakening sound.
From its curved roof the mountain's frozen tears
Like snow, or silver, or long diamond spires,
Hang downward, raining forth a doubtful light:
And there is heard the ever-moving air,
Whispering without from tree to tree, and birds,
And bees; and all around are mossy seats,
And the rough walls are clothed with long soft grass;
A simple dwelling, which shall be our own;
Where we will sit and talk of time and change,
As the world ebbs and flows, ourselves unchanged.

SHELLEY

E A R T H

How glorious art thou, Earth! And if thou be
The shadow of some spirit lovelier still . . .
I could fall down and worship that and thee.
Even now my heart adoreth: Wonderful!
Look, sister, ere the vapour dim thy brain:
Beneath is a wide plain of billowy mist,
As a lake, paving in the morning sky,
With azure waves which burst in silver light,
Some Indian vale. Behold it, rolling on
Under the curdling winds, and islanding
The peak whereon we stand, midway, around,
Encinctured by the dark and blooming forests.
Dim twilight-lawns, and stream-illumined caves,
And wind-enchanted shapes of wandering mist:
And far on high the keen sky-cleaving mountains
From icy spires of sun-like radiance fling
The dawn, as lifted Ocean's dazzling spray,
From some Atlantic islet scattered up,
Spangles the wind with lamp-like water-drops.
The vale is girdled with their walls, a howl
Of cataracts from their thaw-cloven ravines
Satiates the listening wind, continuous, vast,
Awful as silence. Hark! the rushing snow!
The sun-awakened avalanche! whose mass,
Thrice sifted by the storm, had gathered there
Flake after Flake. . . .

*Thou, Earth, calm empire of a happy soul,
Sphere of divinest shapes and harmonies,
Beautiful orb! gathering as thou dost roll
The love which paves thy path along the skies.*

Ibid.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Peach blossom after rain
Is deeper red;
The willow fresher green;
Twittering overhead;
And fallen petals lie wind-blown,
Unswep upon the courtyard stone.

WRITTEN UNDER THE T'ANG DYNASTY *circa* 608

TRANSLATED BY HELEN WADDELL

The centre-fire heaves underneath the earth,
And the earth changes like a human face;
The molten ore bursts up among the rocks,
Winds into the stone's heart, outbranches bright
In hidden mines, spots barren river-beds,
Crumbles into fine sand where sunbeams bask —
God joys therein. The wroth sea's waves are edged
With foam, white as the bitten lip of hate,
When, in the solitary waste, strange groups
Of young volcanoes come up cyclops-like,
Staring together with their eyes on flame —
God tastes a pleasure in their uncouth pride.
Then all is still; earth is a wintry clod:
But spring-wind, like a dancing psaltress, passes
Over its breast to waken it; rare verdure
Buds tenderly upon rough banks, between
The withered tree-roots and the cracks of frost,
Like a smile striving with a wrinkled face.

Above, birds fly in merry flocks, the lark
Soars up and up, shivering for very joy;
Afar the ocean sleeps; white fishing gulls
Flit where the strand is purple with its tribe
Of nested limpets; savage creatures seek
Their loves in woods and plain — and God renews

EARTH

His ancient rapture. Thus *He dwells in all,*
From life's minute beginnings, up at last
To man — the consummation of this scheme
Of being, the completion of this sphere of life.

ROBERT BROWNING 1812

As when, upon a tranced summer night,
Those green-rob'd senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmèd by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave,
So came these words and went.

KEATS

Undescribèd sounds
That come a-swooning over hollow grounds
And wither drearily on barren moors.

Ibid. .

DIRGE IN WOODS

A wind sways the pines,
And below
Not a breath of wild air;
Still as the mosses that glow
On the flooring and over the lines
Of the roots here and there.
The pine tree drops its dead;
They are quiet as under the sea.
Overhead, Overhead.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Rushes life in a race,
As the clouds the clouds chase;
 And we go,
 And we drop
Like the fruits of the tree,
 Even we,
 Even so.

GEORGE MEREDITH 1828

Earth-born
And sky-engendered, Son of Mysteries.

KEATS

Or thou mightst better listen to the wind,
Whose language is to thee a barren noise,
Though it blows legend-laden thro' the trees.

Ibid.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

I

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

EARTH

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill.

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, O hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the Zenith's height
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: O hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: O hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest hear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee, tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

E A R T H

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

SHELLEY

TO THE WEST WIND

Eudemus dedicates this shrine in the fields to Zephyrus, most bountiful of the winds, who came to aid him at his prayer, that he might right quickly winnow the grain from the ripe ears.

BACCHYLIDES 470 B.C

TRANSLATED BY J. W. MACKAIL

The wind and sleety rain,
And all the business of the elements,
The single sheep, and the one blasted tree,
And the bleak music from that old stone wall,
The noise of wood and water, and the mist
That on the line of each of those two roads
Advanced in such indisputable shapes.

WORDSWORTH

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent at every turn
Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-side
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the Heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light —
Were all like workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree;
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.

Ibid.

A DREAM OF THE ROOD

Hark! of a matchless vision would I speak,
Which once I dreamed at midnight, when mankind
At rest were dwelling. Then methought I saw
A wondrous cross extending up on high,
With light encircled, tree of trees most bright.
That beacon all was overlaid with gold;
And near the earth stood precious stones ablaze,
While five more sparkled on the shoulder-beam.
Gazing on it were angels of the Lord,
From their first being's dawn all beautiful. . . .

That wood divine
Then spake these words:
'It was long, long ago —
Yet I recall — when, at the forest's edge,

E A R T H

I was hewn down, and from my stem removed. . . .
Then, as the Man divine clasped me, I shook;
Yet dared I not bow to the earth nor fall
Upon the ground, but I must needs stand fast.

A cross upraised, I lifted a great King,
Lifted the Lord of heaven; and dared not bow.'

ANON. 8TH CENTURY

TRANSLATED BY LA MOTTE IDDINGS

The transitory being that beheld
This vision.

WORDSWORTH

I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. — That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime,
A something far more deeply interfused,

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear, — both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Ibid.

I hear you whispering there O stars of Heaven, O suns, O grass
of graves, O perpetual transfers and promotions. If you do not
say anything how can I say anything?

WALT WHITMAN

Dear Earth, take old Amyntichus to thy bosom, remembering
his many labours on thee; for ever he planted in thee the olive-
stock, and often made thee fair with vine cuttings, and filled thee
full of corn, and, drawing channels of water along, made thee
rich with herbs and plenteous in fruit: do thou in return lie softly
over his grey temples and flower into tresses of spring herbage.

ANON

TRANSLATED BY J. W. MACKAIL

W A T E R

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them,
and shall lead them unto Living Fountains of Waters.

Revelation

O profundato mare,
Altura del tuo abisso
M'ha certo stretto a volermene anegara.

JACOPONE DA TODI *circa* 1250

VIDI AQUAM

I saw water which proceedeth from the Temple, on the right side thereof, Alleluya: and all they to whom that Water came were healed every one, and they say, Alleluya.

THE BRAHMINICAL INITIATE'S INVOCATION TO THE WATER

O Water! consecrated by the five perfumes and by prayer, thou art pure, whether taken from the sea, from rivers or from well; purify thou my body from all uncleanness.

As the traveller, weary with the heat, finds relief in the shade of a tree, so may I find in the sacred water relief from every ill and purification from all my sins.

O consecrated water! thou art the essence of sacrifice and germ of life. In thy bosom all germs have been begotten, all beings have been formed.

I invoke thee. . . . Purify me from all my faults and purify men with me.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

He who addresses this invocation to the water at morning, and who is thoroughly penetrated with its mystic meaning, has arrived at a high degree of Sanctity.

Upon terminating, he should sprinkle a few drops of water upon his head with three stalks of the sacred darba grass. . . .

He should then think of the superior and inferior worlds, of the spirits which inhabit them, of the spirits of the fire, of the wind, of the sun, and of all the spirits of the earth.

Raising his hand to his head, he should then call to mind all the names of Brahma, and closing his eyes, and compressing his nostrils, he should perform the evocation of that God, as follows:

Come, Brahma! come down to my bosom.

He should then figure to himself this supreme deity as having had no beginning and as possessing all knowledge. . . .

And he should say, Hail Brahma! thou who art the essence of everything that exists of water, of fire, of air, of the ether, space, and of infinity: I offer thee my adoration.

He should then evoke Vischnou, and should figure him to himself as emerging from the bosom of the water in the midst of a lotus flower.

LOUIS JACOLLIOT

TRANSLATED BY W. L. FELT

The voice of the Lord is upon the waters.

Then the waters had overwhelmed us: the stream had gone over our Soul: the proud waters had gone over our Soul.

Psalms

The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

Ibid.

WATER

ODE OF SOLOMON

Great rivers are the power of the Lord . . . for they are more swift than lightning and more rapid, and those who cross them in faith are not moved; and those who walk on them without blemish shall not be afraid. For the Sign in them is the Lord. . . . Put on, therefore, the name of the Most High, and know Him: and you shall cross without danger, for the rivers will be subject to you. The Lord has bridged them by His word; and He walked and crossed them on foot; and His footprints stand firm on the water, and are not injured; they are as firm as a piece of wood that is truly set up. . . . And a way has been appointed for those who cross after Him and for those who adhere to the course of faith in Him and worship His name. Hallelujah.

TRANSLATED BY J. H. BERNARD

Great was the mystery that the prophet saw, the torrent that was mighty. Into its depths he gazed, and beheld Thy beauty instead of himself. Thee it was he saw.

ST. EPHRAIM

We make our selves like water spilt on the ground. . . . We let our years slip through our fingers, like water, and nothing is to be seen, but like a shower of tears upon a spot of ground. . . . and when the days are finished, they shall be remembered no more. And that's like water too, when it is spilt, it cannot be gathered up again.

JEREMY TAYLOR 1613

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.

W A T E R

And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
 Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
 Is the million-coloured bow:
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

SHELLEY 1792

The waters saw Thee, O God. The waters saw Thee: they were afraid: the depths also were troubled. The clouds poured out water. . . . The voice of Thy thunder was in the Heaven: the lightnings lightened the world: the earth trembled and shook. Thy way is in the sea and Thy path in the great waters. And Thy footsteps are not known.

Psalms

And air of visions, and the monstrous swell of visionary seas!

KEATS 1795

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters: these see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep. For He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the Heavens, — they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. . . . He maketh the storm a calm so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad, because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven.

Psalms

W A T E R

He gathereth the waters of the Sea together as an heap: He layeth up the depth in storehouses.

Ibid.

And if any man that hath his livelihood from the salt sea, and whose nets serve him for ploughs, prays for wealth, and luck in fishing, let him sacrifice at midnight to this goddess, the sacred fish that they call 'silver white,' for that it is brightest of sheen of all, — then let the fisher set his nets, and he shall draw them full from the sea.

THEOCRITUS 310 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY ANDREW LANG

ON THE SEA

It keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,
That scarcely will the very smallest shell
Be moved for days from where it sometime fell,
When last the winds of heaven were unbound.
O ye! who have your eye-balls vex'd and tired,
Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;
O ye! whose ears are dinn'd with uproar rude,
Or fed too much with cloying melody, —
Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood
Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quired!

KEATS

Upon a lampit rock, of green sea-weed
Among the breakers; 'twas a quiet eve,
The rocks were silent, the wide sea did weave
An untumultuous fringe of silver foam
Along the flat brown sand.

Ibid.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

As when heav'd anew
Old ocean rolls a lengthened wave to the shore,
Down whose green back the short-liv'd foam, all hoar,
Bursts gradual, with a wayward indolence.

Ibid.

For loe the Sea that fleets about the Land,
And like a girdle clips her solide wast,
Musick and measure both doth understand:
For his great Christall eye is alwayes cast
Up to the Moone, and on her fixèd fast.
And as she daunceth in her pallid spheere,
So daunceth he about the Centre heere.

Sometimes his proud greene waues in order set,
One after other flow unto the shore,
Which when they haue with many kisses wet,
They ebb away in order as before;
And to make knowne his Courtly Loue the more,
He oft doth lay aside his three-forkt Mace,
And with his armes the timerous Earth embrace.

SIR JOHN DAVIES 1569

As when ocean
Heaves calmly its broad swelling smoothness o'er
Its rocky marge, and balances once more
The patient weeds.

KEATS

TO APOLLO OF LEUCAS

Phoebus who holdest the sheer steep of Leucas, far seen of mariners
and washed by the Ionian sea, receive of sailors this mess of hand-
kneaded barley-bread and a libation mingled in a little cup, and

W A T E R

the gleam of a brief-shining lamp that drinks with half-saturate mouth from a sparing oil-flask; in recompense whereof be gracious, and send on their sails a favourable wind to run with them to the harbours of Actium.

PHILIPPUS 20

TRANSLATED BY J. W. MACKAIL

Blessed art thou who walkest on the wings of the Wind and on the waves of the Sea.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me . . .
— you and I are old;

Old age hath yet his honour and his toil:
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are:
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

TENNYSON 1807

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

ON THE EMPTY TOMB OF ONE LOST AT SEA

Not dust nor the light weight of a stone, but all this sea that thou beholdest is the tomb of Erasippus; for he perished with his ship, and in some unknown place his bones moulder, and the sea-gulls alone know them to tell.

GLAUCUS, *circa* 150

TRANSLATED BY J. W. MACKAIL

But peace they have that none may gain who live,
And rest about them that no love can give;
And over them, while death and life shall be,
The light and sound and darkness of the Sea.

SWINBURNE 1837

Everywhere the sea is the sea; why idly blame we the Cyclades or the narrow wave of Helle and the Needles? In vain have they their fame; or why when I had escaped them did the harbour of Scarphe overwhelm me? Pray whoso will for a fair passage home; that the sea's way is the sea, Aristagoras knows, who is buried here.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON 110 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY J. W. MACKAIL

Go down to the Fountain of Christ, and receive life in your members, as armour against death.

EPHRAIM OF SYRUS 306

FIRE

IS NOT MY WORD LIKE A FIRE, SAITH THE
LORD.

Jeremiah

By fire we perceive the Unseen Fire.

EMPEDOCLES 450 B.C.

The Soul beholds itself as one immense Sea of Fire.

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS 1542

Thou gavest them a burning pillar of fire, to be the guide of the
Unknown Journey.

Wisdom of Solomon

This world-order, the same in all things, no one of gods or men
has made; but it always was, is, and shall be ever-living fire, kindled
in due measure, and extinguished in due measure.

HERACLITUS 510 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY JAMES ADAM

O Fire! Sacred Fire! Purifying Fire! Thou who sleepest in
wood, and mountest in shining flames on the Altar. Thou art the
heart of sacrifice, the fearless aspiration of prayer, the divine spark
concealed in all things and the glorious Soul of the Sun!

ANCIENT VEDIC HYMN

TRANSLATED BY HARENDRANATH MAITRA

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Veni, Sancte Spiritus. Come, Holy Spirit, come all in fire, that thou mayst inflame me, that Thou mayst consume me wholly, for Thou art a consuming fire. Fire converts into itself whatever approaches it: Thou art that fire which our Saviour came to cast into this world: come, therefore, and convert me into Thyself, that I may be all on fire, all a flame of Divine Love, and that no thought may live within my heart but of the love of God, love of my neighbour: that all I tend to may be love, and what concerns not love I may be a stranger to.

RICHARD WHITE 17TH CENTURY
CONFESSION OF A MONASTERY AT LOUVAIN
EDITED BY E. M. GREEN

And they brought me to the place of darkness, and to a mountain the point of whose summit reached to heaven. And I saw the place of the luminaries and the treasures of the stars. And they took me to the living waters, and to the fire of the west, which receives every setting of the sun. And I came to a river of fire, in which the fire flows like water. I came to the great river and to the great darkness, and went to the place where no flesh walks. I saw the treasures of all the winds . . . and I saw the corner stone of the earth. I saw the four winds which bear the earth and the firmament of the heaven. And I saw how the winds stretch out the vaults of heaven. I saw the paths of the Angels. I saw there seven stars like great burning mountains, and to me, when I inquired regarding them, the angel said: This place is the end of heaven and earth: this has become a prison for the stars and the host of heaven.

And I, Enoch, was blessing the Lord of Majesty and the King of the Ages. And the vision was shown to me thus: Behold in the vision clouds invited me, and a mist summoned me, and the course of the stars and the lightnings sped and hastened me, and the winds in the vision caused me to fly and lifted me upward, and bore me into heaven. And I went in till I drew nigh to a wall

FIRE

which is built of crystals, and surrounded by tongues of fire. And I went into the tongues of fire and drew nigh to a house which was built of crystals. Its ceiling was like the path of the stars and the lightnings. A flaming fire surrounded the walls, and its portals blazed with fire. And lo! there was a second house . . . and the entire portal stood open before me. And I looked and saw therein a lofty throne: its appearance was as crystal. And from underneath the throne came streams of flaming fire. And the Great Glory sat thereon, and His raiment shone more brightly than the sun. None of the Angels could enter and could behold His face . . . and no flesh could behold Him. The flaming fire was round about Him, and a great fire stood before Him, and none could draw nigh Him: ten thousand times ten thousand stood before Him, yet he needed no counsellor, and the most holy ones who were nigh to Him did not leave by night nor depart from Him. . . . And the Lord called me with His own mouth, and said to me: Come hither, Enoch, and hear my Word.

FROM THE *Book of Enoch*, EARLY CHRISTIAN TEXT
TRANSLATED BY R. H. CHARLES

And it came to pass that my spirit was translated.
And it ascended into the heavens:
And I saw the Holy sons of God.
They were stepping on flames of fire:
Their garments were white and their raiment,
And their faces shone like snow.
And I saw two streams of fire,
And the light of that fire shone like hyacinth,
And I fell on my face before the Lord of Spirits.
And the angel Michael seized me by my right hand,
And lifted me up and led me forth into all the secrets.
And he showed me all the secrets of the ends of the heaven,
And all the chambers of all the stars.
And he translated my spirit into the heaven of heavens,
And I saw there as it were a structure built of crystals,

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

And between those crystals, tongues of living fire.
And round about were Seraphin, Cherubin and Ophannin:
And these are they who sleep not,
And guard the throne of His glory.
And I saw the angels who could not be counted,
And Michael, and Raphael, and Gabriel, and Phanuel,
And with them the Head of Days,
His head white and pure as wool,
And His raiment indescribable.
And I fell on my face,
And my spirit was transfigured.

Ibid.

And Enoch walked with God; and he was not; for God took him.

Genesis

AN ORACLE REPORTED BY PORPHYRY

Il y a au dessus de feu celeste une flamme incorruptible, toujours étincellante, source de la vie, fontaine de tous les estres; et principe de toutes choses. Cette flamme produit tout, et rien ne perit que ce qu'elle consume. Elle se sait connoître par elle même; ce feu ne peut estre contenu en aucun lieu; il est sans corps et sans matière, il environne les lieux, et il sort de luy une petite étincelle qui fait tout le feu du Soliel, de la Lune, et des Estoiles. Voilà ce que je sçay de Dieu: ne cherche pas à en sçavoir d'avantage, car cela passe ta portée, quelque sage que tu sois. Au reste, sçache que l'homme injuste et méchant ne peut se cacher devant Dieu. Ny adresse, ny excuse ne peuvent rien déguiser à ses yeux perçants. Tout est plein de Dieu, Dieu est par tout.

QUOTED BY L'ABBÉ DE VILLARS

Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro . . . the priest of Midian: .
and he led the flock to the backside of the desert, and came to the

FIRE

mountain of God, even to Horeb. And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he looked, and behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed. And Moses said, I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt. And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses. And he said, Here am I. And he said, Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. Moreover he said, I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. And Moses hid his face; for he was afraid to look upon God. And the Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt. . . . I know their sorrows; And I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians. . . . Come now therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people the children of Israel out of Egypt. . . . And Moses said unto God, Behold, when I come unto the children of Israel, and shall say unto them, The God of your fathers hath sent me unto you; and they shall say to me, What is his name? what shall I say unto them? And God said unto Moses *I AM THAT I AM*: and he said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, *I AM* hath sent me unto you. . . . This is my name forever, and this is my memorial unto all generations.

Exodus

And it came to pass, when the Lord would take up Elijah into heaven by a whirlwind, that Elijah went with Elisha from Gilgal. And Elijah said unto Elisha, Tarry here, I pray thee; for the Lord hath sent me to Beth-el. And Elisha said unto him, As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. So they went down to Beth-el. . . . And Elijah said unto him, Tarry, I pray thee here; for the Lord hath sent me to Jordan. And he said, As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. And they two went on . . . and they two stood

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

by Jordan. And Elijah took his mantle, and wrapped it together, and smote the waters, and they were divided hither and thither, so that they two went over on dry ground. And it came to pass, when they were gone over, that Elijah said unto Elisha, Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken away from thee. And Elisha said, I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me. And he said, Thou hast asked a hard thing: nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee; but if not, it shall not be so. And it came to pass, as they still went on, and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven. And Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof. And he saw him no more: and he took hold of his own clothes, and rent them in two pieces. He took up also the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and went back, and stood by the bank of Jordan . . . and smote the waters, and said, Where is the Lord God of Elijah? and when he also had smitten the waters, they parted hither and thither: and Elisha went over. And when the sons of the prophets . . . saw him, they said, The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha. And they came to meet him, and bowed themselves to the ground before him.

2 Kings

Then stood up Elias the prophet as fire, and his word burned like a lamp. . . . By the word of the Lord he shut up the heaven, and also three times brought down fire. . . . Who wast taken up in a whirlwind of fire, and in a chariot of fiery horses: Blessed are they that saw thee, and slept in love; Elias it was, who was covered with a whirlwind: and Eliseus was filled with his spirit: No word could overcome him: and after his death his body prophesied. . . . He did wonders in his life, and at his death were his works marvellous. . . . He shewed what should come to pass for ever, and secret things or ever they came.

Ecclesiasticus

FIRE

For I, saith the Lord, will be unto her a wall of fire round about,
and will be the glory in the midst of her.

Zechariah

Lay me to sleep in sheltering Flame, O Master of the hidden fire.

FIONA MACLEOD 1855

Ignis in altari meo semper ardebit et sacerdos surgens mane
subiciet ligna ut ignis non extinguatur.

Fire shall for ever burn on mine Altar. The Priest at morn shall
lay under sticks that it be not extinguished.

Cleanse my heart and my lips, O Almighty God, who didst
cleanse the lips of the prophet Isaias with a burning coal.

Moi, je ne vous baptise que d'eau, mais lui vous baptisera de Feu

It's a coal from God's Altar must Kindle our Fire. And without
Fire, true Fire, no acceptable Sacrifice.

WILLIAM PENN 1644

They shall never perish but lye immortal in the arms of Fire.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Ascendimus ascensiones in corde, et cantamus canticum graduum.
Igne Tuo, Igne Tuo bono, inardescimus et imus: quoniam sursum
imus ad Pacem Hierusalem.

ST. AUGUSTINE 353

We climb in our heart, and we sing the song of ascending steps.
With Thy Fire, with Thy blessed Fire, we kindle and we go: since
we go upward to Peace in Jerusalem.

I beheld . . . the Ancient of Days . . . whose garment was
white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool: his
throne was like the fiery flame and his wheels as burning fire. A
fiery stream issued and came forth from before him . . . the
judgment was set, and the Books were opened.

Daniel

And, behold, in the firmament that was above the head of the
cherubims there appeared as it were a sapphire stone, as the appear-
ance of the likeness of a throne. And he spake and said, Go in
between the wheels, even under the cherub, and fill thine hand
with coals of fire from between the cherubims, and scatter them
over the city.

Ezekiel

As for the likeness of the living creatures, their appearance was
like burning coals of fire . . . and out of the fire went forth
lightning.

Ibid.

Then flew one of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his
hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar. And

FIRE

he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips, and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged. Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.

Isaiah

The Word of God prefers the sacred description of fire . . . You will find it, then, representing not only wheels of fire, but also living creatures of fire, and men, flashing, as it were like lightning, placing around the Heavenly Beings themselves heaps of coals of fire, and rivers of flame flowing with irresistible force; also it says that the thrones are of fire; and the most exalted Seraphim glow with fire . . . For the sensible fire is in everything, and passes through everything unmingled, and springs from all, and whilst all-luminous, is hidden, unknown, in its essential nature . . . It is both uncontrollable and invisible, self-subduing all things . . . varying, imparting itself to all things near it, whatever . . . they may be . . . giving light by its uncovered illuminations; invincible, unmingled, separating, unchangeable, elevating, penetrating, lofty; subject to no grovelling inferiority, ever moving, self-moving . . . comprehending, incomprehended . . . imperceptibly increasing itself, displaying its own majesty to the materials receiving it; energetic, powerful . . . unobserved, seeming not to be, manifesting itself suddenly according to its own proper nature by friction, as it were by a sort of seeking, and again flying away impalpably, undiminished in all the joyful distributions of itself.

DIONYSIUS THE AREOPAGITE 300

TRANSLATED BY JOHN PARKER

Then said the Exalted One to his disciples: 'Everything O disciples, is in flames . . . The eye, O disciples, is in flames, the visible is in flames, the knowledge of the visible is in flames, the contact with the visible is in flames, the feeling which arises from contact with the visible is in flames, be it pleasure, be it pain, be it

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neither pleasure nor pain, this also is in flames. By what fire is it kindled? By the fire of desire, by the fire of hate, by the fire of fascination, it is kindled; by birth, old age, death, pain, lamentation, sorrow, grief, despair, it is kindled: thus I say. The ear is in flames . . . The sense of smell is in flames; the tongue is in flames; the body is in flames; the mind is in flames. Knowing this, O disciples, a wise, noble, hearer of the word becomes wearied of the eye, he becomes wearied of the visible, he becomes wearied of the knowledge of the visible, he becomes wearied of contact with the visible, he becomes wearied of the feeling which arises from contact with the visible, be it pleasure, be it pain, be it neither pleasure nor pain. . . . While he becomes wearied thereof, he becomes free from desire; free from desire, he becomes delivered; in the delivered arises the knowledge: I am delivered; rebirth is at an end, perfected is holiness, there is no more returning to this world.

BUDDHA: H. OLDENBERG
TRANSLATED BY W. HOEY

When the Lord comes as a consuming fire and His Presence is understood in the power by which the soul is changed and in the love by which it is inflamed: when all stain of sin and rust of vices have been consumed in that fire, and the conscience has been purified and calmed, there ensues a certain sudden and unwonted enlargement of mind and an inpouring of light illuminating the intellect, either for knowledge of Scripture or comprehension of mysteries. But not through open doors, but through narrow apertures does that ray of so great brightness penetrate, so long as this sorry wall of the body subsists.

ST. BERNARD 1090
TRANSLATED BY DOM. CUTHBERT BUTLER

HEAVENLY BODIES

*WHO EATS A CRUST OF BREAD, TASTES ALL THE
STARS AND ALL THE HEAVENS.*

PARACELSUS 1493

And in the morning twilight wandered forth
Beside the osiers of a rivulet,
Full ankle-deep in lillies of the vale.
The nightingale had ceased, and a few stars
Were lingering in the heavens, while the thrush
Began calm-throated. Throughout all the isle
There was no covert, no retired cave,
Unhaunted by the murmurous noise of waves
Though scarcely heard in many a green recess. . . .

Goddess benign, point forth some unknown thing:
Are there not other regions than this isle?
What are the stars? There is the sun, the sun!
And the most patient brilliance of the moon!
And stars by thousands! Point me out the way
To any one particular beauteous star
And I will flit into it with my lyre,
And make its silvery splendour pant with bliss.

KEATS 1795

How exquisitely
The external world is fitted to the mind.

Ibid.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

There is an hour of the Indian night, a little before the first glimmer of dawn, when the stars are unbelievably clear and close above, shining with a radiance beyond our belief in this foggy land. The trees stand silent around one with a friendly presence. As yet there is no sound of awakening birds; but the whole world seems to be intent, alive, listening, eager. At such a moment the veil between the things that are seen and the things that are unseen becomes so thin as to interpose scarcely any barrier at all between the eternal beauty and truth, and the soul which would comprehend them.

J. S. HOYLAND

The gray
Dawn and the Pleiades before him danc'd
Shedding sweet influence.

MILTON 1608

Like the mild moon
Who comforts those she sees not, who knows not
What eyes are upward cast.

KEATS

TO MORNING

O holy virgin! clad in purest white,
Unlock heav'n's golden gates, and issue forth;
Awake the dawn that sleeps in heaven; let light
Rise from the chambers of the east, and bring
The honied dew that cometh on waking day.
O radiant morning, salute the sun,
Rous'd like a huntsman to the chase, and, with
Thy buskin'd feet, appear upon our hills.

BLAKE 1757

HEAVENLY BODIES

Till morning fair came forth with Pilgrim
Steps in amice gray.

MILTON

Thus wore out Night; and now the herald Lark
Left his ground-nest, high towering to descry
The Morn's approach, and greet her with his song.

Ibid.

Jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

SHAKESPEARE 1564

As when the Sun approaches towards the gates of the morning he first opens a little eye of Heaven and sends away the Spirits of Darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud and peeps over the Eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns like those which decked the brows of Moses when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the Face of God; and still (while a man tells the story) the Sun gets up higher till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly: so is a man's reason and his life.

JEREMY TAYLOR 1613

His soul was made up of harmony

I must not close my letter without giving you one principal event of my history: Which was that I set out one morning before five o'clock, the moon shining through a dark and misty Autumnal air, and got to the sea-coast time enough to be at the Sun's Levee. I saw the clouds and dark vapours open gradually to right and left,

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

rolling over one another in great smoky wreathes, and the tide (as it flowed gently in upon the sands) first whitening then slightly tinged with gold and blue: and all at once a little line of unsufferable brightness that was grown to half an orb (before I can write these words) and now to a whole one – too glorious to be distinctly seen. It is very odd it makes no figure on paper: yet I shall ever remember it as long as the Sun or at least as long as I endure: I wonder whether any body ever saw it before – I hardly believe it.

THOMAS GRAY 1716

SUNRISE IN THE NORTH

Yonder down dwinis the evening sky away,
And up springis the bricht dawning of day
Intil another place, not far asunder,
That to behold was pleasaunce and half wonder.

GAWAIN DOUGLAS 1474

TO HELIOS

Begin, O Muse Calliope, to sing of Helios the child of Zeus . . . the tireless Helios, like unto the Immortals, who from his chariot shines on mortals and on deathless Gods, and dread is the glance of his eyes from his golden helm, and bright rays shine forth from him splendidly, and round his temples the shining locks flowing down from his head frame round his far-seen face, and a goodly garment wrought delicately shines about his body in the breath of the winds, and stallions speed beneath him when he, charioting his horses and golden-yoked car, drives down through heaven to ocean. Hail, Prince, and of thy grace, grant me livelihood enough; beginning from thee I shall sing the race of heroes half divine whose deeds the Goddesses have revealed to mortals.

HOMERIC HYMN

TRANSLATED BY ANDREW LANG

HEAVENLY BODIES

Helios, the sun-god, having a crown of rays, drives a chariot in the morning from the eastern ocean and descends at evening into the western sea. While asleep at night, he is borne along the edge of the earth in a golden boat, back to the east, his rising-place.

Ibid.

BLESSED CELLACH'S LAMENT

The time Cellach, that was a saint of Connacht and a son of the king, was taken by his enemies they put him in a hollow of an oak tree for the night. And he made this complaint, and he waiting for his death: 'My blessing to the morning that is as white as a flame; my blessing to Him that sends it, the brave new morning; my blessing to you white proud morning, sister to the bright sun, morning that lights up my little book for me.

'It is you are the guest in every house; it is you shine on every race and every family; white-necked morning, gold-clear, wonderful.'

PUT DOWN BY LADY GREGORY

He set a tabernacle for the Sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber. . . . His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

Psalms

HYMNE OF HEAVENLY BEAUTIE

The meanes, therefore, which unto us is lent
Him to behold, is on his workes to looke,
Which he hath made in beautie excellent,
And in the same, as in a brasen booke,
To read enregistred in every nooke
His goodnesse, which his beautie doth declare;
For all that's good is beautiful and faire.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To impe the wings of thy high-flying mynd,
Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplation,
From this darke world, whose dampes the soule do blynd,
And, like the native brook of eagles kynd,
On that bright *Sunne of Glorie* fixe thine eyes,
Cleared from grosse mists of fraile infirmities.

SPENSER 1552

Suppose Adam watching the sun sinking under the western horizon for the first time: he is seized with gloom and terror – relieved by scarce a ray of hope that he shall ever see the glorious light again. The next evening, when it declines, his hopes are stronger – but still mixed with fear: and even at the end of a thousand years – all that a man can feel is a hope and an expectation so strong as to preclude anxiety.

S. T. COLERIDGE 1772

THE FRIENDLY STARS

Da eu gwedd, baderau Duw gwyn,
Yn alanastr heb linyn.

DAFYDD AB GWILYM

Goodly are they to behold, the unstrung and scattered rosary of Holy God.

The gray-hooded Even
Like a sad votarist in Palmer's weeds
Rose like the hindmost wheels of Phoebus' Wain.

MILTON

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,

HEAVENLY BODIES

They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale.
She all night long her amorous descant sung:
Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

MILTON

Darkness, silence, rest, the nightingale's song, the stars, the rising of the moon — these are all the material of this wonderful passage. Yet did ever such beauty fall with night upon such peace, save in Paradise alone?

WALTER RALEIGH

How beauteous are the skies at this soft season!
'Midst fleecy clouds, like scattered isles of sand,
Upon whose breast the white heron hovers, flows
In dark blue tides the many-channelled stream;
And like the lotus blossoms, that unfold
Their petals to the night, the stars expand.

MUDĀR RĀKSHASĀ

TRANSLATED BY H. H. WILSON

Through the air,
A rival Késava, the purple cloud
Rolls stately on, girt by the golden lightning,
As by his yellow garb, and bears on high
The long white line of storks . . .
From the dark womb, in rapid fall descend
The silvery drops, and glittering in the gleam,
Shot from the lightning, bright and fitful, sparkle

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Like a rich fringe rent from the robe of heaven,
The firmament is filled with scattered clouds,
And, as they fly before the wind, their forms
As in a picture, image various shapes,
The semblances of storks and soaring swans,
Of dolphins and the monsters of the deep,
Of dragons vast, and pinnacles, and towers.

MRICCHAKATI

TRANSLATED BY H. H. WILSON

TO THE MOON

Ye Muses, sing of the fair-faced, wide-winged Moon. . . . The heavenly gleam from her immortal head circles the earth, and all beauty arises under her glowing light, and the lampless air beams from her golden crown, and the rays dwell lingering when she has bathed her fair body in the ocean stream, and clad her in shining raiment, divine Selene, yoking her strong-necked glittering steeds. Then forward with speed she drives her deep-maned horses in the evening of the mid-month when her mighty orb is full; then her beams are brightest in the sky as she waxes, a token and a signal to mortal men. . . . Hail, Queen, white-armed Goddess, divine Selene, gentle of heart and fair of tress. Beginning from thee shall I sing the renown of heroes half divine, whose deeds do minstrels chant from their charmed lips; these ministers of the Muses.

HOMERIC HYMN

TRANSLATED BY ANDREW LANG

The moon lifting her silver rim
Above a cloud, and with a gradual swim
Coming into the blue, with all her light.

KEATS

*The Faeries lead the Moon
Along the Valley of Cherubim.*

BLAKE

HEAVENLY BODIES

Full on the casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory like a saint.

KEATS

A SONNET OF THE MOONE

Looke how the pale Queene of the silent night
Doth cause the Ocean to attend upon her,
And he as long as she is in his sight,
With his full tide is ready her to honour:
But when the siluer wagon of the Moone
Is mounted vp so high he cannot follow,
The sea cals home his crystall waues to mone,
And with low ebbe doth manifest his sorrow:
So you, that are the soueraigne of my heart,
Haue all my joyes attending on your will,
My joyes low ebbing when you doe depart,
When you returne, their tide my heart doth fill.
So as you come, and as you doe depart,
Joys ebbe and flow within my tender heart.

CHARLES BEST 1602

Him I call indeed a Brâhmana who is bright like the Moon, pure,
serene, undisturbed.

Dhammapada

TRANSLATED BY F. MAX MÜLLER

SILVER

Slowly, silently now the Moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon.
This way and that she peers and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees:

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch:
Couched in his kennel like a log,
With paws of silver, sleeps the dog:
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep
Of doves, in a silver-feathered sleep:
A harvest mouse goes scampering by
With silver claws and a silver eye:
And moveless fish in the water gleam
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

WALTER DE LA MARE

WASHED IN SILVER

Gleaming in silver are the hills!
Blazing in silver is the sea!

And a silvery radiance spills
Where the moon drives royally!

Clad in silver tissue, I,
March magnificently by!

JAMES STEPHENS

THE GHOST STAR

The moon her slow dead veil is sweeping
Over the restless earth,
Over dark pain and death, over the throes of birth,
Binding in icy fold
Lovers and mourners alike, the young, the old,
Grief-vigilant, love-sleeping.
Once, once with Life she too went questing.
That frozen breast, once green,
Bears the print of vanished feet, and of what hath been
In long past fantasy.

GRETCHEN WARREN

HEAVENLY BODIES

TO THE MOON

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth –
And ever changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?

SHELLEY 1792

And like a dying lady, lean and pale,
Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil,
Out of her chamber, led by the insane
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,
The Moon arose upon the murky Earth,
A white and shapeless mass.

Ibid.

THE WORLD'S WANDERERS

Tell me, thou star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, Moon, thou pale and gray
Pilgrim of Heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now?

Weary wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or billow?

Ibid.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

And Night bare Sleep and the tribe of Dreams.

There stands the awful home of murky Night wrapped in dark clouds. In front of it Atlas stands immovably upholding the wide heaven upon his head and unwearying hands, where Night and Day draw near and greet one another as they pass the great threshold of bronze: and while the one is about to go down into the house, the other comes out at the door. And the house never holds them both within; but always one is without the house passing over the earth, while the other stays at home and waits until the time for her journeying come; and the one holds all-seeing light for them on earth, but the other holds in her arms Sleep the brother of Death, even evil Night, wrapped in a vaporous cloud.

And there the children of dark Night have their dwellings, Sleep and Death, awful gods. The glowing Sun never looks upon them with his beams, neither as he goes up into heaven, nor as he comes down from heaven. And the former of them roams peacefully over the earth and the sea's broad back and is kindly to men; but the other has a heart of iron, and his spirit within him is pitiless as bronze: whomsoever of men he has once seized he holds fast: and he is hateful even to the deathless gods.

HESIOD *circa* 725 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY H. G. EVELYN-WHITE

Night drew her shadow across the world, sailors at sea gazed from their ships at Helice and the stars in Orion; wayfarer and watchman at the gates longed to be asleep; the mother whose children were dead lay wrapped in heavy slumber; not a dog barked in the town, not a footfall sounded in the street; silence filled the blackness of the night.

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS 240 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY J. W. MACKAIL

HEAVENLY BODIES

TO persons standing alone on a hill during a clear midnight such as this, the roll of the world eastward is almost a palpable movement. The sensation may be caused by the panoramic glide of the stars past earthly objects, which is perceptible in a few minutes of stillness, or by the better outlook upon space that a hill affords, or by the wind or by the solitude; but whatever be its origin, the impression of riding along is vivid and abiding. The poetry of motion is a phrase much in use, and to enjoy the epic form of that gratification it is necessary to stand on a hill at a small hour of the night, and, having first expanded with a sense of difference from the mass of civilized mankind, who are dream-wrapt and disregarding of all such proceedings at this time, long and quietly watch your stately progress through the stars. After such a nocturnal reconnoitre it is hard to get back to earth, and to believe that the consciousness of such majestic speeding is derived from a tiny human frame.

THOMAS HARDY 1840

THE Dog-star and Aldebaran, pointing to the restless Pleiades, were half way up the Southern sky, and between them hung Orion, which gorgeous constellation never burnt more vividly than now, as it swung itself forth above the rim of the landscape. Castor and Pollux with their quiet shine were almost on the meridian; the barren and gloomy Square of Pegasus was creeping round to the north-west; far away through the plantation, Vega sparkled like a lamp suspended amid the leafless trees, and Cassiopeia's chair stood daintily poised on the uppermost boughs.

Ibid.

S L E E P

O Jesu, dir nur dir, dir leb' ich ganz allein:
Auf dich, allein auf dich,
O Jesu schlaf ich ein.

O Sleep, O gentle Sleep,
Nature's soft nurse.

SHAKESPEARE 1564

And sable Night, throned on her chariot, rode up the sky.
VIRGIL 70 B.C.

And, day and night, aloof, from the high towers
And terraces, the Earth and Ocean seem
To sleep in one another's arms, and dream
Of waves, flowers, clouds, woods, rocks, and all that we
Read in their smiles, and call reality.

SHELLEY 1792

I went into the deserts of dim sleep –
That world which, like an unknown wilderness,
Bounds this with its recesses wide and deep.

O magic sleep! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hush'd and smooth! O unconfin'd
Restraint! imprisoned liberty! great key
To golden palaces, strange minstrelsy,

S L E E P

Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves,
Echoing grottoes, full of tumbling waves
And moonlight; aye, to all the mazy world
Of silvery enchantment! – who, upfurl'd
Beneath thy drowsy wing a triple hour,
But renovates and lives?

KEATS 1795

What is more gentle than a wind in summer? . . .
More secret than a nest of nightingales? . . .
More full of visions than a high romance,
What but thee, Sleep? Soft closer of our eyes!
Low murmurer of tender lullabies!
Light hoverer around our happy pillows!
Wreather of poppy buds, and weeping willows.

Ibid.

Through the green evening quiet in the sun,
Through buried paths, where sleepy twilight dreams
The summer-time away.

Ibid.

NIGHT

The sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower,
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have took delight.
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen they pour blessing
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
Where birds are cover'd warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm. . . .

When wolves and tigers howl for prey,
They pitying stand and weep;
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep;
But if they rush dreadful,
The angels, most heedful,
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit. . . .

'And now beside thee, bleating lamb.
I can lie down and sleep;
Or think on Him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee and weep.
For, wash'd in life's river,
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like gold
As I guard o'er the fold.'

BLAKE 1757

The crests and clefts of the hills are asleep, and the headlands and
ravines, and foliage and all moving things that the dark earth

S L E E P

nourishes, wild hill-haunting beasts and the race of bees, and the creatures in the depths of the dark-gleaming ocean, and asleep are the tribes of long-winged birds.

ALCMAN 650 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY J. W. MACKAIL

When the third watch of the night sets in and the dawn is near, when sleep sweeter than honey rests on the eyelids and relaxes the limbs, enchaining the eyes in soft fetters, when the nation of dreams that come true goes shepherded.

MOSCHUS 225 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY J. W. MACKAIL

And dark-eyed sleep,
Child of Night.

SAPPHO 600 B.C.

TO NIGHT

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!

Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear –
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand –
Come, long sought!

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me? – And I replied,
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon –
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask for thee, beloved Night –
Swift be thine approaching flight
Come soon, soon!

SHELLEY

Crushed by the waves upon the crag was I,
Who still must hear these waves among the dead,
Breaking and brawling on the promontory,
Sleepless; and sleepless is my weary head!
For me did strangers bury on the coast
Within the hateful hearing of the deep;
Nor death, that lulleth all, can lull my ghost,
One sleepless soul among the souls that sleep.

ARCHIAS OF BYZANTIUM
TRANSLATED BY ANDREW LANG

S L E E P

'Tis a ditty
Not of these days, but long ago 'twas told
By a cavern wind, unto a forest old,
And then the forest told it in a dream
To a sleeping lake.

KEATS

THE WHARF OF DREAMS

Strange wares are handled on the wharves of sleep:
Shadows of shadows pass, and many a light
Flashes a signal fire across the night;
Barges depart whose voiceless steersman keep
Their way without a star upon the deep;
And from lost ships, homing with ghostly crews,
Come cries of incommunicable news,
While cargoes pile the piers – a moon-white heap –
Budgets of dream-dust, merchandise of song,
Wreckage of hope & packs of ancient wrong,
Nepenthes gathered from a secret strand,
Fardels of heartache, burdens of old sins,
Luggage sent down from dim ancestral inns,
And bales of fantasy from No-Man's Land.

EDWIN MARKHAM

We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleep and the
Slumber of the Body seems to be but the Waking of the Soul.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE 1605

Men all, and birds, and creeping beasts,
When the dark of night is deep,
From the moving wonder of their lives
Commit themselves to sleep.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Without a thought, or fear, they shut
The narrow gates of sense;
Heedless and quiet, in slumber turn
Their strength to impotence.

The transient strangeness of the earth
Their spirits no more see:
Within a silent gloom withdrawn,
They slumber in secrecy.

Two worlds they have – a globe forgot
Wheeling from dark to light;
And all the enchanted realm of dream
That burgeons out of night.

WALTER DE LA MARE

O soft embalmer of the still midnight!
Shutting, with careful fingers and benign,
Our gloom-pleased eyes, embower'd from the light
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine;
O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close,
In midst of this thine hymn, my willing eyes,
Or wait the amen, ere thy poppy throws
Around my bed its lulling charities;
Then save me, or the passèd day will shine
Upon my pillow, breeding many woes;
Save me from curious conscience, that still lords
Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole;
Turn the key deftly in the oilèd wards,
And seal the hushèd casket of my soul.

KEATS

*Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy-flighted steeds
That draw the litter of close-curtained sleep.*

MILTON

S L E E P

PRAYER BEFORE GOING TO SLEEP

The cross of the angels
On the bed where I lie;
The robe of the kingdom,
May it come very nigh;
O Glorious Virgin,
My thousand loves thou,
My helpful supporter,
My affection thou.
My woman-physician,
Ill or well, thou,
My firm faithful helper
In the Kingdom of graces, thou,
 O gentle Jesus,
 O Jesus, must gentle,
O Jesus Christ, have mercy upon us;
O glorious Virgin, pray thou also for us;
O Mother of God, O Bright Star of Knowledge,
O Queen of Paradise, watch thou and ward us,
The light of glory obtain from thy Child for us,
A sight of thy house, by thy great power's might, for us.
The Light of all lights, and a sight of the Trinity,
And the grace of long patience in days of adversity.

TRADITIONAL IRISH
EDITED BY ELEANOR HULL

THE WHITE PATERNOSTER

On going to sleep, think that it is the sleep of death, and that you may be summoned to the Day of the Mountain (i.e. the Day of Judgment), and say:

I myself lie down with God,
May God lie down with me!
The protection of God above my head,
And the cross of the angels beneath my body.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Where wilt thou lie down to-night?
Between Mary and her Son,
Between Brigit and her mantle,
Between Columcille and his shield,
Between God and His right hand.
Where wilt thou arise on the morrow?
I will arise with Patrick.
Who are they in front of us?
Two hundred angels.
Who are they behind us?
As many again of the people of God.
Shut the forts of hell,
And open the gates of the kingdom of God.
Let the mighty radiance out,
And lead the sorrowful soul within.
O God, have mercy upon us!
O Son of the Virgin, may our souls be found by thee!

Glory to the Father, glory to the Son, glory to the Holy Ghost
of power; as it was in the beginning, so it is now, and shall be for
ages of ages. Glory to thee, O Lord.

Ibid.

What art thou in the hour of sleep? A mere body, a mere Soul, or
a secret retreat of Light?

DRUIDIC TEACHING

When Night comes, list thy deeds; make plain the way
'Twixt heaven and thee; block it not with delays,
But perfect all before thou sleep'st: then say
There's one sun more strung on my Bead of days.
What's good score up for joy; the bad, well scann'd,
Wash off with tears, and get thy Master's hand.

HENRY VAUGHAN 1621

S L E E P

THE NIGHT

Dear night! this world's defeat:
The stop to busie fools; care's check and curb;
The day of spirits; my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb!
Christ's progress, and his prayer time;
The hours to which high Heaven doth chime.

God's silent, searching flight;
When my Lord's head is fill'd with dew, and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night;
His still, soft call;
His knocking time; The soul's dumb watch,
When spirits their fair kindred catch.

There is in God, some say,
A deep, but dazzling darkness; As men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear.
O for that night! where I in him
Might live invisible and dim!

Ibid.

We term sleep a death. 'Tis indeed a part of life that best expresseth death . . . a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point between life and death; in fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers, and an half adieu unto the World, and take my farewell in a Colloquy with God.

The night is come like to the day,
Depart not thou great God away . . .
Keep still in my Horizon, for to me
The Sun makes not the day, but thee. . . .

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Let no dreams my head infest
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest my soul advance,
Make my sleep a holy trance
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought,
And with as active vigour run
My course, as doth the nimble Sun.
Sleep is a death, O make me try,
By sleeping what it is to die. . . .
How ere I rest, great God let me
Awake again at last with thee.
And thus assur'd, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.
These are my drowsy days, in vain
I do now wake to sleep again.
O come that hour, when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake for ever.

This is the Dormitive I take to bedward, I need no other Laudanum than this to make me sleep: after which I close mine eyes in security, content to take my leave of the Sun, and sleep until the Resurrection.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE 1605

MUSIC AND DANCE

Sing unto the Lord, O ye Saints of His, and give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness.

Psalms

And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, as a voice of a great thunder: and I heard the voice of harpers, harping with their harps: And they sung as it were a new song before the throne.

Revelation

E come giga ed arpa, in temprà tesa
di molte corde, fa dolce tintinno
a tal da cui la nota non è intesa,
così dai lumi che lì m'apparinno
s'accogliea per la croce una melode,
che mi rapiva senza intender l'inno.
Ben m'accors' io ch' ell' era d'alte lode,
però che a me venia: 'Risurgi e vinci,'
com' a colui che non intende ed ode.
Io m' innamorava tanto quinci,
che infino a lì non fu alcuna cosa
che mi legasse con sì dolci vinci.

DANTE 1265

And as viol and harp tuned in harmony of many
cords, make sweet chiming to one by whom
the notes are not apprehended,
so from the lights that there appeared to me
was gathered on the cross a strain that rapt
me albeit I followed not the hymn.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Well I discerned it was of lofty praise, for there
came to me 'Rise thou up and conquer,' as to
who understandeth not, but heareth.
And so was I enamoured there, that up till then
there had been naught that me had bound with
so sweet chains.

TRANSLATED BY PHILIP H. WICKSTEED

When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God
shouted for joy.

Job

Paradise shall be in me; all whatever God has and is shall appear
in me . . . all colours, powers and virtues of His eternal Wisdom
shall be manifest in me, as in His likeness. *I shall be the mani-
festation of the divine and spiritual world and an instrument of God's
spirit, wherein He makes melody with Himself, with this voice which
I myself am.* I shall be His instrument, an organ of His expressed
Word and Voice; and not only I, but all my fellow-members in
the glorious choir and instrument of God. We are all strings in the
concert of His joy; the spirit from His mouth strikes the note and
tune of our strings.

JACOB BOEHME 1575

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM LAW

It is my temper . . . to affect all harmony; and sure there is
musick even in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes,
far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. For there is a musick
where ever there is a harmony, order, or proportion: and thus far
we may maintain the musick of the Sphears; for those well-ordered
motions, and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear,
yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony.
Whosoever is harmonically composed, delights in harmony. . . .

MUSIC AND DANCE

For my self, not only from my obedience, but my particular Genius, I do embrace it: for even that vulgar and Tavern-musick, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the First Composer. There is something in it of Divinity more than the ear discovers: it is an Hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole World, and creatures of God. . . . It is a sensible fit of that harmony which intellectually sounds in the ears of God.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE 1605

Great Cypris stood beside me, while still I slumbered, and with her beautiful hand she led the child Love, whose head was earthward bowed. This word she spake to me, 'Dear herdsman, prithee, take Love and teach him to sing.' So she said and departed, and I — my store of pastoral song I taught to Love, in my innocence, as if he had been fain to learn. I taught him how the cross-flute was invented by Pan, and the flute by Athene, and by Hermes the tortoiseshell lyre, and the harp by sweet Apollo. All these things I taught him as best I might; but he, not heeding my words, himself would sing me ditties of love, and taught me the desires of mortals and immortals and all the deeds of his mother. And I clean forgot the lore I was teaching to Love, but what Love taught me, and his love ditties, I learned them all.

BION 3RD CENTURY B.C.

TRANSLATED BY ANDREW LANG

What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?
Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.

KEATS 1795

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

THE SONG OF THE GLEEMAN IN HEOROT

There was heard the sound of the Harp, the clear song of the gleeman. He spoke, who could recount from of old the creation of men, told how the Almighty made the earth, the fair-faced land, and the waters that compass it about; how, exultant in victory, He set the sun and moon as lights to lighten the dwellers in the land. He adorned all the regions of the earth with leaf and branch, and created life in everything that lives and moves.

BEOWULF, *circa* 700

MODERNIZED BY CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

THE BISHOP'S HARP

Next his chamber, beside his study
His harper's chamber was fast the by.
Many times, by nights and days,
He had solace of notes and lays.
One asked him the reason why
He had delight in minstrelsy:
He answered him in this manner
Why he held the harp so dear:
The virtue of the harp through skill and right
Will destroy the fiend's might;
And to the cross by good skill
Is the harp likened well.

ROBERT MANNYNG OF BRUNNE 1288

Blessed flute that Krishna blows,
Blessed flute!
Blessed cloak that Krishna wears,
Blessed cloak! . . .
Blessed home where He was born,
Blessed home!

MUSIC AND DANCE

Blessed woods of Brindaban,
Blessed woods!
Where Narayana, Nama's God,
Played his flute, and grazed his flock,
And lived in gladness!

NAMDEV 1270

TRANSCRIBED BY PAUL ALTHAUS

TRANSLATED BY R. T. GRIBBLE

Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing: thou hast
put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness.

Psalms

Come, Muse Calliopè, daughter of Zeus, begin thy lovely lines,
and make a hymn to our liking and a dance that shall please.

ALCMAN 632 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY J. M. EDMONDS

For then the Muse was not yet greedy of gain nor a hireling:
and sweet songs of tender sound were not yet sold by honey-voiced
Terpsichore with faces made fair by silver.

PINDAR 505 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY R. C. JEBB

It would seem that dancing came into being at the beginning of all
things, and was brought to light together with Eros, that ancient
one, for we see this primeval dancing clearly set forth in the choral
dance of the constellations, and in the planets and fixed stars,
their interweaving and interchange, and orderly harmony.

LUCIAN 125

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

SÎVA, LORD OF DANCERS

In the night of Brahma nature is inert and cannot dance till Sîva wills it. He rises from his rapture and, dancing, sends through inert matter pulsing waves of awakening sound and lo! matter also dances, appearing as a glory round about Him. Dancing He sustains its manifold phenomena. In the fullness of time, still dancing, he destroys all forms and names by fire and gives new rest.

TRANSLATED BY A. K. COOMARASWAMY

O my Lord, Thy hand holding the sacred drum has made and ordered the heavens and earth and other worlds and innumerable souls. Thy lifted hand protects both the conscious and unconscious order of thy creation. All these worlds are transformed by Thy hand bearing fire.

Ibid.

VISION OF THE SACRED DANCE

His form is everywhere: all-pervading in His Sîva-Sakti:
As Sîva is all and omnipresent,
Everywhere is Sîva's gracious dance made manifest.
His five-fold dances are temporal and timeless. . . .
He dances with Water, Fire, Wind and Ether,
Thus our Lord dances ever in the court.
Visible to those who pass over Maya and Mahamaya (illusion and super-illusion). Our Lord dances His eternal dance.

Ibid.

Sîva is a destroyer and loves the burning-ground. But what does He destroy? Not merely the heavens and earth at the close of a world-cycle, but the fetters that bind each separate soul. Where and what is the burning-ground? It is not the place where our earthly bodies are cremated, but the hearts of His lovers, laid

MUSIC AND DANCE

waste and desolate. The place where the ego is destroyed signifies the state where illusion and deeds are burnt away: that is the burning ground where Sri Nataraja dances, and whence He is named Sudalaiyadi, Dancer of the burning-ground.

Ibid.

HYMN TO KALI

Because Thou lovest the Burning-ground,
I have made a Burning-ground of my heart —
That Thou, Dark One, haunter of the Burning-ground,
Mayest dance Thy eternal dance.
Nought else is within my heart, O Mother:
Day and night blazes the funeral pyre:
The ashes of the dead, strewn all about,
I have preserved against Thy coming.
Do Thou enter in, dancing Thy rhythmic dance,
That I may behold Thee with closed eyes.

Ibid.

This is my Brindaban
Sree Krishna is the King in the Forest,
Here flows the Jumna,
I hear Sree Krishna's footsteps
In every leaf-falling,
In every vein it is His writing. . . .
He is my Love.

HINDU POEM

TRANSLATED BY HARENDRANATH MAITRA

I happened to know a *Sanyasini* at Brindaban. . . . My little grass hut was just by the side of hers, where she used to sing almost all the day and night. That dwelling of the *Sanyasini* was on the banks of the Jumna, that enchanting stream! . . . The waves heard many a sweet song, sung by the flute of Sree Krishna.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Even the peacocks used to dance when they heard that enchantment. That Jumna is still there. The music is there. . . . Men and women hear that music and it enters into their hearts and maddens their soul. Not the madness of the world. It is the madness for God. That *Sanyasini* I am speaking of sings in praise of Krishna all day and night in her little grass hut. She bathes in the Jumna every morning before the sun rises, cooks her own food, which is very simple, reads a few lines from the *Bhagavat Gita*, and sings the songs of Radha and Krishna. She has given up all her property to become a devotee. . . . The hundreds that come to see her go away as if fully satisfied in heart and soul. If you look at her eyes, you see in them a great spiritual passion for Him who is the husband of her soul.

Ibid.

Make use of thy body as a musician uses his lyre: when this can no longer serve thee, still canst thou sing without accompaniment.

PLOTINUS 205

I pray there may be shown to me the mysterious dancing of the Stars in Heaven, for the salvation of the Universe.

ORIGEN circa 185

I doubt not yet to make a figure in the great Dance of Life that shall amuse the spectators in the sky.

BLAKE 1757

Then listen I
To the Celestial Sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine unfolded spheres
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.

MILTON 1608

MUSIC AND DANCE

Strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death.

Ibid.

A lonely sighing of the wind
Along the reedy stream, a half heard strain
Full of sweet desolation.

KEATS

Thou seest the Constellations in the deep and wondrous Night.
They rise in order and continue their immortal courses
Upon the mountains and in vales with harp and heavenly song,
With flute and clarion. . . .
And the calm ocean joys beneath and smooths his awful waves.

BLAKE

Hark! 'twas the voice of harps that poured along
The hollow vale, the floating tide of song.
I see the glittering train in long array
Gleam through the shades, and snowy splendours play;
I see them now with measured steps and slow,
'Mid arching groves the white-robed sages go.
The oaken wreath with braided fillet drest —
The Crescent beaming on the holy breast —
The silver hair which waves above the lyre,
And shrouds the strings, proclaim the Druid's quire.
They halt, and all is hushed.

WORDSWORTH 1770

They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children
dance. They take the Timbrel and Harp, and rejoice at the sound
of the Organ.

Job

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

The harp was of three strings;
A string of iron, a string of noble bronze,
And a string of entire silver.
Goltarrgles was the other string
Which sends all men to crying.

Thy flute is playing, playing, O my Krishna!
The Jumna flows against the tide,
The birds are bursting their throats with song
The peacocks are dancing with joy.
Thy flute is playing, O my Krishna!
I come! I come!

I shall not stay, I shall not stay any longer,
I shall put aside my caste
And break the tie of home.
I shall go to my Beloved
Where He calls me with His flute.
The Jumna goes, the birds are going,
The peacocks go,
I shall go, I shall go with them all.
Thy flute is playing, O my Krishna!
I come! I come!

I shall throw aside my household tasks,
I shall throw aside all that is mine,
I shall go to be near Thee, Beloved,
I shall lose myself at Thy feet.
Thy flute is playing, O my Krishna!
I come! I come!

HINDU POEM

TRANSLATED BY HARENDRANATH MAITRA

MUSIC AND DANCE

Une mélodie où tout est devenir.

BERGSON

THE MYSTIC TRUMPETER

Hark! some wild trumpeter — some strange musician,
Hovering unseen in air, vibrates capricious tunes to-night.
I hear thee, trumpeter — listening, alert, I catch thy notes,
Now pouring, whirling like a tempest round me,
Now low, subdued — now in the distance lost. . . .

Blow, trumpeter, free and clear — I follow thee,
While at thy liquid prelude, glad, serene,
The fretting world, the streets, the noisy hours of day, withdraw;
A holy calm descends like dew upon me.
I walk in cool refreshing night the walks of Paradise.
Blow again, trumpeter! and for thy theme,
Take now the enclosing theme of all — the solvent and the setting;
Love, that is pulse of all — the sustenance and the pang. . . .
O how the immortal phantoms crowd around me!
I see the vast alembic ever working — I see and know the flames
that heat the world . . .
Love, that is all the earth to lovers — Love, that mocks time and
space;
Love, that is day and night — Love that is sun and moon and stars;
Love, that is crimson, sumptuous, sick with perfume;
No other words, but words of love — no other thought but Love.
O trumpeter, methinks I am myself the instrument thou playest,
Thou melt'st my heart, my brain — thou movest, drawest, changest
them at will. . . .

Now trumpeter, for thy close,
Vouchsafe a higher strain than any yet,
Sing to my soul, renew its languishing faith and hope,
Rouse up my soul belief, give me some vision of the future,
Give me for once its prophecy and joy.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

O glad, exulting, culminating song!
A vigour more than earth's is in thy notes. . . .
Hymns to the universal God from universal man — all joy!
A reborn race appears — a perfect world, all joy!
Women and men in wisdom, innocence, and health — all joy! . . .
Joy! joy! in freedom, worship, love! joy in the ecstasy of life!
Enough to merely be! enough to breathe!

WALT WHITMAN 1819

Universal Pan
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
Led on the eternal Spring.

MILTON

Fine sounds are floating wild about the earth.

KEATS

'Tis far for me to fare along the well-worn track: time urges;
yea, and I know a speedy path; *to many have I shown the ways of*
Song.

PINDAR

TRANSLATED BY R. C. JEBB

The men of old lightly sent forth shafts of song that told their loves.
Ibid.

Then was there heard a most celestial sound,
Of dainty musicke. . . .

That was Arion crownd;
Who playing on his harpe, unto him drew
The ears and hearts of all that goodly crew,
That even yet the Dolphin, which him bore
Through the Ægean seas from Pirates vew

MUSIC AND DANCE

Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,
And all the raging seas for joy forgot to rore.
So went he playing on the watery plaine.

EDMUND SPENSER 1552

Thou remember'st,
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.

SHAKESPEARE 1564

TO PAN

Tell me, Muse, concerning the dear son of Hermes, the goat-footed . . . who haunts the wooded dells with dancing nymphs that tread the crests of the steep cliffs, calling upon Pan the pastoral God of the long wild hair. Lord is he of every snowy crest and mountain peak and rocky path. Hither and thither he goes through the thick copses, sometimes being drawn to the still waters, and sometimes faring through the lofty crags he climbs the highest peak whence the flocks are seen below; ever he ranges over the high white hills, and ever among the knolls he chases and slays the wild beasts, the God with keen eye, and at evening returns piping from the chase, breathing sweet strains on the reeds. In song that bird cannot excel him which, among the leaves of the blossoming springtide, pours forth her plaint and her honey-sweet song. With him then the mountain nymphs, the shrill singers, go wandering with light feet, and sing at the side of the dark water of the well, while the echo moans along the mountain crest, and the God leaps hither and thither, and goes into the midst, with many a step of the dance. On his back he wears the tawny hide of a lynx, and his heart rejoices with shrill songs in the soft

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

meadows where crocus and fragrant hyacinth bloom all mingled amidst the grass. They sing of the blessed Gods and of high Olympus.

HOMERIC HYMN
TRANSLATED BY ANDREW LANG

MUSICIANS OF THE AIR

As first the Lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her, she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air, and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch, but for necessity.

How do the Blackbird and Thrassell with their melodious voices bid welcome to the cheerful Spring, and in their fixed months warble forth such ditties as no art of instrument can reach to!

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as namely the Leverock, the Titlark, the little Linnet, and the honest Robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the Nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord, what music hast thou provided for the Saints in Heaven, when thou affordest such music on Earth.

ISAAC WALTON 1653

And Miriam the prophetess . . . took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.

Exodus

MUSIC AND DANCE

In which of the fair deeds of yore done in thy land, immortal Thebe, didst thou take most delight? When thou broughtest forth Dionysos with the flowing locks, who sits beside Demeter. . . when Teiresias had fame for prophecy, and Iolaos for the driving of chariots? *But the grace of the old time sleeps*, and men forget it, save what hath been wedded to the glorious tide of song, and hath won the perfect meed of minstrel's skill.

PINDAR

TRANSLATED BY R. C. JEBB

Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet: praise Him with the psaltery and harp. Praise Him with the timbrel and dance: praise Him with stringed instruments and organs. Praise Him upon the loud cymbals. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.

Psalms

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings, -
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims.
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

SHAKESPEARE

. . . so ist die Musik, da sie die Ideen übergeht, auch von der erscheinenden Welt ganz unabhängig, ignoriert sie schlechthin, könnte gewissermassen, auch wenn die Welt gar nicht wäre, doch bestehen.

SCHOPENHAUER 1788

. . . so music, independent as it is of the Ideas, is also free of the visible world, ignores it, could indeed, were the world non-existent, still exist.

TRANSLATED BY GRETCHEN WARREN

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

And David danced before the Lord with all his might; and David was girded with a linen ephod. So David and all the house of Israel brought up the ark of the Lord with shouting, and with the sound of the trumpet. And as the ark of the Lord came into the city of David, Michal Saul's daughter looked through a window, and saw king David leaping and dancing before the Lord.

2 Samuel

And as I sat, over the light blue hills
There came a noise of revellers: the rills
Into the wide stream came of purple hue —
 'Twas Bacchus and his crew!
The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills
From kissing cymbals made a merry din —
 'Twas Bacchus and his kin!
Like to a moving vintage down they came,
Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on flame;
All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,
 To scare thee, Melancholy! . . .

Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,
Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,
 With sidelong laughing. . . .
And near him rode Silenus on his ass,
Pelted with flowers as he on did pass
 Tipsily quaffing. . . .

We follow Bacchus! Bacchus on the wing,
 A conquering!
Bacchus, young Bacchus! good or ill betide,
We dance before him thorough kingdoms wide.

KEATS

MUSIC AND DANCE

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
Speeded by my sweet pipings.
The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
And the Nymphs of the woods and the waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow,
Were silent with love, as you now Apollo,
With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the daedal Earth,
And of Heaven — and the giant wars,
And Love, and Death, and Birth, —
And then I changed my pipings, —
Singing how down the vale of Maenalus
I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed.
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed:
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

SHELLEY 1792

The poete of Trace, Orpheus, that whylom hadde right greet sorwe for the deeth of his wyf, after that he hadde maked, by his weeply songes, the wodes, moevable, to rennen; and hadde maked the riveres to stonden stille; and hadde maked the hertes and the hindes to joignen, dredeles, hir sydes to cruel lyouns, for to herknen his songe; and hadde maked that the hare was nat agast of the hounde, which that was plesed by his songe: so, when the moste ardaunt love of his wif brende the entrailes of his brest, ne the

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

songes that hadden overcomen alle thinges ne mighten nat ass-
wagen hir lord Orpheus, he pleynede him of the hevene goddes that
weren cruel to him; he wente him to the houses of helle. And
there he temprede hise blaundisshinge songes by resowninge
strenges, and spak and song in wepinge al that ever he hadde
received and laved out of the noble welles of his moder Calliope
the goddesse; and he song with as mochel as he mighte of wepinge,
and with as moche as love, that doublede his sorwe, mighte yeve
him and techen him; and he commoevede the helle, and requerede
and bisoughte by swete preyere the lordes of sowles in helle, of
relesinge; that is to seyn, to yilden him his wyf.

Cerberus, the porter of helle, with his three hevedes, was caught
and al abayst for the newe song; and the three goddesses, Furies,
and vengeresses of felonyes, that tormenten and agasten the sowles
by anoy, woxen sorwful and sory, and wepen teres for pitee. . . .
At the laste the lord and juge of sowles was moeved to misericordes
and cryde, 'we ben overcomen,' quod he; 'yive we to Orpheus
his wyf to bere him companye; he hath wel y-bought hir by his song
and his ditee; but we wol putte a lawe in this, and covenaut in
the yifte: that is to seyn, that, til he be out of helle, yif he loke
behinde him, that his wyf shal comen ayein unto us.

Boethius de Consolatione Philosophie

GEOFFREY CHAUCER 1340

EDITED BY W. W. SKEAT

The scene is among the high mountain pastures of Sicily: —

*On the sward, at the cliff top
Lie strewn the white flocks.*

As beautiful Daphnis was following his kine, and Menalcas
shepherding his flock, they met, as men tell, on the long ranges
of the hills. . . . Then first Menalcas, looking at Daphnis, thus
bespoke him:

Daphnis, thou herdsman of the lowing kine, art thou minded

MUSIC AND DANCE

to sing a match with me? Methinks I shall vanquish thee, when I sing in turn, as readily as I please.

Then Daphnis answered him again in this wise: Thou shepherd of the fleecy sheep, Menalcas, the pipe-player, never wilt thou vanquish me in song, not thou, if thou shouldst sing till some evil thing befall thee!

Menalcas: Dost thou care then . . . to risk a stake?

Daphnis: I do care to try this and see, a stake I am ready to risk . . . but what, then, wilt thou lay, and where is to be the victor's gain?

Menalcas: The pipe, the fair pipe with nine stops, that I made myself, fitted with white wax, and smoothed evenly, above as below. This would I readily wager. . . .

Daphnis: See then, I too, in truth, have a pipe with nine stops, fitted with white wax, and smoothed evenly, above as below. But lately I put it together, and this finger still aches, where the reed split, and cut it deeply.

Menalcas: But who is to judge between us, who will listen to our singing?

Daphnis: That goatherd yonder, he will do, if we call him hither, the man for whom that dog, a black hound with a white patch, is barking among the kids.

Then the boys called aloud, and the goatherd gave ear, and came, and the boys began to sing. . . . And first Menalcas sang (for he drew the lot) . . . and Daphnis took up the answering strain of pastoral song—and 'twas thus Menalcas began:

Menalcas: Ye glades, ye rivers, issue of the Gods, if ever Menalcas the flute-player sang a song ye loved, to please him, feed his lambs; and if ever Daphnis come hither with his calves, may he have no less a boon.

Daphnis: Ye wells and pastures, sweet growth o' the world, if Daphnis sings like the nightingales, do ye fatten this herd of his, and if Menalcas hither lead a flock, may he too have pasture ungrudging to his full desire! . . .

Thus the boys sang in verses amœbaean, and thus Menalcas began the crowning lay:

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Menalcas: Wolf, spare the kids, spare the mothers of my herd, and harm not me, so young as I am to tend so great a flock. . . . Ewes of mine, spare ye not to take your fill of the tender herb, ye shall not weary, ere all this grass grows again. . . .

Daphnis: Sweet is the voice of the heifer, sweet her breath, sweet to lie beneath the sky in summer, by running water.

Acorns are the pride of the oak, apples of the apple tree, the calf of the heifer, and the neathered glories in his kine.

So sang the lads, and the goatherd thus bespoke them, 'Sweet is thy mouth, O Daphnis, and delectable thy song! Better is it to listen to thy singing, than to taste the honeycomb. Take thou the pipe, for thou hast conquered in the singing match. Ah, if thou wilt but teach some lay, even to me, as I tend the goats beside thee, this blunt-horned she-goat will I give thee, for the price of thy teaching, this she-goat that ever fills the milking pail above the brim.'

Then was the boy as glad, — and leaped high, and clapped his hands over his victory, — as a young fawn leaps about his mother. But the heart of the other was wasted with grief, and desolate, even as a maiden sorrows that is newly wed.

From this time Daphnis became the foremost among the shepherds, and while yet in his earliest youth, he wedded the nymph Nais.

THEOCRITUS 310 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY ANDREW LANG

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue.

KEATS

Li si cantò non Bacco, non Peana,
ma tre persone in divina natura,
ed in una persona essa e l'umana,

MUSIC AND DANCE

Compiè il cantare e il volger sua misura.
ed attesersi a noi quei santi lumi,
felicitando sè di cura in cura.

DANTE

There did they sing, not Bacchus, and not Paeon,
but three Persons in the divine nature, and it
and the human nature in one Person.

The song and wheeling had fulfilled their
measure, and to us turned their heed those
sacred torches, rejoicing as they passed from
charge to charge.

TRANSLATED BY PHILIP H. WICKSTEED

*As the harp waiteth for its master, my mouth waiteth for Thee
. . . Do Thou, Lord, play on my harp with all Thy edifying strains*

Blessed be he who becomes the Harp of Thy praise.

ST. EPHRAIM

As the hand moves over the Harp and the strings speak, so speaks
in my members the Spirit of the Lord, and I speak by His love.
For it destroys what is alien, and everything is of the Lord. For
thus it was from the beginning and will be to the end.

Ode of Solomon 2ND CENTURY
TRANSLATED BY J. H. BERNARD

Your prayer has to be joined with praises. Let my Song go forth
like the path of the sun! May all the Sons of the Immortal listen,
they who have reached their heavenly homes.

THE *Upanishads* circa 600 B.C.
TRANSLATED BY F. MAX MÜLLER

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

This is the freedom and the lordship, the dignity, and the worship that a man hath over all creatures, the which dignity he may so recover by grace here, that every creature savour to him as it is. And that is, when by grace he seeth, he heareth, he feeleth only God in all creatures. . . . Also, our Lord comforteth a soul by angel's song. What that song is, it may not be described by no bodily likeness, for it is ghostly, and above all manner of imagination and reason. It may be felt and perceived in a soul, but it may not be shewed. . . . When the soul is lifted and ravished and out of mind of any earthly things, then in great fervour of love and light (if our Lord vouchsafe) the soul may hear and feel heavenly sound, made by the presence of angels in loving of God. . . . Then soothly may he sing a new song, and soothly he may hear a blessed heavenly sound, and angel's song without deceit or feigning. Our Lord woteth where that soul is that, for abundance of brenning love, is worthy to hear angel's song. . . . and that is when all vain love and dread, vain joy and sorrow, is cast out of the heart, so that it love nothing but God, nor dread nothing but God, nor joyeth, nor sorroweth nothing but in God, or for God.

AN EARLY MYSTICAL TREATISE
EDITED BY EDMUND G. GARDNER

Then weave the web of the Mystic Measure;
From the depths of the sky and the ends of the earth,
Come, swift Spirits of night and of pleasure,
Fill the dance and the music of mirth,
As the waves of a thousand streams rush by
To an ocean of splendour and harmony!

SHELLEY

ETERNITY AND TIME

And every Moment has a Couch of gold for soft repose. . . .
And every Minute has an azure Tent with silken Veils:
And every Hour has a bright golden Gate carved with skill:
And every Day & Night has Walls of brass & Gates of adamant,
Shining like precious Stones & ornamented with appropriate signs:
And every Month a silver paved Terrace builded high:
And every Year invulnerable Barriers with high Towers:
And every Age is Moated deep with Bridges of silver & gold:
And every Seven Ages is Incircled with a Flaming Fire.

BLAKE 1757

Aeternitas est Nunc Stans.

Eternity is the Now at Rest.

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great *Ring* of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time, in hours, days, years,
Driv'n by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow mov'd, in which the world
And all her train were hurl'd.

HENRY VAUGHAN 1622

He hath set Eternity in their hearts.

Ich bin von Heute und Ehedem. Aber Etwas ist in mir, das ist
von Morgen und Über Morgen und Einstmals.

NIETZSCHE 1844

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Wann, Brunnen der Ewigkeit; wann trinkst Du meine Seele,
meine wunderliche Seele in Dich zurück?

Ibid.

When, O Fountains of Eternity, will you absorb my spirit, absorb
my marvellous spirit?

Eternity is in love with the productions of Time.

BLAKE

Learn therefore . . . to distinguish the Eternal Human
That walks about among the stones of fire in bliss and woe.

Ibid.

O aching Time! O moments big as years!
All as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth,
And press it so upon our weary griefs
That unbelief has not a space to breathe.

KEATS 1795

Time is the child of Eternity . . . Here we drift, like white
sails across the wild ocean, now bright on the wave, now darkling
in the trough* of the sea; – but from what port did we sail? Who
knows? Or to what port are we bound? Who knows? There is
no one to tell us but such poor weather-tossed mariners as ourselves,
whom we speak as we pass, or who have hoisted some signal . . .
But what know they more than we? They also found themselves
on this wondrous sea. No; from the older sailors, nothing. Over
all their speaking-trumpets, the grey sea and the loud winds answer,
Not in us, not in Time.

EMERSON 1803

Before all beings God has always been, though not existing before
them. Not by a period of Time, but by a fixed Eternity is He before
them – His creatures.

SPINOZA 1632

ETERNITY AND TIME

The ends of heaven; like a Garment will I fold them round me,
Consuming what must be consum'd; then in power & majesty
I will walk forth thro' those wide fields of endless Eternity,
A God & not a Man, a Conqueror in triumphant glory,
And all the Sons of Everlasting shall bow down at my feet.

BLAKE

The inward man is Eternity.

JACOB BOEHME 1575

Even such is Time, that takes in trust
Our Youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust.
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH 1552

WRITTEN IN THE TOWER THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS EXECUTION

Nec, quae praeteriit, iterum revocabitur unda: Nec, quae praeteriit hora redire potest.

OVID 43 B.C.

Thou canst not call back the passing wave, nor will the hour return which has passed.

In Me all Eternity.

BLAKE

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

But when once I did descry
The Immortal Man that cannot Die,
Thro' evening shades I haste away
To close the labours of my Day.

Ibid.

I rest not from my great task!
To open the Eternal Worlds, to open the immortal Eyes
Of Man inwards into the Worlds of Thought: into Eternity . . .
O Saviour pour upon me thy Spirit of meekness & love!
Annihilate the Selfhood in me: be thou all my life!
Guide thou my hand, which trembles exceedingly upon the Rock
of Ages!

Ibid.

The ruins of Time build
Mansions in Eternity.

Ibid.

But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near,
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast Eternity.

MARVELL 1621

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleachèd garden, watched the pomp,

ETERNITY AND TIME

Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

EMERSON

Even Time, the conqueror, fled thee in his fear;
That hoary giant, who, in lonely pride,
So long had ruled the world, that nations fell
Beneath his silent footstep. Pyramids,
That for millenniums had withstood the tide
Of human things, his storm-breath drove in sand
Across that desert where their stones survived
The name of him whose pride had heaped them there.
Yon monarch, in his solitary pomp,
Was but the mushroom of a summer day,
That his light-wingèd footstep pressed to dust:
Time was the king of earth: all things gave way
Before him, but the fixed and virtuous will,
The sacred sympathies of soul and sense,
That mocked his fury and prepared his fall.

SHELLEY 1792

For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is
past, and as a watch in the night . . . We spend our years as a
tale that is told.

Psalms

In all of us there dwells a secret marvellous power of freeing ourselves from the changes of Time, of withdrawing our secret selves away from external things, and of discovering to ourselves the Eternal in us, in the form of unchangeability. This presentation of ourselves to ourselves is the most truly personal experience upon which depends everything that we know of the supersensual world.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

At that moment we annihilate Time and duration of Time: we are no longer in Time, *but Time or rather Eternity itself, the Timeless, is in us.*

SCHELLING 1775

O ben creato spirito, che ai rai
di vita eterna la dolcezza senti,
che non gustata non s'intende mai.

DANTE 1265

O well created spirit, who in the rays of
Eternal Life dost feel the sweetness which, save
tasted, may ne'er be understood.

TRANSLATED BY PHILIP H. WICKSTEED

A Train of dark Forms and Shadows passes by confusedly singing.

Here, oh, here:
We bear the bier
Of the Father of many a cancelled year!
Spectres we
Of the dead Hours be,
We bear Time to his tomb in eternity. . . .

Be the faded flowers
Of Death's bare bowers
Spread on the corpse of the King of Hours!

Haste, oh, haste!
As shades are chased,
Trembling, by day, from heaven's blue waste.
We melt away,
Like dissolving spray. . . .

Ione: Have they past?

ETERNITY AND TIME

Panthea: They have past;
 They outspeeded the blast,
 While 'tis said, they are fled:

Ione: Whither, oh, whither?

Panthea: To the dark, to the past, to the dead.

SHELLEY

Oh Mensch! Gieb Acht!
Was spricht die tiefe Mitternacht?
'Ich schlief, ich schlief —,
Aus tiefem Traum bin ich erwacht:—
Die Welt ist tief,
Und tiefer als der Tag gedacht.
Tief ist ihr Weh —,
Lust — tiefer noch als Herzeleid:
Weh spricht: Vergeh!
Doch alle Lust will Ewigkeit —,
— will tiefe, tiefe Ewigkeit!'

NIETZSCHE

O man! Beware!
What saith the midnight hour?
'I slept, I slept —,
From my deep dream I wake: —
The world is deep,
Yea, deeper than daylight deems.
Deep is its woe —,
Joy — deeper still than grief:
Woe saith: go hence, begone!
But joy craveth Eternity —,
— deep, deep Eternity!'

TRANSLATED BY GRETCHEN WARREN

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

In all exact knowledge the mind knows itself under the form of eternity; that is to say, in every such act it is eternal and knows itself as eternal. This eternity is not a persistence in time after the dissolution of the body, no more than a pre-existence in time, for it is not commensurable with time at all. And there is associated with it a state or quality of perfection called the intellectual love of God:

SPINOZA

TRANSLATED BY F. POLLOCK

But Thou, Lord, ever workest, and art ever at rest. Nor dost Thou see in time, nor art moved in time, nor retest in time; and yet Thou makest things seem in time, yea the times themselves, and the rest which results from time. We therefore see these things which Thou madest, because they are: but they are, because Thou seest them . . . We trust to rest in Thy great *hallowing*. But Thou . . . art ever at rest, because Thy rest is Thou Thyself. And what man can teach man to understand this? or what Angel, an Angel? . . . Let it be asked of Thee, sought in Thee, knocked for at Thee; so shall it be received, so shall it be found, so shall it be opened. Amen.

ST. AUGUSTINE 353

TRANSLATED BY E. B. PUSEY

We need find no mystery in the nature of the rolling contact of our consciousness with the empty soap-bubble we call space-time, for it reduces merely to a contact between mind and a creation of mind – like the reading of a book, or listening to music. It is probably unnecessary to add that, on this view of things, the apparent vastness and emptiness of the universe, and our own insignificant size therein, need cause us neither bewilderment nor concern. We are not terrified by the sizes of the structures which our own thoughts create, nor by those that others imagine and describe to us. In Du Maurier's story, Peter Ibbetson and the Duchess of Towers continued to build vast dream-palaces and dream-gardens of ever-

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increasing size, but felt no terror at the size of their mental creations. The immensity of the Universe becomes a matter of satisfaction rather than awe; we are citizens of no mean city. We need not puzzle over the finiteness of space; we feel no curiosity as to what lies beyond the four walls which bound our vision in a dream.

It is the same with time, which, like space, we must think of as of finite extent. As we trace the stream of time backwards, we encounter many indications that, after a long enough journey, we must come to its source, a time before which the present universe did not exist. . . .

If the universe is a universe of thought, then its creation must have been an act of thought. Indeed the finiteness of time and space almost compel us, of themselves, to picture the creation as an act of thought; the determination of the constants such as the radius of the universe and the number of electrons it contained imply thought, whose richness is measured by the immensity of these quantities. Time and space, which form the setting for the thought, must have come into being as part of this act. Primitive cosmologies pictured a creator working in space and time, forging sun, moon and stars out of already existent raw material. Modern scientific theory compels us to think of the creator as working outside time and space, which are part of his creation, just as the artist is outside his canvas. *Non in tempore, sed cum tempore, finxit Deus mundum.* Indeed, the doctrine dates back as far as Plato:

‘Time and the heavens came into being at the same instant, in order that, if they were ever to dissolve, they might be dissolved together. Such was the mind and thought of God in the creation of time.’

And yet, so little do we understand time that perhaps we ought to compare the whole of time to the act of creation, the materialization of the thought.

SIR JAMES JEANS

The four symbolic figures in the Medici chapel in Florence – Michelangelo’s masterpieces of statuary, Day and Night, Evening

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and Dawn – exhibit the everlasting elements in the passage of fact. The figures stay there, reclining in their recurring sequence, for ever showing the essences in the nature of things. The perfect realization is not merely the exemplification of what in abstraction is timeless. It does more: it implants timelessness on what in its essence is passing. The perfect moment is fadeless in the lapse of time. Time has then lost its character of ‘perpetual perishing’; it becomes the ‘moving image of eternity’.

A. N. WHITEHEAD

Und Ich und Du im Thorwege zusammen flüsternd, von ewigen Dingen flüsternd.

NIETZSCHE

And thou and I at the City gate stand whispering together, of the Eternal we are whispering.

HUMAN LOVE

LOVE, THOU ART ABSOLUTE SOLE LORD OF LIFE
AND DEATH

CRASHAW 1613

Love is the scale
By which to heavenly Love thou may'st ascend.

MILTON 1608

He who would proceed rightly in this matter should begin in youth to turn to beautiful forms; and first, if his instructor guide him rightly, he should learn to love one such form only – out of that he should create fair thoughts; and soon he will himself perceive that the beauty of one form is truly related to the beauty of another; and then if beauty in general is his pursuit, how foolish would he be not to recognize that the beauty in every form is one and the same! And when he perceives this he will abate his violent love of the one . . . and will become a lover of all beautiful forms; this will lead him on to consider that the beauty of the mind is more honourable than the beauty of the outward form. So that if a virtuous soul have but a little comeliness, he will be content to love and tend him, and will search out and bring to the birth thoughts which may improve the young, until his beloved is compelled to contemplate and see the beauty of institutions and laws, and understand that all is of one kindred, and that personal beauty is only a trifle; and after laws and institutions he will lead him on to the sciences, that he may see their beauty, being not . . . a slave mean and calculating, but looking at the abundance of beauty and drawing towards the sea of beauty, and creating and beholding many fair and noble thoughts

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and notions in boundless love of wisdom; until at length he grows and waxes strong, and at last the vision is revealed to him of a single science, which is the science of beauty everywhere. . . .

He who has been instructed thus far in the things of love, and who has learned to see the beautiful in due order and succession, when he comes toward the end will suddenly perceive a nature of wondrous beauty – and this, Socrates, is that final cause of all our former toils, which in the first place is everlasting – not growing and decaying, or waxing and waning; in the next place not fair in one point of view and foul in another, or at one time or in one relation or at one place fair, at another time or in another relation or at another place foul, as if fair to some and foul to others, or in the likeness of a face or hands or any other part of the bodily frame, or in any form of speech or knowledge, nor existing in any other being; as for example, an animal, whether in earth or heaven, but beauty only, absolute, separate, simple, and everlasting, which without diminution and without increase, or any change, is imparted to the evergrowing and perishing beauties of all other things. He who under the influence of true love rising upward from these begins to see that beauty, is not far from the end. And the true order of going or being led by another to the things of love, is to use the beauties of earth as steps along which he mounts upwards for the sake of that other beauty, going from one to two, and from two to all fair forms, and from fair forms to fair actions, and from fair actions to fair notions, until from fair notions he arrives at the notion of absolute beauty, and at last knows what the essence of beauty is . . . But what if man had eyes to see the true beauty – the divine beauty, I mean, pure and clear and unalloyed, not clogged with the pollutions of mortality, and all the colours and vanities of human life – thither looking, and holding converse with the true beauty divine and simple, and bringing into being and educating true creations of virtue and not idols only? Do you not see that in that communion only, beholding beauty with the eye of the mind, he will be enabled to bring forth, not images of beauty, but realities; for he has hold not of an image but of a reality, and bringing forth and educating

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true virtue to become the friend of God and be immortal, if mortal man may. Would that be an ignoble life?

PLATO 428 B.C.
TRANSLATED BY JOWETT

TRUE LOVE

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove : —
O no! it is an ever-fixèd mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out ev'n to the edge of doom: —
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

SHAKESPEARE 1564

I beg no subject to use eloquence
Nor in hid ways do guide philosophie;
Looke at my hands for no such quintessence
But know that I in pure simplicitie
Breathe out the flames which burne within my heart,
Love only reading unto me this arte.

EDMUND SPENSER 1552

If no love is, O God, what feel I so?
And if love is, what thing and which is he?
If love be good, from whennes cometh my wo?

If he be wicke, a wonder thinketh me,
When every torment and adversity,
That cometh of him, may to me savory think;
For ay thirst I the more that I it drink. . . .
. . . Thus passed to and fro,
All steereless within a boat am I
Amid the sea, betwixen windes two
That in contrary standen evermo.
Alas, what is this wonder malady?
For heat of cold, for cold of heat I die.

MODERNIZED BY J. W. MACKAIL

I shall sing of the revered Aphrodité, the golden-crowned, the beautiful, who hath for her portion the mountain crests of sea-girt Cyprus. Thither the strength of the west wind moistly blowing carried her amid soft foam over the wave of the resounding sea. Her did the golden-snooded Hours gladly welcome, and clad her about in immortal raiment, and on her deathless head set a well-wrought crown, fair and golden, and in her ears put earrings of orichalcum and of precious gold. Her delicate neck and white bosom they adorned with chains of gold, wherewith are bedecked the golden-snooded Hours themselves, when they come to the glad dance of the Gods in the dwelling of the Father. Anon when they had thus adorned her in all goodliness they led her to the Immortals, who gave her greeting when they beheld her, and welcomed her with their hands; and each God prayed that he might lead her home to be his wedded wife, so much they marvelled at the beauty of the fair-garlanded Cytherean. Hail, thou of the glancing eyes, thou sweet, winsome Goddess, and lend thou grace to my song, while I shall both remember thee and another singing.

TRANSLATED BY ANDREW LANG

HUMAN LOVE

THE POWER OF LOVE

The Cyprian Queen, my children, is not only the Cyprian; there are many other names she bears. She is Death; she is imperishable force; she is raving madness; she is untempered longing; she is lamentation. Nothing that works or is quiet, nothing that drives to violence, but as she wills . . . Who must not yield to this goddess? She enters into every fish that swims; she is in every four-footed breed upon the land; among the birds everywhere is the beating of her wings; in beasts, in mortal men, and in the gods above. No God with whom she wrestles, but is thrice thrown.

If it be lawful to say it – and lawful it is to speak the truth – in the breast of Zeus she reigns, a tyrant that needs no armed guard. There is no design of mortal or of god that is not cut short by Love.

SOPHOCLES 495 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY F. M. CORNFORD

Mild goddess, in Cyprus born – thou child, not of the sea, but of Zeus – why art thou thus vexed with mortals and immortals? Nay, my word is too weak, why wert thou thus bitterly wroth, yea, even with thyself, as to bring forth Love, so mighty a bane to all – cruel and heartless Love, whose spirit is all unlike his beauty? And wherefore didst thou furnish him with wings, and give him skill to shoot so far, that, child as he is, we never may escape the bitterness of Love.

BION 280 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY ANDREW LANG

JASON AND MEDEA

Now soon as ever the maiden saw the light of dawn, with her hands she gathered up her golden tresses which were floating round her shoulders in careless disarray, and bathed her tear-stained cheeks

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and made her skin shine with ointment sweet as nectar; and she donned a beautiful robe, fitted with well-bent clasps, and above on her head, divinely fair, she threw a veil gleaming like silver . . . And she called to her maids. Twelve they were, who lay during the night in the vestibule of her fragrant chamber . . . and she bade them hastily yoke the mules to the chariot to bear her to the beauteous shrine of Hecate. Thereupon the handmaids were making ready the chariot; and Medea meanwhile took from the hollow casket a charm which men say is called the charm of Prometheus . . . And she brought the charm forth and placed it in the fragrant band which engirdled her, just beneath her bosom, divinely fair. And going forth she mounted the swift chariot, and with her went two handmaidens on each side. And she herself took the reins and in her right hand the well-fashioned whip, and drove through the city; and the rest, the handmaids, laid their hands on the chariot behind and ran along the broad highway; and they kilted up their light robes above their white knees . . . Thus they sped through the city; and on both sides the people gave way, shunning the eyes of the royal maiden. But when she had left the city's well paved streets, and was approaching the shrine as she drove over the plains, then she alighted eagerly from the smooth-running chariot and spake as follows among her maidens:

'Friends, verily have I sinned greatly and took no heed not to go among the stranger-folk who roam over our land . . . But since we have come and no one else draws near, come let us satisfy our souls without stint with soothing song, and when we have plucked the fair flowers amid the tender grass, that very hour will we return . . . As for yon stranger who took on him the task with the oxen, they bid me receive his gifts and rescue him from the deadly contest. And I approved their counsel, and I have summoned him to come to my presence apart from his comrades, so that we may divide the gifts among ourselves if he bring them in his hands, and in return may give him a baleful charm. But when he comes, do ye stand aloof. . . .'

And straightway Argus drew Aeson's son apart from his comrades as soon as he heard from his brothers that Medea had gone

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at daybreak to the holy shrine of Hecate, and led him over the plain . . .

Never yet had there been such a man in the days of old . . . as on that day the bride of Zeus made Jason, both to look and to hold converse with. Even his comrades wondered as they gazed upon him, radiant with manifold graces. . . .

Soon he appeared to her longing eyes, striding along loftily, like Sirius coming from ocean . . . thus then did Aeson's son come to her, fair to see, but the sight of him brought love-sick care. Her heart fell from out her bosom, and a dark mist came over her eyes. . . . And she had no strength to lift her knees backwards or forwards, but her feet beneath were rooted to the ground; and meantime all her handmaidens had drawn aside. So they two stood face to face without a word, without a sound, like oaks or lofty pines, which stand quietly side by side on the mountains when the wind is still; then again, when stirred by the breath of the wind, they murmur ceaselessly; so they two were destined to tell out all their tale, stirred by the breath of Love. And Aeson's son saw that she had fallen into some heaven-sent calamity, and with soothing words thus addressed her:

'Why, pray, maiden, dost thou fear me so much, all alone as I am? . . . Be not too much abashed before me . . . I implore thee by Hecate herself . . . I come here to thee both a suppliant and a stranger, bending the knee in my sore need. . . .'

Thus he spake, honouring her; and she cast her eyes down with a smile divinely sweet; and her soul melted within her . . . and she gazed upon him face to face; nor did she know what word to utter first, but was eager to pour out everything at once. And forth from her fragrant girdle ungrudgingly she brought out the charm . . . And she would even have drawn out all her soul from her breast and given it to him, exulting in his desire; so wonderfully did love flash forth a sweet flame from the golden head of Aeson's son; and he captivated her gleaming eyes; and her heart within grew warm, melting away as the dew melts away round roses when warmed by the morning's light. And now both were fixing their eyes on the ground abashed, and again were throwing glances

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at each other, smiling with the light of love beneath their radiant brows. . . .

She spake, and cast her eyes to her feet in silence, and her cheek, divinely fair, was wet with warm tears as she sorrowed for that he was about to wander far from her side over the wide sea. . . .

'Remember, if haply thou returnest to thy home, Medea's name; and so will I remember thine, though thou be far away. . . .'

Thus she spake; and over him too, at the tears of the maiden, stole Love the destroyer, and he thus answered her:

'All too surely do I deem that never by night and never by day will I forget thee if I escape death and indeed make my way in safety to the Achaean land. . . .'

Thus he spake, soothing her with gentle converse. But pangs most bitter stirred her heart and in grief did she address him with vehement words. . . .

'From far off may a rumour come to me or some messenger-bird, when thou forgettest me; or me, even me, may swift blasts catch up and bear over the sea hence to Iolcus, that so I may cast reproaches in thy face and remind thee that it was by my good will thou didst escape. May I then be seated in thy halls, an unexpected guest!'

Thus she spake with piteous tears falling down her cheeks, and to her Jason replied: 'Let the empty blasts wander at will, lady, and the messenger-bird, for vain is thy talk. But if thou comest to those abodes and to the land of Hellas, honoured and revered shalt thou be by women and men; and they shall worship thee even as a goddess . . . And in our bridal chamber shalt thou prepare our couch; and nothing shall come between our love till the doom of death fold us round.'

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS 222 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY R. C. SEATON

The song of love, too sweet for earthly lyres,
While, like held breath, the stars drew in their panting fires.

KEATS

HUMAN LOVE

Two shepherds shall be my flute-players, one from Acharnae, one from Lycope, and hard by Tityrus shall sing, how the herdsman Daphnis once loved a strange maiden, and how on the hill he wandered, and how the oak trees sang his dirge – the oaks that grow by the banks of the river Himeras – while he was wasting like any snow under high Haemus, or Athos, or Rhodope, or Caucasus at the world's end.

And he shall sing how, once upon a time . . . all the blunt-faced bees, as they came up from the meadow . . . fed him with food of tender flowers, because the Muse still dropped sweet nectar on his lips.

THEOCRITUS 282 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY ANDREW LANG

Tears I give to thee even below with earth between us, Heliodora, such relic of love as may pass to Hades, tears sorely wept; and on thy much-wailed tomb I pour the libation of my longing . . . Piteously, piteously, I Meleager make lamentation for thee, my dear, even among the dead, an idle gift to Acheron. Woe 's me, where is my cherished flower? Hades plucked her, plucked her and marred the freshly-blown blossom with his dust. But I beseech thee, Earth that nuturest all, gently to clasp her the all-lamented, O mother, to thy breast.

MELEAGER 115 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY J. W. MACKAIL

I will twine the white violet and I will twine the delicate narcissus with myrtle buds, and I will twine laughing lilies, and I will twine the sweet crocus, and I will twine therewithal the crimson hyacinth, and I will twine lovers' roses, that on balsam-curved Heliodora's temples my garland may shed its petals over the love-locks of her hair.

Ibid.

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'Farewell' I would say to you; and again I check my voice and rein it backward, and again I stay beside you; for I shrink from the terrible separation from you as from the bitter night of Acheron; for the light of you is like the day. Yet that, I think, is voiceless, but you bring me also the murmuring talk of that voice sweeter than the Siren's, whereon all my soul's hopes are hung.

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS *circa* 550

TRANSLATED BY J. W. MACKAIL

HELEN OF TROY

Through both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* the figure of another woman moves in a sort of golden mist. Helen of Troy has already in them taken the place which is hers for all time, of one set beyond the bounds of mortality, a thing enskied, from whom a fire goes out that devours many, but on whom the fire cannot take hold. Her words over the body of Hector are the high-water mark of the *Iliad*; and it is not of Hector that they leave us thinking but of her. Even in the domestic surroundings of her regained home in Lacedaemon she moves in the same unearthly calm, the white splendour of the Elysian plain which is destined for her final abiding-place, and whose atmosphere she carries about with her even on this earth. All voices, like those of the Trojan elders on the city wall, fall soft when they speak of her. Only from her own lips is any word of blame allowed to reach her.

J. W. MACKAIL

Think how the beauty of Helen has lived through the ages! Like the driving of Jehu, it is now an immortal thing Our knowledge of Helen's beauty comes from a few lines in the third book [of the *Iliad*], where Helen goes up to the walls of Troy to see the battle between Menelaus and Paris. 'So speaking, the goddess put into her heart a longing for her husband of yore, and her city, and her father and mother. And straightway she veiled herself with white linen, and went forth from her chamber, shedding a

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great tear . . . The elders of Troy were seated on the wall, and when they saw Helen coming, softly they spake to one another winged words: "Small wonder that the Trojans and mailed Greeks should endure pain through many years for such a woman. *Strangely like she is in face to some immortal spirit.*" "

That is all we know. Not one of all the Homeric bards fell into the yawning trap of describing Helen, and making a catalogue of her features. She was veiled; she was weeping; and she was strangely like in face to some immortal spirit. And the old men, who strove for peace, could feel no anger at the war.

GILBERT MURRAY

Was this the face that lancht a thousand shippes?
And burnt the toplesse Towres of Ilium? . . .
O thou art fairer than the evening aire,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand starres!

MARLOWE 1564

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Cleopatra comes to Antony on the Cydnus

So she furnished her selfe with a world of gifts, store of gold and silver, and of riches and other sumptuous ornaments, as is credible enough she might bring from so great a house, and from so wealthie and rich a realme as Ægypt was. But yet she caried nothing with her wherein she trusted more than in her selfe, and in the charmes and inchauntment of her passing beautie and grace. Therefore when she was sent unto by divers letters, both from *Antonius* himselfe, and also from his friendes, she made so light of it and mocked *Antonius* so much, that she disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus, the poope whereof was of gold, the sailes of purple, and the owers of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the musike of flutes, howboyes, cytherns, vyolls, and such other instruments as they played upon in

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the barge. And now for the person of her selfe: she was laide under a pavillion of cloth of golde of tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddesse *Venus* commonly drawen in pictures: and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretie faire boyes apparelled as painters doe set forth god cupide, with little fans in their hands, with which they fanned winde upon her. Her Ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were apparelled like the nymphes *Nereides* (which are the myrmaides of the waters) and like the *Graces*, some steering the helme, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of which there came a wonderful passing sweete savor of perfumes, that perfumed the wharfs side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all alongst the rivers side: others also ranne out of the city to see her comming in. So that in the end, there ranne such multitudes of people one after an other to see her, that *Antonius* was left post alone in the market place in his Imperiall seate to give audience; and there went a rumour in the peoples mouthes, that the goddesse *Venus* was come to play with the God *Bacchus*, for the generall good of all Asia.

PLUTARCH 46

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS NORTH

Enobarbus describes the barge which brought Cleopatra to Antony.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumèd that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes.

SHAKESPEARE

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.

Ibid.

HUMAN LOVE

Totus est inermis idem quando nudus est Amor.

Perviligium veneris

Love naked, love unarmed, is armed complete.

Antony hears of Cleopatra's Death.

Antony: Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. . . .

Off, pluck off: —

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! — Apace, Eros, apace. —
No more a soldier: — bruised pieces, go . . .
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture: — since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further: now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done . . .
I come, my queen. . . . Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze;
Dido and her Aeneas shall want troops,
And all the haunts be ours. . . .

I will be

A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus (*falling on his sword*)
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead? —
The guard, ho! — O, dispatch me!

Enter Diomedes.

Diomedes: Where's Antony?

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Dercetas: There, Diomed, there.
Diomedes: Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man?

Antony: Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thysword, and give me Sufficing strokes for death.

Diomedes: Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Antony: When did she send thee?

Diomedes: Now, my lord.

Antony: Where is she?

Diomedes: Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass . . . hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Antony: Too late, good Diomed. . . .

Enter some of the Guard.

Antony: Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

(Exeunt, bearing Antony.)

Cleopatra with her women in the Monument.

Enter below Antony borne by the Guard.

Cleopatra: O Sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! — darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world. — O Antony,
Antony, Antony! . . .

Antony: Peace!
Not Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleopatra: So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Antony: I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here impórtune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips. . . .

HUMAN LOVE

Cleopatra: O come, come, come;
(*They draw Antony up.*)

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast liv'd:
Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out. . . .

Antony: Now my spirit is going;
I can no more. . . .

Cleopatra: O, see, my women,
(*Antony dies.*)

The crown o' th' earth doth melt. . . .
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. . . .

Ah, women, women, look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out! — Good sirs, take heart: —
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away: —
This case of that huge spirit now is cold. . . .

Now, Charmian! —
Show me, my women, like a queen: — go fetch
My best attires; — I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony. . . .

Bring our crown and all.

Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me: now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip: —
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. — Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act

Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I'm fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. . . .

Charmian: Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say
The gods themselves do weep!

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Cleopatra: Come, thou mortal wretch,
(*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*)

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie. . . .

Charmian: O eastern star!

Cleopatra: Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep? . . .
As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle, —
O Antony! . . .

(*Cleopatra dies.*)

Charmian: So, fare thee well. —
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. — Downy windows, close;
And golden Phoebus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! — Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Guard, rushing in.

Guard: Where is the queen?

Charmian: Speak softly, wake her not. . . .

Guard: What work is here! — Charmian, is this well done?

Charmian. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Enter Caesar and his train.

Caesar: Take up her bed . . .
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous.

SHAKESPEARE

CLEOPATRA AND ANTONY

Is there no drinking of pearls save they be dissolved in biting tears?

Love-Torch of all the East, the lifted brand
Whose flame lit Egypt and the world beside,
Lies languorous now, sleep-quenched upon his heart.

HUMAN LOVE

Warm throbbing breath like incense in the dark
Rises from those pomegranate lips of hers
Love-bruised, and curled with her last whisper still.
One tropic arm is bare. Flung round his neck
It lies, a gleaming link in Antony's chain.
The night is quiet. Tented silks hang still
As blossoms after storm. The gold, the red,
The purple, like her orient soul deep-dyed
Spread the rich petals of a garden dreamed.
And Antony is dreaming. His deep eyes
Turned from the world, from her upon his breast,
Gaze through the shimmering splendour overhead,
Piercing the vaulted crimson, while the gold –
The molten roof, fades slowly into night.
Deep night austere with darkness folds him in.
His body moves not, yet his spirit glides
Forth into loneliness. The faithful stars
Above him stand like sentries of the night,
Majestic changing guard, where hour by hour
They watch the shadowed passes of the sky.
And now he leans where cold, unsheathed, the Nile
Divides with glittering blade the fevered sands.

GRETCHEN WARREN

DEIRDRE

THE FORETELLING OF CATHBAD THE DRUID AT DEIRDRE'S BIRTH

Let Deirdre be her name: harm will come through her. She will
be fair, comely, bright-haired: heroes will fight for her, and kings
go seeking for her.

O Deirdre, on whose account many shall weep, on whose account

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many women shall be envious, there will be trouble on Ulster for you sake, O fair daughter of Fedlimid.

Many will be jealous of your face, O flame of beauty; for your sake heroes shall go to exile. For your sake deeds of anger shall be done in Emain; there is harm in your face, for it will bring banishment and death on the sons of kings. In your fate, O beautiful child, are wounds and ill-doings and shedding of blood.

You will have a little grave apart to yourself; you will be a tale of wonder for ever, Deirdre.

TRANSLATED BY LADY GREGORY

DEIRDRE OF THE SORROWS

Deirdre comes in royally dressed and very beautiful. She stands for a moment, and then as the door opens she calls softly:

Deirdre: Naisi! Do not leave me, Naisi. I am Deirdre of the Sorrows.

Naisi: And it is you who go around in the woods making the thrushes bear a grudge against the heavens for the sweetness of your voice singing.

Deirdre: It is with me you've spoken, surely. . . . Come to this stool, Naisi. If it's low itself the High King would sooner be on it this night than on the throne of Emain Macha.

Naisi: You are Fedlimid's daughter that Conchubor has walled up from all the men of Ulster.

Deirdre: Do many know what is foretold, that Deirdre will be the ruin of the Sons of Usna, and have a little grave by herself, and a story will be told for ever?

Naisi: It's a long while men have been talking of Deirdre, the child who had all gifts, and the beauty that has no equal. . . .

Deirdre: It isn't many I'd call, Naisi. . . . I was in the woods at the full moon and I heard a voice singing. Then I gathered up my skirts, and I ran on a little path I have, to the verge of a rock, and I saw you pass by underneath, in your crimson cloak, singing

HUMAN LOVE

a song, and you standing out beyond your brothers are called the Flower of Ireland.

Naisi: It's for that you called us in the dusk?

Deirdre: Since that, Naisi, I have been one time the like of a ewe looking for a lamb that had been taken away from her, and one time seeing new gold on the stars, and a new face on the moon, and all times dreading Emain.

Naisi: Yet it should be a lonesome thing to be in this place and you born for great company.

Deirdre: This night I have the best company in the whole world.

Naisi: It is I who have the best company, for when you're queen in Emain you will have none to be your match or fellow.

Deirdre: I will not be queen in Emain.

Naisi: Conchubor has made an oath you will, surely.

Deirdre: It's for that maybe I'm called Deirdre, the girl of many sorrows, for it's a sweet life you and I could have, Naisi. It would be a sweet thing to have what is best and richest, if it's for a short space only.

Naisi: And we've a short space only to be triumphant and brave.

Deirdre: You must not go, Naisi, and leave me to the High King, a man is ageing in his dun, with his crowds round him, and his silver and gold. I will not live to be shut up in Emain, and wouldn't we do well paying, Naisi, with silence and a near death. I'm a long while in the woods with my own self, and I'm in little dread of death, and it earned with riches would make the sun red with envy, and he going up the heavens; and the moon pale and lonesome, and she wasting away. Isn't it a small thing is foretold about the ruin of ourselves, Naisi, when all men have age coming and great ruin in the end?

Naisi: Yet it's a poor thing it's I should bring you to a tale of blood and broken bodies, and the filth of the grave. Wouldn't we do well to wait, Deirdre, and I each twilight meeting you on the sides of the hills?

Deirdre: His messengers are coming. To-morrow morning or the next, surely.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Naisi: Then we'll go away. It isn't I will give your like to Conchubor, not if the grave was dug to be my lodging when a week was by. The stars are out, Deirdre, and let you come with me quickly, for it is the stars will be our lamps many nights and we abroad in Alban, and taking our journeys among the little islands in the sea. There has never been the like of the joy we'll have, Deirdre, you and I, having our fill of love at the evening and the morning till the sun is high.

Deirdre: And yet I'm in dread leaving this place, where I have lived always. Won't I be lonesome and I thinking on the little hill beyond, and the apple trees do be budding in the spring-time by the post of the door? Won't I be in great dread to bring you to destruction, Naisi, and you so happy and young?

Naisi: Are you thinking I'd go on living after this night, Deirdre, and you with Conchubor in Emain? Are you thinking I'd go out after hares when I've had your lips in my sight?

Lavarcham comes in as they cling to each other.

Lavarcham: Are you raving, Deirdre? Are you choosing this night to destroy the world? . . .

Deirdre (to Naisi): Bring in Ainnle and Ardan, and take me from this place, where I'm in dread from this out of the footsteps of a hare passing. Do not take it bad I'm going, Lavarcham. It's you have been a good friend . . . and maybe you'll be well pleased one day saying you have nursed Deirdre.

Lavarcham: It isn't I'll be well pleased and I far away from you. Isn't it a hard thing you're doing, but who can help it? Birds go mating in the spring of the year, and ewes at the leaves falling, but a young girl must have her lover in all the courses of the sun and moon. . . .

Naisi comes back with Ainnle and Ardan.

Deirdre (taking Naisi's hand): My two brothers, I am going with Naisi to Alban and the north to face the troubles are foretold. Will you take word to Conchubor in Emain? . . . Will you wed us, Lavarcham? You have the words and customs.

HUMAN LOVE

Lavarcham: I will not, then. What would I want meddling in the ruin you will earn?

Naisi: Let Ainnle wed us. He has been with wise men and he knows their ways.

Ainnle (joining their hands): By the sun and moon and the whole earth, I wed Deirdre to Naisi. May the air bless you, and water and the wind, the sea, and all the hours of the sun and moon.

J. M. SYNGE 1871

DEIRDRE

The time comes when our hearts sink utterly;
When we remember Deirdre, and her tale,
And that her lips are dust.

Once she did tread the earth: men took her hand;
They looked into her eyes and said their say,
And she replied to them.

More than two thousand years it is since she
Was beautiful: she trod the moving grass;
She saw the clouds.

Two thousand years! The grass is still the same;
The clouds as lovely as they were that time
When Deirdre was alive.

But there has been again no woman born
Who was so beautiful; not one so beautiful
Of all the women born.

Let all men go apart and mourn together!
No man can ever love her! Not a man
Can dream to be her lover!

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

No man can bend before her! No man say —
What could one say to her? There are no words
That one could say to her!

Now she is but a story that is told
Beside the fire! No man can ever be
The friend of that poor queen!

JAMES STEPHENS

Thou wast the deep glen;
Thou wast the mountain-top — the sage's pen —
The poet's harp — the voice of friends — the sun;
Thou wast the river — thou wast glory won;
Thou wast my clarion's blast — thou wast my steed —
My goblet full of wine — my topmost deed: —
Thou wast the charm of women, lovely Moon!
O what a wild and harmonised tune
My spirit struck from all the beautiful!

KEATS 1795

My heart stands still when I am in your arms, O Lord of my
body. How lovely it was, my hour of Eternity.

GASTON MASPERO 1846

IRISH LOVE CHARMS

By the power Christ brought from heaven, mayest thou love me,
O woman! As the sun follows its course, mayest thou follow me.
As light to the eye, as food to the hungry, may thy presence be
with me, till death parts us asunder.

I set a charm for love; a charm of love and desire; a charm of God
that none can break — You for me, and I for thee and for no other;
your face to mine, and your head turned away from all.

HUMAN LOVE

O Christ, by your five wounds, by the nine orders of angels, if this woman is ordained for me, let me hold her hand, and breathe her breath.

O my love, I set a charm to the top of your head; to the soles of your feet; to each side of your breast, that you may not leave nor forsake me. As a foal after the mare, as a child after the mother, may you follow me till death parts us asunder.

I saw the marsh with rushes dank and green,
And deep black pools beneath a sunset sky,
And lotus silver bright
Gleam on their blackness in the dying light,
As I passed by.
And all that night I saw as in a dream
Her fair face lifted up
Shine in the darkness like a lotus cup,
Snow-white against the deep black pool of night,
Till dawn was nigh.

CHINESE POEM 605 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY HELEN WADDELL

HEIMKEHR

O brich nicht, Steg, du zitterst sehr!
O stürz nicht, Fels, du draüest schwer!
Welt, geh nicht unter, Himmel, fall nicht ein
Eh' ich mag bei der Leibsten sein!

LUDWIG UHLAND 1787

Or far or near there is no halting-place
Upon Love's road — absent, I see thy face,
And in thine ear my wind-blown greetings sound,
North winds and east waft them where they are bound,
Each morn and eve convoys of greeting fair
I send to thee.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Unto mine eyes a stranger, thou that art
A comrade ever-present to my heart,
What whispered prayers and what full meed of praise
I send to thee.

Lest Sorrow's army waste thy heart's domain,
I send my life to bring thee peace again,
Dear life thy ransom! From thy singers learn
How one that longs for thee may weep and burn;
Sonnets and broken words, sweet notes and songs
I send to thee.

Give me the cup! a voice rings in mine ears
Crying: 'Bear patiently the bitter years!
For all thine ills, I send thee heavenly grace.
God the Creator mirrored in thy face
Thine eyes shall see, God's image in the glass
I send to thee.'

HAFIZ 14TH CENTURY

TRANSLATED BY GERTRUDE LOWTHIAN BELL

I cannot come to you. I am afraid.
I will not come to you. There, I have said.
Though all the night I lie awake and know
That you are lying, waking, even so.
Though day by day you take the lonely road,
And come at nightfall to a dark abode.

Yet if so be you are indeed my friend,
Then in the end,
There is one road, a road I've never gone
And down that road you shall not pass alone.
And there's one night you'll find me by your side.
The night that they shall tell me you have died.

CHINESE POEM 718 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY HELEN WADDELL

HUMAN LOVE

LE ROMAN DE TRISTAN ET ISEUT

Seigneurs, vous plaît-il d'entendre un beau conte d'amour et de mort? C'est de Tristan et d'Iseut, la reine. Ecoutez comment à grand' joie, à grand deuil ils s'aimèrent, puis en moururent un même jour, lui par elle, elle par lui.

‘Nous avons perdu le monde, et le monde, nous; que vous en samble, Tristan, ami?’

‘Amie, quand je vous ai avec moi, que me fault-il dont? Se tous li mondes estoit orendroit avec nous, je ne verroie fors vous seule.’

Roman en prose de Tristan

‘Reine,’ dit Tristan, ‘pourquoi m’avoir appelé Seigneur? Ne suis-je pas votre homme lige, et votre vassal, pour vous révéler, vous servir et vous aimer comme ma reine et ma dame?’

Iseut répondit: ‘Non, tu le sais que tu es mon Seigneur et mon maître! Tu le sais, que ta force me domine et que je suis ta serve! . . . Hélas! je ne savais pas alors ce que je sais aujourd’hui!’

‘Iseut, que savez-vous donc aujourd’hui? Qu’est-ce donc qui vous-tourmente?’

‘Ah! tout ce que je sais me tourmente, et tout ce que je vois. Ce ceil me tourmente et cette mer, et mon corps et ma vie!’

Elle posa son bras sur l’épaule de Tristan; des larmes éteignirent le rayon de ses yeux, ses lèvres tremblèrent. Il répéta:

‘Amie, qu’est-ce donc qui vous tourmente?’

Elle répondit: ‘L’amour de vous.’

Les amants s’étreignirent; dans leurs beaux corps frémissaient le désir et la vie. Tristan dit: ‘Vienne donc la mort!’

Et, quand le soir tomba, sur la nef qui bondissait plus rapide vers la terre du roi Marc, liés à jamais, ils s’abandonnèrent à l’amour.

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TRISTAN MOURANT, SALUE ISEUT

‘Alors dites-lui que mon cœur la salue; que, seule, elle peut me porter réconfort; dites-lui que, si elle ne vient pas, je meurs; dites-lui qu’il lui souvienne de nos plaisirs passés, et des grandes peines, et des grandes tristesses, et des joies, et des douleurs de notre amour loyal et tendre; qu’il lui souvienne du breuvage que nous bûmes ensemble sur la mer! ah! c’est notre mort que nous avons bue! Qu’il lui souvienne du serment que je lui fis de n’aimer jamais qu’elle: j’ai tenu cette promesse.’

*Aspre vie meinent et dure;
Tant s’entraiment de bone amor.
L’uns por l’autre ne sent dolor.*

BEROUL

Iseut s’écrie: ‘Hélas! Dieu ne veut pas que je vive assez pour voir Tristan, mon ami, une fois encore, une fois seulement. . . . Tristan, si je vous avais parlé une fois encore, je me soucierais peu de mourir après. . . . Notre amour est de telle guise que vous ne pouvez mourir sans moi, ni moi sans vous. . . . Hélas! ami, j’ai failli à mon désir: il était de mourir dans vos bras, d’être ensevelie dans votre cercueil.

Tristan était trop faible désormais pour veiller encore sur la falaise de Penmarch, et depuis de longs jours, enfermé loin du rivage, il pleurait pour Iseut qui ne venait pas. . . . Enfin, le vent fraîchit et la voile blanche apparut. Alors, Iseut aux Blanches Mains se vengea. Elle vient vers le lit de Tristan et dit: ‘Ami, Kaherdin arrive. J’ai vu sa nef en mer . . . puisse-t-il apporter ce qui doit vous guérir!’

Tristan tressaille: ‘Amie, vous êtes aûre que c’est sa nef? Or, dites-moi comment est la voile.’

‘Je l’ai bien vue, ils l’ont onverte et dressée très haut, car ils ont peu de vent. Sachez qu’elle est toute noire.’

HUMAN LOVE

Tristan se tourna vers la muraille et dit: 'Je ne puis retenir ma vie plus longtemps.' Il dit trois fois: 'Iseut, Amie!' A la quatrième, il rendit l'âme.

Sur la mer, le vent s'était levé et frappait la voile. . . . Iseut la Blonde débarqua. Elle entendit de grandes plaintes par les rues, et les cloches sonner. . . . Elle demande aux gens du pays pourquoi ces glas, pourquoi ces pleurs.

Un vieillard lui dit: 'Dame, nous avons une grande douleur. Tristan le franc, le preux, est mort. Il était large aux besogneux, secourable aux souffrants. C'est le pire désastre qui soit jamais tombé sur ce pays.'

Iseut l'entend, elle ne peut dire une parole. Elle monte vers le palais. Elle suit la rue, sa guimpe déliée. Les Bretons s'émerveillaient à la regarder; jamais ils n'avaient vu femme d'une telle beauté. Qui est-elle? D'où vient-elle?

Auprès de Tristan, Iseut aux Blanches Mains, affolée par le mal qu'elle avait causé, poussait de grands cris sur le cadavre. L'autre Iseut entra et lui dit:

'Dame, relevez-vous, et laissez-moi approcher. J'ai plus de droits à le pleurer que vous, croyez-m'en. Je l'ai plus aimé.'

Elle se tourna vers l'orient et pria Dieu. Puis elle découvrit un peu le corps, s'étendit près de lui, tout le long de son ami, lui baisa la bouche et la face, et le serra étroitement: corps contre corps, bouche contre bouche, elle rend ainsi son âme, elle mourut auprès de lui pour la douleur de son ami.

XII SIÈCLE
RENOUVELÉ PAR BÉDIER

'Queen,' said Tristan, 'why dost thou call me master? Am I not thy liege man and vassal to revere and serve and love thee as my queen and my lady?'

Isuet answered: 'Nay, thou knowest that thou art my lord and master. Thou knowest that thy power is upon me, and that I am thy servant. . . . Alas, once I knew not that which I know now!'

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

'Isuet! what knowest thou to-day? What is it that tormenteth thee?'

'Ah! all knowledge is my torment, and all that I behold. The sky tormenteth me, and the sea; my body, and my very life!'

She layeth her arm upon the shoulder of Tristan; tears quench the radiance of her eyes, her lips are trembling. He repeateth: 'Friend, what is it then that so tormenteth thee?'

She made answer: 'Love of thee.'

Then the lovers embraced one another. Within their beauteous bodies thrilled desire and life.

Tristan said: 'Should death come, what signifieth it?'

And when night fell, on the ship bounding towards the domain of King Marc, united for ever, they gave themselves over utterly to love.

TRISTAN DYING, SENDS A MESSAGE TO ISEUT

'Therefore tell her that my heart saluteth her; that she alone can bring me consolation; tell her that if she cometh not, I die; bid her remember our past joys, and great dolours, our great griefs and our pleasures, and the pain of our love so loyal and tender; bid her remember the cup we drank together when upon the sea! Ah! it was our death that we drank! Bid her remember the promise I made to love none else but her: ah! I have kept my vow!'

THE PHILTRE

*Nein, ezn was nith mit wine,
doch ez im glich waere,
ez was diu wernde swaere,
diu endelose herzenôt
von der si beide lägen tôt.*

GOTTFRIED VON STRASSBOURG

HUMAN LOVE

Iseut the Golden is becalmed on her voyage to Tristan who lies at the point of death.

Iseut cried aloud, 'Alas, God willeth not that I live to see Tristan, my friend, once more, even once more only. . . . Tristan! had I but spoken once again with thee, little thereafter should I have dreaded death. . . . Of such a kind is our love that thou canst not die without me, nor I without thee. . . . Alas friend! I have failed of my desire, the which was to die in thy arms, to be laid in thy burying place.'

Now Tristan was too feeble . . . for keeping watch on the cliffs of Penmarch, and for many days imprisoned far from the shore he wept for Iseut who came not. . . . At last the wind arose, and the white sail hove in sight. Then Iseut of the White Hands took revenge upon him. She approached his couch saying: 'Friend, Kaherdin arriveth, I see his vessel at sea. . . . May he bring to thee that which will be thy healing!'

Tristan said, trembling: 'Friend, art thou sure that it is indeed the ship? Tell me then how is the sail?' 'I see it well, they have spread it fair and wide having but little breeze. I tell thee that the sail is black.'

Then Tristan turned him to the wall saying: 'Now no more can I retain the life within me.' Three times he murmured: 'Iseut, friend!' At the fourth he delivered up his Soul.

Now on the sea the wind blew, and filled the sail. . . . Iseut the Golden came to land. She heard great wailing in the streets, and a ringing of bells. . . . She inquired of the people the reason of the tolling bells, the tears.

To her an old man made answer: 'Lady, a great sorrow is ours. Tristan the true, the brave, is dead. He was open-handed to the needy, a saviour to those in grief. Here indeed is the worst disaster ever fallen upon this land.'

Iseut heard, but she spake never a word. Through the streets she walked, climbing up towards the palace, with her guimpe in

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disarray. Marvelling, the Breton folk gazed upon her. Never had they beheld so beautiful a woman. Who is she? From what land does she come?

Crazed by her evil deed, Iseut of the White Hands, beside Tristan, uttered loud cries over the corpse. Then Iseut the Golden entered, saying: 'Arise Lady, and give place to me. I have a better right to mourn him than thou, believe me, I bore for him a greater love.'

So saying she turned herself towards the east and offered her prayers to God. Then, uncovering his body, she laid herself down beside her love. She kissed him on the mouth, on the face, drawing him to her in close embrace. Body against body, lips upon his lips, she yielded up her spirit; of her great dolour dying beside her friend.

TRANSLATED BY GRETCHEN WARREN

Amor condusse noi ad una morte.

DANTE

Imparadised in one another's arms.

MILTON 1608

TRISTRAM AND ISEULT

Love, that is first and last of all things made,
The light that has the living world for shade,
The spirit that for temporal veil has on
The souls of all men woven in unison,
One fiery raiment with all lives inwrought
And lights of sunny and starry deed and thought. . . .
The body spiritual of fire and light
That is to worldly noon as noon to night;
Love, that is flesh upon the spirit of man
And spirit within the flesh whence breath began;

HUMAN LOVE

Love, that keeps all the choir of lives in chime;
Love, that is blood within the veins of time;
That wrought the whole world without stroke of hand,
Shaping the breadth of sea, the length of land,
And with the pulse and motion of his breath
Through the great heart of the earth strikes life and death,
The sweet twain chords that make the sweet tune live
Through day and night of things alternative. . . .
Love, that the whole world's waters shall not drown,
The whole world's fiery forces not burn down. . . .
Love, that for very life shall not be sold,
Nor bought, nor bound with iron nor with gold;
So strong that Heaven, could Love bid Heaven farewell,
Would turn to fruitless and unflowering hell;
So sweet that Hell, to Hell could love be given,
Would turn to splendid and sonorous Heaven;
Love that is fire within thee and light above,
And lives by grace of nothing but of love;
Through many and lovely thoughts and much desire
Led these twain to that life of tears and fire;
Through many and lovely days and much delight
Led these twain to the lifeless life of night.

SWINBURNE

Isot ma drue, Isot m'amie,
En vos ma mort, en vos ma vie!

GOTTFRIED VON STRASSBOURG

SEPARATION

There is a mountain and a wood between us,
Where the lone shepherd and late bird have seen us
Morning and noon and eventide repass.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Between us now the mountain and the wood
Seem standing darker than last year they stood,
And say we must not cross — alas! alas!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR 1775

White clouds are in the sky.
Great shoulders of the hills
Between us two must lie.
The road is rough and far.
Deep fords between us are.
I pray you not to die.

CHINESE POEM 1121 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY HELEN WADDELL

Vraiment commencent amours en ioye et fynissent en dolours.

Sweet mother, sweet, would that thou hadst not borne me. Would rather that thou hadst borne a stone! The stone knows not when its mother is dead, but I, poor lark, sing in the breeze, sing in the sunshine the death of my sweet little mother.

No one now will warm me, When I am cold; No one will shade me, When I am oppressed by the heat! And who will prepare my couch, When I am sleepy? The wind blows not ever, The sun shines not ever, But I, poor one, shall ever weep.

Into the wood will I go, When the wind blows, And to thee will I call, O sweet mother; But thou comest not. Thou dost not wipe away my tears, My heart thou dost not heal. Lonely shall I wander, A poor *Keshalyi*; Henceforth will I sit me down, On barren rocks, Where sings no bird, Where grows no grass, There will I sit and sorrow.

TRANSYLVANIAN GYPSY LAMENT

TRANSLATED BY A. HERMANN

HUMAN LOVE

A Keshalyi is a fairy who sits on the high mountain peaks, and lets her mile-long hair blow down through the valleys, which causes the mist.

JOHN SAMPSON

When, in the carven chest,
The winds that blew and waves in wild unrest
Smote her with fear, she, not with cheeks unwet,
Her arms of love round Perseus set,

And said: O child, what grief is mine!
But thou dost slumber, and thy baby breast
Is sunk in rest,

Here in the cheerless brass-bound bark,
Tossed amid starless night and pitchy dark.

Nor dost thou heed the scudding brine
Of waves that wash above thy curls so deep,
Nor the shrill winds that sweep, —
Lapped in thy purple robe's embrace,
Fair little face!

But if this dread were dreadful too to thee,
Then wouldst thou lend thy listening ear to me;
Therefore I cry — Sleep, babe, and sea be still,
And slumber our unmeasured ill!

Oh, may some change of fate, sire Zeus, from thee
Descend, our woes to end!
But if this prayer, too overbold, offend
Thy justice, yet be merciful to me!

SIMONIDES 556 B.C

TRANSLATED BY J. A. SYMONDS

For that picture of the baby, unconscious of night and storm and danger, asleep in its mother's arms, 'cheek against cheek,' *πρόσωπον κλιθὲν προσώπῳ*, while she whispers above it words that have nothing in them but love and sweet submission to God's will, there is no parallel in pre-Christian art; it is the first and among

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

the most perfect of those pictures of the Virgin and Child which hold a central place in the love and awed admiration of mankind.

J. W. MACKAIL ON SIMONIDES

Ah! if you prize my subdued soul above
The poor, the fading, brief pride of an hour;
Let none profane my Holy See of love,
Or with a rude hand break
The sacramental cake.

KEATS

THE BLESSED REFUSAL

Since that sad day divided roads they went;
And yet some secret strength he sent
To her, guided her lonely feet
Down pathways sure and sweet.
And wells of bitterness were clear
Because his heart was near
To hers, because it seemed the cup
Not by her hands but his was lifted up
And eagerly; as though the taste of pain
Were nectar to them both, a wine to drain
Down to the very lees, their thirsting ache
Of loneliness to slake.
She knew not how such things befell,
Nor could he tell
How, though the world between them lay
Like Tristan's flaming sword, no day
Nor separate night but found her on his breast.
For they were simple, and they never guessed
The strength of their refusal, how it bound
Them, melted into one. . . . They humbly found
A deathless, passionate caress
In their own stainlessness.

GRETCHEN WARREN

HUMAN LOVE

PENTHEA'S DYING SONG

Oh no more, no more, too late
Sighs are spent; the burning tapers
Of a life as chaste as fate,
Pure as are unwritten papers,
Are burnt out; no heat, no light
Now remains; 'tis ever night.
Love is dead; let lovers' eyes
Locked in endless dreams,
Th' extremes of all extremes,
Ope no more, for now Love dies,
Now Love dies — implying
Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying.

JOHN FORD 1586

Cressida: . . . for to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Troilus. O that I thought it could be in a woman —
As, if it can, I will presume in you —
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnowed purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas!
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

SHAKESPEARE

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida.
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself;
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid.
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd and loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ibid.

In qual parte del Ciel, in quale idea
Era l'esempio onde Natura tolse
Quel bel viso leggiadro, in ch'ella volse
Mostrar quaggiù quanto lassù potea?
Qual ninfa in fonti, in selve mai qual Dea
Chiome d'oro sì fino a l'aura sciolse?
Quand'un cor tante in sè virtuti accolse!
Benchè la somma è di mia morte rea.
Per divina bellezza indarno mira,

HUMAN LOVE

Chi gli occhi di costei giammai non vide
Come soavemente ella gli gira.

Non sa com' Amor sana e come ancide,
Chi non sa come dolce ella sospira
E come dolce parla e dolce ride.

PETRARCH 1304

In what idea, or in which part of Heaven
Did Nature find the model for that face,
In whose most lovely beauty she showed forth
To us on earth what is her heavenly power?
What Naiad in a spring or goddess in a wood
Loosed thus her golden locks till break of day?
Though the sum of them is guilty of my death
When has a heart contained such virtues rare?
Who seeks divinest beauty seeks in vain
If never he has seen her sweetest eyes;
How tenderly she gazes round about her!
He cannot know how Love can heal or slay
Who does not know how softly she can sigh,
And how she sweetly speaks, how sweetly laughs.

TRANSLATED BY NESTA DE ROBECK

Laura being dead, Petrarch finds trouble in all the things of the Earth.

In the years of her age the most beautiful and the most flowery — the time Love has his mastery — Laura, who was my life, has gone away leaving the earth stripped and desolate. She has gone up into the Heavens, living and beautiful and naked and from that place she is keeping her lordship and her reign upon me, and I crying out: Ohone, when will I see that day breaking that will be my first day with herself in Paradise?

My thoughts are going after her, and it is that way my soul would follow her, lightly, and airily, and happily, and I would be rid of all my great troubles. . . .

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

The eyes that I would be talking of so warmly, and the arms, and the hands, and the feet, and the face, that are after calling me away from myself and making me a lonesome man among all people.

The hair that was of shining gold, and brightness of the smile that was the like of an angel's surely, and was making a paradise of the earth, are turned to a little dust that knows nothing at all. . . .

The south wind is coming back, bringing the fine season, and the grass, her sweet family, along with her. The swallows and the nightingale are making a stir, and the spring is turning white and red in every place.

There is a cheerful look on the meadows, and peace in the sky, and the sun is well pleased, I'm thinking, looking downward, and the air and the waters and the earth herself are full of love, and every beast is turning back looking for its mate. . . .

And it is this way I am, that the singing birds, and the flowers of the earth . . . are the like of a desert to me, and wild beasts astray in it.

Is this the nest in which my Phoenix put on her feathers of gold and purple, my Phoenix that did hold me under her wing, and she drawing out sweet words and sighs from me? Oh, root of my sweet misery, where is that beautiful face, where light would be shining out, the face that did keep my heart like a flame burning? . . .

Ah, Death, it is you that have left the world cold and shady, with no sun over it. It's you have left Love without eyes or arms to him, you've left liveliness stripped, and beauty without a shape to her, and all courtesy in chains. . . .

The air and the earth and seas would have a good right to be crying out — and they pitying the race of men that is left without herself, like a meadow without flowers. . . .

The first day she passed up and down through the Heavens, gentle and simple were left standing, and they in great wonder, saying one to the other:

HUMAN LOVE

'What new light is that? What new beauty at all? The like of herself hasn't risen up these long years from the common world.'

And herself, well pleased with the Heavens, was going forward, matching herself with the most perfect that were before her, yet one time, and another, waiting a little, and turning her head back to see if myself was coming after her. It's for that I'm lifting up all my thoughts and will into the Heavens, because I do hear her praying that I should be making haste for ever.

PETRARCH

PROSE - PARAPHRASE BY J. M. SYNGE

Oh! Death will find me, long before I tire
Of watching you; and swing me suddenly
Into the shade and loneliness and mire
Of the last land! There, waiting patiently,

One day, I think, I'll feel a cool wind blowing,
See a slow light across the Stygian tide,
And hear the Dead about me stir, unknowing,
And tremble. And I shall know that you have died,

And watch you, a broad-browed and smiling dream,
Pass, light as ever, through the lightless host,
Quietly ponder, start, and sway, and gleam —
Most individual and bewildering ghost! —

And turn, and toss your brown delightful head
Amusedly, among the ancient Dead.

RUPERT BROOKE 1887

Stand close around, ye Stygian set,
With Dirce in one boat convey'd!
Or Charon, seeing, may forget
That he is old and she a shade.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Dû bist mîn, ich bin dîn,
des solt dû gewis sîn.
dû bist beslozzen
in mînem Herzen;
verlorn ist daz sluzzelin;
dû muost immer dar inne sîn.

WERNHER VON TEGERNSEE

Thou art mine, I am thine,
of this shouldst thou be sure.
Thou art imprisoned
within my heart;
the key is lost;
therein must thou remain for ever.

TO THE EVENING STAR

Thou fair-hair'd angel of the evening,
Now, whilst the sun rests on the mountains, light
Thy bright torch of love; thy radiant crown
Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!
Smile on our loves, and, while thou drawest the
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew
On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes
In timely sleep. Let thy west wind sleep on
The lake: speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,
And wash the dusk with silver.

BLAKE 1757

Sweet is the breath of Morn; her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit and flower,

HUMAN LOVE

Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming-on
Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train;
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising Sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower
Glistening with dew: nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by Moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.

MILTON

UNION OF FRIENDS

They that love *beyond the World* cannot be separated by it.

Death cannot kill what never dies. Nor can Spirits ever be divided that love and live in the same Divine Principle; the *Root* and *Record* of their Friendship.

If Absence be not Death, neither is theirs.

Death is but the *Crossing the World*, as Friends do the Seas;
They live in one another still.

For they must needs be present, that love and live in that which is *Omnipresent*.

In this Divine Glass they see Face to Face; and their converse is Free as well as Pure.

This is the Comfort of Friends, that though they may be said to Die, yet their Friendship and Society are, in the best Sense, ever present, because *Immortal*.

WILLIAM PENN 1644

As ye came from the holy land
Of Walsinghame,
Met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

How should I know your true love,
That have met many a one
As I came from the holy land,
That have come, that have gone?

She is neither white nor brown,
But as the heavens fair;
There is none hath her form divine
In the earth or the air.

Such a one did I meet, good sir,
Such an angelic face,
Who like a nymph, like a queen, did appear
In her gait, in her grace.

She hath left me here alone
All alone, as unknown,
Who sometime did me lead with herself,
And me loved as her own.

What's the cause that she leaves you alone
And a new way doth take,
That sometime did love you as her own,
And her joy did you make?

I have loved her all my youth,
But now am old, as you see:
Love likes not the falling fruit,
Nor the withered tree.

Know that Love is a careless child,
And forgets promise past:
He is blind, he is deaf when he list,
And in faith never fast.

HUMAN LOVE

His desire is a dureless content,
And a trustless joy;
He is won with a world of despair,
And is lost with a toy.

Of womenkind such indeed is the love,
Or the word love abusèd,
Under which many childish desires
And conceits are excusèd.

But true love is a durable fire,
In the mind ever burning,
Never sick, never dead, never cold,
From itself never turning.

ANON. 17TH CENTURY

In the clear dawn, before the east was red,
Before the rose had torn her veil in two,
A nightingale through Hafiz' garden flew,
Stayed but to fill its song with tears, and fled.

HAFIZ

TRANSLATED BY GERTRUDE LOWTHIAN BELL

Die Nachtigall schlägt und ich verstehe
Den süßen Gesang.
Uns beiden ist so bang und wehe,
So weh und bang.

HEINE 1797

A nightingale upon a cedar green,
Under the chamber wall thereas she lay,
Full loude sang again the moone sheene;
Paraventure in his birdes wise a lay
Of Love, that made her herte fresh and gay.

CHAUCER

MODERNIZED BY J. W. MACKAIL

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Du bist wie eine Blume,
So hold und schön und rein;
Ich schau dich an, und Wehmut
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt,
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte
So rein und schön und hold.

HEINE

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is like the Sun; some people have but a small share in his beams . . . but some have splendid fires, and aromatic spices, rich wines . . . and great wit and great courage; because they dwell in his eyes, and look in his face, and are the courtiers of the sun, and wait upon him in the chambers of the east.

JEREMY TAYLOR 1613

I do not ask you who you are, that is not important to me,
You can do nothing and be nothing but what I will unfold you. . . .
When I give, I give myself. . . .
I do not ask the wounded person how he feels, I myself become the
wounded person,
My hurts turn livid upon me as I lean on a cane and observe. . . .
I understand the large hearts of heroes,
The courage of present times and all times. . . .
I am the man, I suffered, I was there.

WALT WHITMAN 1819

If a sparrow comes before my window, I take part in his
existence and pick about the gravel.

KEATS

HUMAN LOVE

Es war ein alter König,
Sein Herz war schwer, sein Haupt war grau;
Der arme alte König,
Er nahm eine junge Frau.

Es war ein schöner Page,
Blond war sein Haupt, leicht war sein Sinn;
Er trug die seidne Schleppe
Der jungen Königin.

Kennst du das alte Liedchen?
Es klingt so süß, es klingt so trüb'!
Sie mussten beide sterben,
Sie hatten sich viel zu lieb.

HEINE

Es fiel ein Reif in der Frühlingsnacht,
Er fiel auf die zarten Blaublümelein,
Sie sind verwelket, verdorret.

Ein Jüngling hätte ein Mädchen lieb,
Sie flohen heimlich von Hause fort,
Es wusst' weder Vater noch Mutter.

Sie sind gewandert hin und her,
Sie haben gehabt weder Glück noch Stern,
Sie sind verdorben, gestorben.

VOLKSLIED

Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam
Im Norden auf kahler Höh,
Ihn schläfert; mit weisser Decke
Umhüllen ihn Eis und Schnee.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Er träumt von einer Palme,
Die fern im Morgenland
Einsam und schweigend trauert
Auf brennender Felsenwand.

HEINE

No thyng ys to man so dere
As wommanys love in gode manèr.
A gode womman is mannys blys,
There her love right and stedfast ys.
There is no solas under hevene
Of alle that a man may nevene (name)
That shulde a man so moche glew (gladden)
As a gode womman that loveth true.
Ne derer is none in Goddis hurde (flock)
Than a chaste womman with lovely worde.

ROBERT MANNYNG OF BRUNNE 1288

There is a Lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice, my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

Cupid is wingèd and doth range,
Her country so my love doth change;
But change she earth, or change she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

ANON. 16TH CENTURY

HUMAN LOVE

Go, lovely Rose —
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended die.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die — that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

EDMUND WALLER 1606

Had we never lo'ed sae kindly,
Had we never lo'ed sae blindly,
Never met — or never parted —
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

ROBERT BURNS 1759

Es ist kein Wehe so gross als Herzeleid.

There is no woe so great as grief of the heart.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

O waly, waly, up the bank
And waly, waly, down the brae,
And waly, waly, yon burn-side
Where I and my love wont to gae!

I lean'd my back unto an aik,
I thocht it was a trustie tree;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak —
Sae my true-love did lichtlie me.

O waly, waly, gin love be bonnie
A little time while it is new.
But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning dew.

O wherefore should I busk my heid,
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true-love has me forsook,
And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat sall be my bed,
The sheets sall ne'er be 'fyled by me;
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
Since my true-love has forsaken me.

Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come!
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie:
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

HUMAN LOVE

When we cam in by Glasgow town
We were a comely sicht to see;
My love was clad in the black velvèt,
And I my sell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kist,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a case o' gowd
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.

O! O! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee;
And I my sell were dead and gane,
Wi' the green grass growing over me!

ANON.

She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow';
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it:

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow;
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones; —
Sing willow, willow, willow.

SHAKESPEARE

DER DOPPELGÄNGER

Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen,
In diesem Hause wohnte mein Schatz.
Sie hat schon längst die Stadt verlassen
Doch steht noch das Haus auf demselben Platz.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in die Höhe,
Und ringt die Hände vor Schmerzens Gewalt.
Mir graut es, wenn ich sein Antlitz sehe,
Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigne Gestalt.
Du Doppelgänger! du bleicher Geselle!
Was äffst du nach mein Liebesleid,
Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle,
So manche Nacht in alter Zeit?

HEINE

The night is still. The lanes are at rest.
In that house once dwelt my love.
Long, long ago she went away.
But the house still stands in the same place.
There, also, staring upward, stands a man
Who wrings his hands as if under a spell of sorrow.
I shudder when I see his face —
The moon shows me my own image.
Thou Double! Thou pale Comrade!
Why dost thou ape the anguish of love
That tormented me on this very spot,
So many a night, in bygone days.

TRANSLATED BY M. A. CHILDERS

The clown sings:

A great while ago the world began,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain.

SHAKESPEARE

O western wind, when wilt thou blow
That the small rain down can rain?
Christ, that my love were in my arms
And I in my bed again!

ANON. 16TH CENTURY

HUMAN LOVE

STILLNESS

When the words rustle no more,
And the last work 's done,
When the bolt lies deep in the door,
And Fire, our Sun
Falls on the dark-laned meadows of the floor;

When from the clock's last chime to the next chime
Silence beats his drum,
And Space with gaunt grey eyes and her brother Time
Wheeling and whispering come,
She with the mould of form and he with the loom of rhyme:

Then twittering out in the night my thought-birds flee,
I am emptied of all my dreams:
I only hear Earth turning, only see
Ether's long bankless streams,
And only know I should drown if you laid not your hand on me.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER 1884

Alas! Ummu 'Amr set firm her face to depart, and went:
gone is she, and when she sped, she left us with no farewell.
Her purpose was quickly shaped — no warning she gave her friends,
though there she had dwelt hard by, her camels all day with ours.
Yea, thus in our eyes she dwelt, from morning to noon and eve —
she brought to an end her tale, and fled, and left us lone.
So gone is Umainah, gone, and leaves here a heart in pain:
my life was to yearn for her, and now its delight is fled.
She won me whenas, shamefaced — no maid to let fall her veil,
no wanton to glance behind — she walked forth with steady tread;
Her eyes seek the ground, as though they looked for a thing lost
there;
she turns not to left or right — her answer is brief and low.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

She rises before day dawns to carry her supper forth
to wives who have need — dear alms, when such gifts are few
enow!

Afar from the voice of blame her tent stands for all to see,
when many a woman's tent is pitched in the place of scorn.
No gossip to bring him shame from her does her husband dread
— when mention is made of women, pure and unstained is she.
The day done, at eve glad comes he home to his eyes' delight:
he needs not to ask of her — 'Say, where didst thou pass the day?'
And slender is she where meet, and full where it so beseems,
and tall, straight, a fairy shape, if such upon earth there be.
And nightlong as we sat there, methought that the tent was roofed
above us with basil sprays, all fragrant in dewy eve —
Sweet basil from Halyah dale, its branches abloom and fresh,
that fills all the place with balm, no starveling of desert sands.

ASH-SHANFARA OF AZD
TRANSLATED BY C. J. LYALL

I would I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
O would I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirconnel lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms maid Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think not ye my heart was sair
When my love dropt and spak nae mair?
There did she swoon wi' meikle care
On fair Kirconnel lea.

As I went down the waterside,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnel lea;

HUMAN LOVE

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll mak a garland o' thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair
Untill the day I die!

O would I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, 'Haste, and come to me!'

O Helen fair! O Helen cheste!
If I were with thee I'd be blest,
Where thou lies low and taks thy rest
On fair Kirconnel lea.

I would my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn owre my e'en,
And I in Helen's arms lyen,
On fair Kirconnel lea.

I would I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries,
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

ANON. 17TH CENTURY

LE TESTAMENT DE PIERROT

Le corps et l'esprit
En capilotade,
Gravement malade,
Pierrot tient le lit;

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Et, dans sa demeure,
Colombine pleure
Lamentablement,
Et prie humblement
Dieu d'être clément
Pour que son amant
Ne meure.

Et pauvre Pierrot
Que la mort tourmente,
Dicte a son amante
Cet ultime mot:
Je, Pierrot, rétracte
Par le présent acte
Autre testament
Ce seul document
De mes vœux formant
La teneur vraiment
Exacte.

A mes créanciers,
Je lègue mes dettes
Avec les sornettes
De pas mal d'huissiers;
Aux gens de justice,
Ma très protectrice
Farine de choix
Qui pourra, je crois,
Blanchir maintes fois
L'âme de ces rois
Du vice.

Aux gens de bon ton
Et haute noblesse,
A ma mort je laisse
En précieux don

HUMAN LOVE

Masque de croyance,
Masques d'indulgence
Et d' humanité;
Gens de qualité
N'ont en verité
D'aucune bonté
L'essence.

Aux rimeurs errants
Je lègue et confie
Mon arme: ironie,
Pour cingler les grands.
Au frère qui traîne
Et misère et peine
Par villes et champs,
Je donne mes chants
Dont les airs touchants
Calment des méchants
La haine.

Je laisse mon cœur
A Colombinette,
Tant que la pauvrete
N'aura cœur meilleur.
J'approuve et je signe:
Pierrot – Et, très digne,
Le mourant pâlot.
A ce dernier mot
Renvoie au Très Haut
Son âme, et son lot
De guigne.

GEORGES ONDET

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

EPITHALAMION

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time;
The Rosy Morne long since left Tithonee bed,
All ready to her silver coche to clyme;
And Phoebus gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies
And carroll of Loves praise.

The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft;
The Thrush replyes; the Mavis descant playes;
The Ouzell shrills; the Ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this dayes merriment.

Ah! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus long?
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' awayt the comming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds love-learnèd song,
The dewy leaves among! . . .

My love is now awake out of her dreames,
And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmèd were
With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beams
More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere.

Come now, ye damzels, daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight:

But first come ye fayre houres, which were begot
In Joves sweet paradise of Day and Night;
Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot,
And al, that ever in this world is fayre,
Doe make and still repayre:

And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,
The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,
Helpe to addorne my beautifullest bride. . . .

Harke! how the Minstrils gin to shrill aloud
Their merry Musick that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling Croud,
That well agree withouten breach or jar.

HUMAN LOVE

But, most of all, the Damzels doe delite
When they their tymbrels smyte,
And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet,
That all the sences they doe ravish quite. . . .

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before;
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorn'd with beautyes grace and vertues store? . . .

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
Medusaes mazeful hed.
There dwels sweet love, and constant chastity,
Unspotted fayth, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour, and mild modesty. . . .

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
For to receyve this Saynt with honour dew,
That commeth in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She commeth in, before th' Almightyes view.
Of her ye virgins learne obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endlesse matrimony make;
And let the roring Organs loudly play

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throates,
The Choristers the joyous Antheme sing,
That al the woods may answer, and their eccho ring.

EDMUND SPENSER

A THRENE TO THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE

Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and constancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none;
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phœnix' sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together;
To themselves yet either neither;
Simple were so well compounded,

HUMAN LOVE

That it cried, 'How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none
If what parts can so remain.'

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

SHAKESPEARE

And far-wel, swete, my worldes blisse!
I praye god your sorwe lisse;
To litel whyl our blisse lasteth!

CHAUCER

QUESTIONINGS AND DOUBTS

What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue.

BURKE 1729

Our days upon earth are a shadow.

Job

What mortal who has pushed his search to the furthest bound dares say that he has found what God is, or what is not God, or what lies between, when he sees the purposes of heaven sway this way and that and back again in a turmoil of unforeseen and contradictory chances?

EURIPIDES 480 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY F. M. CORNFORD

In Lebensfluten, im Thatensturm
Wall ich auf und ab,
Wehe hin und her,
Geburt und Grab,
Ein ewiges Meer,
Ein wechselnd Weben,
Ein glühend Leben.
So schaff ich am sausenden Webstuhl der Zeit
Und wirke der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid.

GOETHE 1749

In the floods of life, in the storm of deeds, I am borne up and down, driven hither and thither. Birth and the Grave, an eternal Sea, a changing woof, a glowing life. So I work at the humming loom of Time and create a living garment for God.

QUESTIONINGS AND DOUBTS

VANITAS VANITATUM

What is become now of these great merchants of the earth and where is the fruit of all their labours under the sun? Why, truly, they are taken out of the way as all others, and they are cut off as the tops of the ears of corn. Their dwelling is in the dust, and as for their place here, it lies waste, and is not known: nettles and brambles come up in it, and the owl and the raven dwell in it . . . Where is now their pompous and shining train? Where are their triumphs, fireworks, and feasts? Where is their purple and fine linen, their chains of massy gold, and sparkling ornaments of pearls? Where are their cooks and carvers, their fowlers and fishers? Where are their curious utensils, their cups of agate, crystal and china-earth? Where are their sumptuous chambers, where they enclosed themselves in cedar, ivory and ebony? Where is their music, their soft and delicate dressings, pleasing motions, and excellency of looks? Where are their rich perfumes, costly conserves, with their precious and various store of foreign and domestic wines? Where are their sons and their daughters, fair as the flowers, straight as the palm-trees, and polished as the corners of the Temple?

O pitiful and astonishing transformations! All is gone, all is desolation, and (O blessed Jesus!) who knows the state of their souls? To have a sad guess at this, it will not be much out of our way if we step and visit a Roman Emperor upon his death-bed. If you desire his name, it is Hadrian: the most ingenious and learned that ever sat upon the throne of Caesar. You may believe he was royally accommodated, and wanted nothing which this world could afford: but how far he was from receiving any comfort in his death from the pompous and fruitless abundance you shall learn from his own mouth. Consider, I pray, what he speaks, for they are the words of a dying man, and spoken by him to his departing soul:

My soul, my pleasant soul and witty,
The guest and consort of my body!
Into what place now all alone,
Naked and sad wilt thou be gone?

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

No mirth, no wit, as heretofore,
Nor jests wilt thou afford me more.

Certainly this is the saddest poetry that ever I met with: and what he thought of his soul in that last agony, when the pangs of death came thick upon him, is enough to draw tears and commiseration from a heart of flint.

HENRY VAUGHAN 1622

HADRIAN'S DYING ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL

Animula vagula blandula
Hospes comesque corporis
Quae nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca.

A SON ÀME

Amelette Ronsardelette,
Mignonnette, doucelette,
Très-chère hostesse de mon corps.

Tu descens là bas foiblelette,
Pasle, maigrelette, seulette,
Dans le froid royaume des mors;

Toutefois simple, sans remors
De meurtre, poison, et rancune,
Mesprisant faveurs et trésors

Tant enviez par la commune.
Passant, j'ai dit: suy ta fortune,
Ne trouble mon repos: je dors.

RONSARD 1524

QUESTIONINGS AND DOUBTS

One dies! Alas! the Living and Dead,
One is slain! and one is fled,
In Vain-glory hatcht and nurst,
By double Spectres Self accurst.

BLAKE 1757

Warum? Wofür? Wohin? Wo? Wie?

NIETZSCHE 1844

It is no voyage for a little barque, this which my venturous prow
goes cleaving, nor for a pilot who would spare himself.

DANTE 1265

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES E. NORTON

The lif of this world
Ys reuled with wynd,
Wepinge, derknesse,
And steriinge; (pangs)
With wind we blomen,
With wind we lassun;
With weopinge we comen,
With weopinge we passun.
With steriinge we byginnen,
With steriinge we enden,
With drede we dwellen,
With drede we wenden.

Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou
made me thus?

Hath not the potter power over the clay?

Epistle to the Romans

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player that struts and frets
his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more.

SHAKESPEARE 1564

VAGABOND

Dunno a heap about the what an' why,
Can't say's I ever knowed.

Heaven to me's a fair blue stretch of sky,
Earth's jest a dusty road.

Dunno the names o' things, nor what they are,
Can't say's I ever will.

Dunno about God – He's jest the noddin' star
Atop the windy hill.

Dunno about Life – it's jest a tramp alone
From wakin'-time to doss.

Dunno about Death – it's jest a quiet stone
All over-grey wi' moss.

An' why I live, an' why the old world spins,
Are things I never knowed;

My mark's the gypsy fires, the lonely inns,
An' jest the dusty road.

JOHN MASEFIELD

Great travail is created for every man, and an heavy yoke is upon
the sons of Adam, from the day that they go out of their mother's
womb, till the day that they return to the mother of all things.
Their imagination of things to come, and the day of death, trouble
their thoughts, and cause fear of heart; from him that sitteth on a
throne of glory, unto him that is humbled in earth and ashes; from
him that weareth purple and a crown, unto him that is clothed with
a linen frock.

Ecclesiasticus

QUESTIONINGS AND DOUBTS

As for the way of the Lord, we have not known it. What hath pride profited us? or what good hath riches with our vaunting wrought us? All those things are passed away like a shadow, and as a ship that passeth over the waves of the water, which when it is gone by, the trace thereof cannot be found, neither the pathway of the keel in the waves.

Wisdom of Solomon

I beseech thee, O Lord, let me have understanding: For it was not my mind to be curious of the high things, but of such as pass by us daily . . . And we pass away out of the world as grasshoppers, and our life is astonishment and fear.

2 Esdras

MAN

Weighing the stedfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below reside,
Where birds like watchful clocks the noiseless date
And intercourse of times divide;
Where bees at night get home and hive, and flowrs
Early, as well as late,
Rise with the Sun, and set in the same bowrs:

I would, said I, my God would give
The staidness of these things to man! for these
To His divine appointments ever cleave,
And no new business breaks their peace;
The birds nor sow, nor reap, yet sup and dine,
The flowres without clothes live,
Yet *Solomon* was never drest so fine.

Man hath stil either toyes or care,
He hath no root, nor to one place is ty'd,
But ever restless and irregular
About this Earth doth run and ride,

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where,
He sayes it is so far
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams,
Nay hath not so much wit as some stones have
Which in the darkest nights point to their homes,
By some hid sense their Maker gave;
Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God order'd motion, but ordain'd no rest.

HENRY VAUGHAN

THE VENERABLE BEDE

Bede is the *massif* of English scholarship. His cell at Jarrow, and the books that Benedict Biscop brought in so many journeys from Rome, bounded him in a nutshell and made him king of infinite space. . . . There are cadences in his prose lovelier than anything in his poetry — 'Burn now your candle as long as ye will: it has naught to do with me, for my light cometh when the day breaketh.' But the poet is in the strange burst of weeping that took him under a tree in the open, in a line or two of his vision of hell —

'Where is no voice unless of bitter weeping,
No face, unless the face of the tormentors.'

and the wistful beauty of his heaven —

'Nor any night
To snatch the splendour of the gracious light:
Nor sorrow comes, nor tears, nor tired old age.'

HELEN WADDELL

'Such to me, O king, appears this present life of man on earth in comparison with that time which to us is unknown, like as if

QUESTIONINGS AND DOUBTS

thou wast sitting, feasting with thine ealdor-men and thanes in wintertide, the fire kindled, thy hall warmed, and it rains and snows and hails and storms without. Comes then a sparrow and quickly flies through the house, goes through one door in, through the other door out. Lo! he, in the time that he is within, is not wet with the winter's storm; but that is but for the twinkling of an eye and the least instant, and he soon cometh again into the winter of winters. Like him, this life of men appears for a little time; what goes before, or what after, we know not. If therefore this new lore bring aught more clear, more fit, it is worth that we follow it.'

THE VENERABLE BEDE 672

TRANSLATED BY GERALDINE E. HODGSON

Tu dici: 'Ben discerno ciò ch'i'odo;
 ma, perchè Dio volesse, m'è occulto,
 a nostra redenzion pur questo modo.'
 Questo decreto, frate, sta sepulto
 agli occhi di ciascuno, il cui ingegno
 nella fiamma d'amor non è adulto.

DANTE

Thou sayest, 'Yea, what I hear I understand: but why God
 willed for our redemption this only mode, is hidden from me.'
 This decree, my brother, is buried from the eyes of everyone whose
 wit is not matured within love's flame.

TRANSLATED BY PHILIP H. WICKSTEED

A noiseless patient spider
 I marked, where on a little promontory it stood isolated,
 Marked how to explore the vacant vast surrounding
 It launched forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself,
 Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

And you, O my Soul, where you stand,
Surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaslessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the spheres to
connect them,
Till the bridge you will need be form'd, till the ductile anchor
hold,
Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere, O my Soul.

WALT WHITMAN 1819

And for magnitude, as Alexander the Great, after that he was used to great armies, and the great conquests of the spacious provinces in Asia, when he received letters out of Greece, of some fights and services there . . . he said, It seemed to him that he was advertised of the battles of the frogs and mice, that the old tales went of. So certainly, if a man meditate much upon the universal frame of nature, the earth with men upon it (the divineness of souls except) will not seem much other than an ant-hill, wherein some ants carry corn, and some carry their young, and some go empty, and all to and fro a little heap of dust.

FRANCIS BACON 1561

Generation in man as in non-rational creatures, is dependent upon opportunity, often indeed upon sufficiency of food, upon the moods and caprices of rulers, nay, even upon vice. And this makes it very difficult to suppose that a creature whose life has its first beginning in circumstances so trivial and so entirely dependent upon our own choice, should have an existence that extends to all eternity. As regards the continuance (here on earth) of the species as a whole, this difficulty is negligible, since accident in the individual case is still subject to a general law, but as regards each individual it certainly seems highly questionable to expect so potent an effect from causes so insignificant. But to meet these objections we can propound a transcendental hypothesis, namely, that all life is, strictly speaking, intelligible only, is not subject to

QUESTIONINGS AND DOUBTS

changes of time, and neither begins in birth nor ends in death; that this life is an appearance only, that is, a sensible representation of the purely spiritual life, and the whole sensible world is a mere picture which in our present mode of knowledge hovers before us, and like a dream has in itself no objective reality; that if we could intuit ourselves and things *as they are*, we should see ourselves in a world of spiritual beings, our sole and true community which has not begun through birth, and will not cease through bodily death — both birth and death being mere appearances.

KANT 1724

TRANSLATED BY NORMAN KEMP SMITH

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes — or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little Hour or two — is gone. . . .

Think, in this batter'd Caravanseraï
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way. . . .

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see:
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was — and then no more of THEE and ME. . . .

Then of the THEE IN ME who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A Lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard
As from Without — 'THE ME WITHIN THEE BLIND'.

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Were't not a Shame — were't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultán to the realm of Death addresst;
The Sultán rises, and the dark Ferrásh
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest. . . .

A Moment's Halt — a momentary taste
Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste —
And Lo! — the phantom Caravan has reach'd
The NOTHING it set out from — Oh, make haste! . . .

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too. . . .

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell;
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
And answer'd 'I Myself am Heav'n and Hell.' . . .

Oh, Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd — Man's forgiveness give — and take!

OMAR KHAYYAM 1050

TRANSLATED BY EDWARD FITZGERALD

O STELLIFERI CONDITOR ORBIS

O Thou Maker of the whele that bereth the sterres, which that
art y-fastned to thy perdurable chayer, and tornest the hevene

QUESTIONINGS AND DOUBTS

with a ravissing sweigh, and constreinet the sterres to suffren thy lawe; so that the mone somtyme shyning with hir ful hornes, meting with alle the bemes of the sonne hir brother, hydeth the sterres that ben lesse; and somtyme, whan the mone, pale with hir derke hornes, approcheth the sonne, leseth hir lightes; and that the eve-sterre *Hesperus*, whiche that in the firste tyme of the night bringeth forth hir colde arysinges, cometh eft ayein hir used cours, and is pale by the morwe at the rysing of the sonne, and is thanne cleped *Lucifer*. Thou restreinet the day by shorter dwelling, in the tyme of colde winter that maketh the leves to falle. Thou dividest the swifte tydes of the night, whan the hote somer is comen. Thy might atempreth the variaunts sesons of the yere; so that *Zephirus* the deboneir wind bringeth ayein, in the first somer sesoun, the leves that the wind that highte *Boreas* hath reft away in autumpne, that is to seyn, in the laste ende of somer; and the sedes that the sterre that highte *Arcturus* saw, ben waxen heye cornes whan the sterre *Sirius* eschaufeth hem. Ther nis nothing unbounde from his olde lawe, ne forleteth the werke of his propre estat.

O thou governour, governinge alle thinges by certain ende, why refusestow only to governe the werkes of men by dewe manere? Why suffrest thou that slydinge *Fortune* torneth so grete entre-chaunginges of things, so that anoyous peyne, that sholde dewely punisse felouns, punissheth innocents? And folk of wikkede maneres sitten in heye chayres, and anoyinge folk treden, and that unrightfully, on the nekkes of holy men? And vertu, cler-shyninge naturelly, is hid in derke derkenesses, and the rightful man bereth the blame and the peyne of the feloun. Ne forsweringe ne the fraude, covered and kembd with a fals colour, ne anoyeth nat to shrewes; the whiche shrewes, whan hem list to usen hir strengthe, they rejoysen hem to putten under hem the sovereyne kinges whiche that people withouten noumbre dreden.

O thou, what so ever thou be that knittest alle bondes of thinges, loke on thise wrecchede erthes; we men that ben nat a foule party but a fayr party of so grete a werk, we ben tormented in this see of fortune. Thou Governour, withdraw and restreyne the ravis-

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

shinge flodes, and fastne and ferme thise erthes stable with thilke bonde with whiche thou governest the hevene that is so large.

BOETHIUS DE CONSOLATIONE PHILOSOPHIE

TRANSLATED BY GEOFFREY CHAUCER 1340

EDITED BY W. W. SKEAT

Why so large cost having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading Mansion spend.

SHAKESPEARE

What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it: must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented; must he lose
The name of king? O'God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carvèd saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave.

Ibid.

And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been depos'd; some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd: for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king

QUESTIONINGS AND DOUBTS

Keeps Death his court, and there the antick sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus
Comes at the last and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!

Ibid.

When I consider the shortness of my life, lost in an eternity before and behind, 'passing away as the remembrance of a guest who tarrieth but a day,' the little space I fill or behold in the infinite immensity of spaces, of which I know nothing and which know nothing of me — when I reflect on this, I am filled with terror, and wonder why I am *here* and not *there*, for there was no reason why it should be the one rather than the other; why *now* rather than *then*. Who set me here? By whose command and rule were this time and place appointed me? How many kingdoms know nothing of us! The eternal silence of those infinite spaces terrifies me.

PASCAL 1623

How oft, amid those overflowing streets,
Have I gone forward with the crowd, and said
Unto myself, 'The face of every one
That passes by me is a mystery!'
Thus have I looked, nor ceased to look, oppressed
By thoughts of what and whither, when and how,
Until the shapes before my eyes became
A second-sight procession, such as glides
Over still mountains, or appears in dreams;
And once, far-travelled in such a mood, beyond

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

The reach of common indication, lost
Amid the moving pageant, I was smitten
Abruptly, with the view (a sight not rare)
Of a blind Beggar, who, with upright face,
Stood propped against a wall, upon his chest
Wearing a written paper, to explain
His story, whence he came, and who he was.
Caught by the spectacle my mind turned round
As with the might of waters; an apt type
This label seemed of the utmost we can know,
Both of ourselves and of the universe;
And, on the shape of that unmoving man,
His steadfast face and sightless eyes, I gazed,
As if admonished from another world.

WORDSWORTH 1770

Creatures of a day, what is a man? what is he not? Man is the
dream of a shadow.

Only, when a gleam of sunshine comes as a gift from heaven,
a light rests upon men and life is smooth.

PINDAR 522 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY F. M. CORNFORD

Why have the secret powers of this strange world
Driven me, a frail and empty phantom, hither
On direst storms?

SHELLEY 1792

THE TYRANNY OF REBIRTH

Tārā, my Mother, listen to the story of my woe. Thou who art
all supreme, behold this house of mine, how poor a thing it is.

Thus do these live, my Mother, with whom I share the house!
Five of them (the senses) are there with five different wills, and all
seek nothing but to please themselves.

QUESTIONINGS AND DOUBTS

Eight million houses have I lived in heretofore, and now am come again to occupy the house of Man. . . .

A fool's part do I play upon the stage of life, the cup of sorrow brimming over. That is reality for me, my Mother!

Heed then, O Mother, the word of Rāmprasād. My mind is not at rest. No longer would I live here in this house.

Mother, how often will you drive me round and round the Wheel of Being, like a blindfold ox that grinds the oil? Binding me to the log of the world, you urge me round incessantly. After wandering through eighty *lākhs* of rebirths, in form of beast and bird, still the door of the womb is not closed to me, but sorely hurt I come again.

RĀMPRASĀD SEN

TRANSLATED BY EDWARD THOMPSON

AND ARTHUR MARSHMAN SPENCER

For I must tread on shadowy ground, must sink
Deep — and aloft ascending breathe in worlds
To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil.
All strength, all terror, single or in bands,
That ever was put forth in personal form,
Jehovah, with His thunder, and the choir
Of shouting Angels, and the empyreal thrones,
I pass them unalarmed. Not Chaos, not
The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,
Nor aught of blinder vacancy, scooped out
By help of dreams — can breed such fear and awe
As fall upon us often when we look
Into our Minds, into the Mind of Man.

WORDSWORTH

Thesitorides, full many things there are that mortals cannot sound: but there is nothing more unfathomable than the heart of man.

EPIGRAM OF HOMER

TRANSLATED BY H. G. EVELYN-WHITE

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Here we are, you and I, and the millions of men and animals about us: the innumerable atoms which make our bodies, blown as it were by mysterious processes together, so that there has happened, just now, for every one of us, the wonder of wonders, we have come to life. And here we stand, with our senses, our keen intellects, our infinite desires, our nerves quivering to the touch of joy or pain: beacons of brief fire, burning between two unexplored eternities. What are we to make of this wonder while it is still ours?

He had drunk of the *questioning* cup, that which denieth peace to us, and which projects us upon the missionary search of the How, the Wherefore, and the Why Not, ever afterward. He questioned his justification, and yours, for gratifying tastes in an ill-regulated world of wrong-doing, suffering, sin, and bounties unrighteously dispensed — not sufficiently dispersed. He said by and by to pleasure, battle to-day. From his point of observation, and with the store of ideas and images his fiery yet reflective youth had gathered, he presented himself as it were saddled to that hard-riding force known as the logical impetus, which spying its quarry over precipices, across oceans and deserts, and through systems and webs . . . will come at it, will not be refused, let the distances and the breakages be what they may. He . . . reached results amazing to his instincts, his tastes, and his training, not less rapidly and naturally than tremendous Ergo is shot forth from the clash of a syllogism.

GEORGE MEREDITH 1828

Enwrapped round with weeds of death, pale cold in sorrow & woe.
He lifts the blue lamps of his Eyes & cries with heavenly voice:
Bowing his head over the consuming Universe, he cried:
'O weakness & O weariness! O war within my members! . . .

QUESTIONINGS AND DOUBTS

My birds are silent on my hills, flocks die beneath my branches.
My tents are fallen, my trumpets & the sweet sound of my harp
Is silent on my clouded hills that belch forth storms & fire.
My milk of cows & honey of bees & fruit of golden harvest
Are gather'd in the scorching heat & in the driving rain. . . .
The Corn is turned to thistles & the apples into poison . . .
And all exiled from the face of light & shine of morning
In this dark world, a narrow house, I wander up & down.'

BLAKE

The Eternal Man sat on the Rocks & cried with awful voice:
'O Prince of Light, where art thou? I behold thee not at once
In those Eternal fields, in clouds of morning stepping forth
With harps & songs. . . .
See you not all this wracking furious confusion?'

Ibid.

With what sense is it that the chicken shuns the ravenous hawk?
With what sense does the tame pigeon measure out the expanse?
With what sense does the bee form cells? have not the mouse &
frog

Eyes and ears and sense of touch? yet are their habitations
And their pursuits as different as their forms and as their joys.
Ask the wild ass why he refuses burdens, and the meek camel
Why he loves man: is it because of eye, ear, mouth, or skin,
Or breathing nostrils? No, for these the wolf and tyger have. . . .
And then tell me the thoughts of man, that have been hid of
old. . . .

Tell me what is the night or day to one o'erflow'd with woe?
Tell me what is a thought, & of what substances is it made?
Tell me what is a joy, & in what gardens do joys grow?
And in what rivers swim the sorrows? and upon what mountains
Wave shadows of discontent? and in what houses dwell the wretched
Drunken with woe forgotten, and shut up from cold despair?

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Tell me where dwell the thoughts forgotten till thou call them forth?

Tell me where dwell the joys of old? & where the ancient loves,
And when will they renew again, & the night of oblivion pass,
That I might traverse times & spaces far remote, and bring
Comforts into a present sorrow and a night of pain?

Where goest thou, O thought? to what remote land is thy flight?
If thou returnest to the present moment of affliction

Wilt thou bring comforts on thy wings, and dews and honey and balm?

O I am nothing when I enter into judgment with thee.

If thou withdraw thy breath I die & vanish into Hades;

If thou dost lay thine hand upon me, behold I am silent;

If thou withhold thine hand I perish like a fallen leaf.

O I am nothing, & to nothing must return again.

If thou withdraw thy breath, behold I am oblivion.

He ceas'd: the shadowy voice was silent, but the cloud hover'd
over their heads

In golden wreathes.

Ibid.

We know nothing or next to nothing, of the structure of our souls, so we cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild-brier rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plover in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. . . . Are we a piece of machinery, which,

QUESTIONINGS AND DOUBTS

like the Aeolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident; or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities: a God that made all things, man's immaterial and immortal nature, and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave.

LETTER BY ROBERT BURNS

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too.
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue.

KEATS 1795

Let the Bodhisattva look upon all things as having the nature of space, without essence, without substantiality.

Saddharma-Pundarika

To-day is one of those warm hushed days when it is possible to think of things as they are, — when ocean, peak, and plain seem no more real than the arching of blue emptiness above them. All is mirage, — my physical self, and the sunlit road, and the slow rippling of the grain under a sleepy wind, and the thatched roofs beyond the haze of the rice-fields. I have the double sensation of being myself a ghost and of being haunted, — haunted by the prodigious luminous Spectre of the World.

There are men and women working in those fields. Coloured moving shadows they are; and the earth under them — out of which they rose, and back to which they will go — is equally shadow. Only the Forces behind the shadow, that make and unmake, are real.

This ground beneath me is old as the Milky Way. . . . It is nameless and unnameable, being a mass of energies, tendencies,

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

infinite possibilities; for it was made by the beating of that shoreless Sea of Birth and Death whose surges billow unseen out of eternal Night to burst in foam of stars. Lifeless it is not: it feeds upon life, and visible life grows out of it. Dust it is of Karma, waiting to enter into novel combinations.

Is there aught visible, tangible, measurable, that has never been mixed with sentiency? — atom that has never vibrated to pleasure or to pain? — air that has never been cry or speech? . . . Assuredly this dust has felt. It has been everything we know; also much that we cannot know. It has been nebula and star, planet and moon, times unspeakable. . . . *'Remember, Man, thou art dust! Remember, Dust, thou hast been Sun, and Sun thou shalt become again! Thou hast been Light, Life, Love, and into all these, by ceaseless cosmic magic, thou shalt many times be turned again!'*

Those old predictions of a bodily resurrection were not falsehoods; they were rather foreshadowings of a truth vaster than all myths and deeper than all religions. Suns yield up their ghosts of flame; but out of their graves new suns rush into being. Corpses of worlds pass all to some solar funeral pyre; but out of their own ashes they are born again. This earth must die: her seas shall be Saharas. But those seas once existed in the sun; and their dead tides, revived by fire, will pour their thunder upon the coasts of another world. Transmigration — transmutation: these are not fables! What is impossible? Not the dreams of alchemists and poets; — dross may indeed be changed to gold, the jewel to the living eye, the flower into flesh. What is impossible? If seas can pass from world to sun, from sun to world again, what of the dust of dead selves . . . dust of memory and thought? Resurrection there is . . . but a resurrection more stupendous than any dreamed of by Western creeds. Dead emotions will revive as surely as dead suns and moons. . . .

My mind is a fantastical republic, daily troubled by more revolutions than ever occurred in South America. . . . I have souls wanting to soar in air, and souls wanting to swim in water, and souls wanting to live in woods or on mountain tops. I have souls longing for the tumult of great cities, and souls longing to

QUESTIONINGS AND DOUBTS

dwell in tropical solitude; — souls, also, in various stages of naked savagery; — souls demanding nomad freedom without tribute; — souls conservative, delicate, loyal to empire and to feudal tradition, and souls that are Nihilists, deserving Siberia; — sleepless souls, hating inaction, and hermit souls, dwelling in meditative isolation; — souls that have faith in fetishes; — polytheistic souls; souls proclaiming Islam; — and souls mediaeval, loving cloister shadow and incense and glimmer of tapers and the awful altitude of Gothic glooms. Co-operation among all these is not to be thought of: always there is trouble, — revolt, confusion, civil war. . . .

I an individual, — an individual soul! Nay, I am a population, — a population unthinkable! Generations of generations I am, aeons of aeons! Countless times the concourse now making me has been scattered, and mixed with other scatterings. . . . Perhaps, after trillions of ages of burning in different dynasties of suns, the very best of me may come together again.

It is written: *'There shall not remain even one particle of dust that does not enter into Buddhahood.'*

LAFCADIO HEARN 1850

O Light of Light, enlighten all inward obscurities in me, that after this life I may never be cast into the outer darkness.

Enlighten my soul, sanctify my body, govern my affections and guide my thoughts, that in the fastest closure of my eyelids my spirit may see Thee. Suffer me not, O my God, to forget Thee in the dark.

HENRY VAUGHAN

I cannot reach it; and my striving eye
 Dazzles at it, as at Eternity.

How do I study now, and scan
 Thee more than ere I studyed man,
 And only see through a long night
 Thy edges and Thy bordering light!
 O for Thy centre and mid-day!
 For sure that is the *narrow way*!

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

There is in God some say
A deep but dazzling darkness; as men here —
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear.
O for that night! where I in Him
Might live invisible and dim!

Ibid.

My soul there is a countrie
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd Sentries
All skilfull in the wars.
There above noise and danger,
Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend
And (O my soul awake!)
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither
There growes the flowre of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortresse and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges,
For none can thee secure,
But One Who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

Ibid.

They went through the wilderness that was not inhabited, and pitched tents in places where there lay no way. . . . When they were thirsty, they called upon thee, and water was given them out of the flinty rock, and their thirst was quenched out of the hard stone.

Wisdom of Solomon

QUESTIONINGS AND DOUBTS

Thou feddest thine own people with angels' food, and didst send them from heaven bread prepared without their labour. For thy sustenance declared thy sweetness unto thy children.

Ibid.

It is the law of all Nature, from her highest works to her lowest, that life only comes by death; 'she replenishes one thing out of another,' in the words of the Roman poet, 'and does not suffer anything to be begotten before she has been recruited by the death of something else.' To all things born she comes one day with her imperious message: *materies opus est ut crescant postera secla*. With the infinite patience of one who has inexhaustible time and imperishable material at her absolute command, slowly, vacillatingly, not hesitating at any waste or any cruelty, Nature works out some form till it approaches perfection; then finds it flawed, finds it not the thing she meant, and with the same unscrupulous and passionless action breaks it up and begins anew. As in our own lives we sometimes feel that the slow process of years, the structure built up cell by cell through pain and patience and weariness at lavish cost seems one day, when some great new force enters our life, to crumble and fall away from us, leaving us strangers in a new world, so it is with the greater types of life, with peoples and civilizations; some secret inherent flaw was in their structure; they meet a trial for which they were not prepared, and fail; once more they must be passed into the crucible and melted down to their primitive matter.

J. W. MACKAIL

But he, the man-child glorious, —
Where tarries he the while?
The rainbow shines his harbinger,
The sunset gleams his smile.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

My boreal lights leap upward,
Forthright my planets roll,
And still the man-child is not born
The summit of the whole.

Must time and tide for ever run?
Will never my winds go sleep in the west?
Will never my wheels which whirl the sun
And satellites have rest?

I tire of globes and races,
Too long the game is played;
What without him is summer's pomp
Or winter's frozen shade?

I travail in pain for him,
My creatures travail and wait;
His couriers come by squadrons,
He comes not to the gate.

I moulded kings and saviours,
And bards o'er kings to rule: —
But fell the starry influence short,
The cup was never full.

Yet whirl the glowing wheels once more
And mix the bowl again:
Seethe Fate! the ancient elements
Heat, cold, wet, dry, and peace and pain.

No ray is dimmed, no atom worn,
My oldest force is good as new.
And the fresh rose on yonder thorn
Gives back the bending heavens in dew.

EMERSON 1803

QUESTIONINGS AND DOUBTS

O insensata cura dei mortali,
quanto son defettivi sillogismi
quei che ti fanno in basso batter l'ali!

DANTE

Insensate care of mortals! Oh how false the arguments which
make thee downward beat thy wings!

TRANSLATED BY PHILIP H. WICKSTEED

For the swiftness of the Word cannot be expressed, and according
to its sweetness so is its sharpness.

Ode of Solomon 2ND CENTURY
TRANSLATED BY J. H. BERNARD

One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see.

St. John

CALAMITY AND DESPAIR

Incipit Vita Nuova.

DANTE 1265

For this was the Valley of Humiliation, but some there be that
find in it pearls of great price.

BUNYAN 1628

As when Suffering is mixed in the Cup in view of Immortality.
ST. CLEMENT 150

He discovereth deep things out of darkness.

Job

Abyssus Abyssum Invocat.

God entereth the Soul by a Wound.

BUNYAN

Save through thy ministry man is not fed — Holy and terrible,
anointed Pain.

I bring along with me the things which drive back calamities. . . .
I have come from the Pool of Flame.

Egyptian Book of the Dead
TRANSLATED BY E. A. WALLIS BUDGE

CALAMITY AND DESPAIR

Thou feedest them with the bread of tears; and givest them tears
to drink in great measure.

Psalms

Hide not Thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble. . . .
My heart is smitten and withered like grass, so that I forget to
eat my bread. I am like a pelican of the wilderness.

Ibid.

Iter fecerunt per deserta et in locis desertis fixerunt casas.

And they journeyed through the wilderness and fixed their tents
in desert places.

Ach dass ich eine Herberge hätte in der Wüste!

He stood between the Palm Tree & the Oak of Weeping.

BLAKE 1757

To the all-knowing Apollo.

Thou knowest the appointed end of all things, and all the paths
thereto: all the leaves that earth puts forth in spring, and the num-
ber of grains of sand whirled to and fro by waves and roaring
winds: and discernest well the future and whence it shall be. . . .

Surely the great mind of Zeus pilots the destiny of those whom
he loves.

PINDAR 522 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY JAMES ADAM

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Verily the hopes of men are oft tossed up and down, as they cleave the waves of vain deceit. . . . Many things fall out for men beyond their reckoning, sometimes adverse to joy; but sometimes they who had encountered the billows of woe have suddenly changed that trouble for bliss abounding.

PINDAR

TRANSLATED BY R. C. JEBB

And I beheld, and heard an angel flying through the midst of heaven, saying with a loud voice, Woe, woe, woe.

Revelation

And there appeared an angel unto him from Heaven strengthening him.

Denn gleichwie das Gold durchs Feuer, also werden dir, durchs Feuer, der Trübsal bewahret.

For likewise as gold by fire, so also shalt thou by the Fire of Sorrow be proven.

This is the slow amaze of grief
Beyond belief — beyond belief.

Vinci l'ambascia
Con l'animo che vince ogni battaglia.

DANTE

CALAMITY AND DESPAIR

Overcome the anguish
With spirit that overcometh every battle.

TRANSLATED BY LONGFELLOW

Kiss thou the Edge of the Sword.

EASTERN SAYING

Father Zeus, none other god is more baneful than thou: thou hast no compassion on men that are of thine own begetting, but makest them to have fellowship with evil and with bitter pains.

HOMER 1200 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY S. H. BUTCHER AND ANDREW LANG

The life of man is all suffering and there is no rest from pain and trouble. There may be something better than this life, but whatever it be, it is hidden in mists of darkness. So we are sick of love for this life on earth and any gleam it shows, because we know nothing of another. What lies beyond is not revealed, and we drift on a sea of idle tales.

EURIPIDES 485 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY F. M. CORNFORD

The bricks are fallen down, but we will build with hewn stones:
the sycamores are cut down, but we will change them into cedars.
Isaiah

And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold'
The jaws of Darkness do devour it up.

SHAKESPEARE

Ay, in the very Temple of Delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran Shrine.

KEATS 1795

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

The milk and honey are beyond this wilderness.

BUNYAN

For not even they who were half divine sons of royal gods, not even they fulfilled their life and reached old age without toil, without wasting, without peril.

SIMONIDES 556 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY J. W. MACKAIL

Secure life befel not either Peleus son of Aeacus or divine Cadmus: yet they of mortals are said to have reached the top of happiness, they who heard the gold-frontleted Muses singing on the mountain and in seven-gated Thebes, when the one wedded great-eyed Harmonia, and the one noble Thetis, child of Nereus the well-counselling.

PINDAR

TRANSLATED BY J. W. MACKAIL

ADVERSITY

Adversity, sweet layer on of hands,
Healing the soul's bewilderment. Thou friend
Who com'st so oft clad in pale terror's guise,
To pour thy rays on unillumined things,
Blinding the eyes before thou givest sight.
Now art thou come to me. I was as one
Bereft of birthright, unaware of God,
With days undedicated and, alone,
Wandering the desert of security.
Thou bringest visions, crownest me with thorns.
The myriad pilgrims of humanity,
Cross-laden, pass upon their sacred way.
Each beckons me, a myriad voices call.
All things are now significant of God.

CALAMITY AND DESPAIR

Thus hast thou wrought for me, Adversity,
Cleanser of self. Here hast thou shown to me
Creation, Life, not Death. To me thou art
The harbinger of Christ, and in thy hands
Bearest the keys of Heaven. I follow thee.

M. A. CHILDERS

Denn Alles muss in Nichts zerfallen
Wenn es im Sein beharren will.

GOETHE 1749

Hic situs est Phaeton, currus auriga paterni;
Quem si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis.

OVID 43 B.C.

Here lies Phaeton, guider of his father's chariot, which if he
could not control, yet he failed in a great endeavour.

O wearisome condition of humanity.
Born under one law, to another bound;
Created sick — commanded to be sound.
What meaneth nature by these diverse laws?

Who causes the sharpness of the thorn?

From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee when my heart
is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I. For
Thou hast been a shelter for me. I will trust in the covert of
Thy wings.

Psalms

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

We blundren ever, and poren in the fire,
And for all that, we fail of our desire.

CHAUCER 1340
MODERNIZED BY J. W. MACKAIL

Lover and friend hast Thou put far from me.

Psalms

Unheimlich ist das Menschliche Dasein.

NIETZSCHE 1844

There shalt thou shed more tears than there are motes in a sun-beam.

RICHARD ROLLE OF HAMPOLE, 14TH CENTURY

The giant shades of Fate, silently flitting
Pile the dim outlines of the coming doom.

AESCHYLUS 525 B.C.

Fate, O my Child, must share the blame thereof.

AESCHYLUS
TRANSLATED BY JAMES ADAM

Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forkèd mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants. . . .
That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

SHAKESPEARE 1564

CALAMITY AND DESPAIR

Socrates: Did you then ever look up and see a cloud like a centaur,
wolf or bull, or leopard?

Strepsiades: By Zeus, I did indeed. But what of that?

Socrates: They become what they will.

TRANSLATED BY JOWETT

May Fate always find me living in that perfect purity of words and deeds, whose Laws dwell and walk on high, begotten in the heavenly aether, of whom Olympus alone is the Father; nor has any mortal human kind given birth to them, nor shall oblivion ever lay them to sleep. In them a divinity is immanent and mighty, and grows not old.

SOPHOCLES 496 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY PÁDRAIG DE BRÚN

The ancient virtue of a race yields its crop of strong men in alternate generations. The dark plough-lands give not their harvests continuously; and not in every circling year will the trees bear equal wealth of fruit in their fragrant blossom, but only in alternation.

Even so is the race of mortal men driven by the wind of Destiny, and from Zeus no clear sign comes to attend their course. Yet, none the less, we embark on the proud ship of manhood, straining after great achievements; for importunate Hope has chained our limbs, while the flowing tides of foreknowledge are far away.

PINDAR

TRANSLATED BY F. M. CORNFORD

I am but a Voice;
My life is but the life of winds and tides,
No more than winds and tides can I avail.

KEATS

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

PROMETHEUS

Not long after Zeus had established himself on his throne, he had resolved to destroy the race of men, and to create another and a better race in their place. For forlorn and wretched indeed was that race then. They had neither intelligence nor speech, neither reason nor invention. Without Fire, they were without the possibility of comfort or material welfare. . . . Living the life of ants in sunless caves, their existence was little better than a miserable dream. Prometheus in pity . . . put them indeed in the way of achieving all that man has since achieved, and transformed them into all that differentiates man from brutes and insects. But in so doing . . . he had thwarted the will of Zeus. . . . Terrible was to be his punishment. . . .

The scene is some mountain in the wastes of Scythia. Kratos and Bia (Might and Force) under the superintendence of the Fire-god Hephaestus are riveting Prometheus with heavy shackles and with a wedge through his breast to the icy rocks. . . .

In what follows . . . we see in symbol and essence the spectacle of that most hopeless and most futile of struggles, *'never ending, still beginning, the will of man in conflict with the will of the gods.'*

J. CHURTON COLLINS

Strength: So to this world's-end region are we come,
This Scythian tract, this trackless wilderness:
Heed then, Hephaestus, thou, what charge thy Sire
On thee enjoined, to these precipitous cliffs
To bind fast with indissoluble bands
Of adamantine chains the caitiff there —
Who Fire, thy flower, wherefrom all arts have birth,
Stole, and conveyed to mortals; such the sin
That to the gods in heaven he must atone,
That he may learn the sovereignty of Zeus
To bear, and leave his man-befriending mood.

CALAMITY AND DESPAIR

Hephaestus: What Zeus hath spoken, Strength and Force,
with you
Hath swift fulfilment, and its course is free:
But I — no heart have I, to chain a god,
My kinsman, in this storm-swept mountain-gorge.
Yet must I surely find the heart to do it;
My Sire's behest not lightly is contemned.
Of righteous Themis lofty-purposed son,
Reluctant, by reluctant hands of mine,
Thou must be riveted firmly past escape
To this lone peak aloof, by no voice cheered,
No form of man; scorched by the sun's bright flame,
Changed shall thy fair skin be; and thou'lt be glad,
When starry-kirtled night shuts out the day
And when the new sun melts the morning rime,
For still the burden of the present pain
Shall vex thee; who shall ease thee, lives not yet.
Friend of mankind, such recompense is thine,
For that, thyself a god, not reverencing
The anger of the gods, thou didst endow
With honours not their due the race of men.
So shalt thou sentinel this joyless rock —
Here standing, never rest, nor sleep, nor sit —
And many an outcry loud and vain lament
Shalt utter, moving not the mind of Zeus. . . .

Strength: Enough: what boots this lingering fond lament? . . .
A soft heart helps not him: I counsel thee,
Spend not for nought thy barren sympathy. . . .
Clap then the fetters on this fellow straight,
Nor let thy Father find thee loitering. . . .

Hephaestus: The chains are round his limbs; let us be
gone. . . .

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Prometheus: Bright Empyrean, and ye wingèd winds,
Fountains of rivers, and the uncouth smile
Of the ocean-waves, and Earth, Mother of all,
And the Sun's orb, all seeing, I invoke —
See me tormented by the gods, a god!

Behold me, what agony

Through the measureless course of the ages

Racked, I shall suffer. . . .

Woe, woe is me! . . .

Yet how to bear in silence, how to speak
My griefs, I know not. Blessings, that on man
I lavished, have involved me in this fate,
And for that in a hollow fennel-stalk
I sought and stored and stole the fount of flame
Whence men all arts have learned, a potent help.
So well my punishment befits my crime —
Pilloried in these chains — my roof the sky. . . .
Hateful to Zeus and banned by all
The race of the gods, as many as go
In and out of the doors of the palace of Zeus —
Hated and banned for my love of men. . . .

So let him launch at me
The wreathèd curl of his two-edged flame;
Rack with his thunder the vaulted sky,
Rend it with spasm of angry storms,
Foundations firm of the rooted earth
Convulse with struggling wind;
And the stars in their courses, the lamps of heaven,
Confound and blend
With uproar fierce of the heaving sea;
Then to blackness of Tartarus lift and hurl me,
By the eddying torrent snatched and swept
Of his resistless might.
Me he may plague, but cannot slay. . . .
Lo, the solid earth

CALAMITY AND DESPAIR

Now not in word, but in deed is shaken:
Now from the depth anear me
The voice of the thunder roars:
The forked and fiery tongues
Leap forth and light the sky.
A hurricane rolls the pillared dust.
All winds that blow from all the heaven,
Blast against blast careering,
Mix in mid-air their elemental strife:
And sky with sea is blent.
From Zeus upon my fated head
So fraught with fear his vengeance swoops
Already in my sight.
O venerable Mother mine,
And ye revolving skies,
Whose light embraceth all,
How I am wronged, ye see!

AESCHYLUS

TRANSLATED BY ROBERT WHITELAW

RESPICE FINEM

My soul, sit thou a patient looker-on;
Judge not the play before the play is done;
Her plot hath many changes; every day
Speaks a new scene: the last act crowns the play.

FRANCIS QUARLES 1592

Would that my father had taught me
the craft of a keeper of sheep,
For so in the shade of the elm-tree,
or under the rocks on the steep,
Piping on reeds I had sat, and had
lulled my sorrow to sleep.

MOSCHUS 225 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY ERNEST MYERS

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

What needs complaints,
When she a place
Has with the race
Of saints?

In endless mirth
She thinks not on
What's said or done
In Earth.

She sees no tears,
Or any tone
Of thy deep groan
She hears.

Forbear therefore,
And lull asleep
Thy woes, and weep
No more.

ROBERT HERRICK 1590

Was bist du doch, o Seele, so betrübet,
Da dir der Herr ein Kreuz zu tragen giebet?
Was grämst du dich so ängstiglich,
Als würdest du drum nicht von Gott geliebet?

Was quälst du dich mit Zweifelmuth und Sorgen,
Weil dir des Herren Hülfe ist verborgen?
Ach, wirf auf ihm die Sorge hin,
Der dich bisher versorgt, hilft Heut und Morgen.

JULIANA VON SCHULT 1701

Der Menscheit ganzer Jammer fasst mich an.

GOETHE

CALAMITY AND DESPAIR

Saying of Haboul, Guardian of the treasure of Solomon and Keeper of the Prophet's armour:

My tent
A vapour that
The wind dispels and but
As dust before the wind am I
Myself.

Zeus is the steward of things evil as well as of things good: for two urns stand upon the floor of Zeus filled one with his evil gifts and one with blessings. To whomsoever Zeus, whose joy is in the lightning, dealeth a mingled lot, that man chanceth now upon ill and now again on good: but to whom he giveth but of the bad kind him he bringeth to scorn, and evil famine chaseth him over the goodly earth, and he is a wanderer honoured of neither gods nor men.

HOMER

TRANSLATED BY ERNEST MYERS

Wisdom is one thing – to know the Thought that steers all things through all things.

It is the Thunderbolt that steers the course of all things.

The Wise is one thing only, and is willing and not willing to be called by the name of Zen.

HERACLEITUS 510 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY F. M. CORNFORD

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing: O, my only Light,
It cannot be,
That I am he
On whom Thy tempests fell all night.

GEORGE HERBERT 1593

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Save me, O God: for the waters are come in unto my soul. I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing: I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me. I am weary of my crying: my throat is dried: mine eyes fail while I wait for my God. . . . Let not the waterflood overflow me, neither let the deep swallow me up. And hide not thy face from thy servant: for I am in trouble. . . . Draw nigh unto my soul. . . . I am full of heaviness: and I looked for some to take pity, but there was none: and for comforters, but I found none.

Psalms

Vere languores nostros ipse tulit et dolores nostros ipse portavit.
Isaiah

Surely He hath borne our infirmities and carried our sorrow.

LIFE

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

SHELLEY 1792

To Sorrow
I bade good morrow
And thought to leave her far away behind;
But cheerly, cheerly,
She loves me dearly;

CALAMITY AND DESPAIR

She is so constant to me and so kind:
I would deceive her,
And so leave her,
But ah! she is so constant and so kind.

Come then, Sorrow!
Sweetest Sorrow!
Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast:
I thought to leave thee,
And deceive thee,
But now of all the world, I love thee best.

KEATS

Yea, I would harden myself in sorrow: let him not spare.

Job

Seest thou, Odysseus, how great is the strength of heaven? Was not this Ajax wary and brave in the hour of action as any thou couldst have found?

I know none more so; and, though he be my enemy, I pity his miserable case, bound as he is beneath the yoke of calamity. I think of my own state no less than of his; for I see that all we who live are nothing but phantoms, or a fleeting shadow.

With this before thine eyes, then, never speak boastfully thyself against heaven, nor be puffed up if thy arm be stronger than another's, or thy heap of riches higher. A day brings low all human things, and again lifts them up. Heaven, that abhors the evil, loves the wise of heart.

SOPHOCLES

TRANSLATED BY F. M. CORNFORD

DIES IRAE

It is not possible, from any station, to have a full prospect of this last scene of the earth; for 'tis a mixture of fire and darkness. This new temple is filled with smoke, while it is consecrating, and none

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can enter into it. But I am apt to think, if we could look down upon this burning world from above the clouds, we should think it a lively representation of hell itself. Here are lakes of fire and brimstone; rivers of melted glowing matter; ten thousand volcanoes vomiting flames all at once; thick darkness, and pillars of smoke twisted about with wreaths of flame, like fiery snakes: mountains of earth thrown up into the air, and the heavens dropping down in lumps of fire.

This sea of fire will cover the face of the whole earth, make a kind of second chaos, and leave a capacity for another world to rise from it. . . . Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities? Their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory? Show me where they stood, read the inscription; tell me the victor's name. What remains, what impressions, what difference or distinction do you see in this mass of fire? . . .

Here stood the Alps . . . this huge mass of stone is softened and dissolved, as a tender cloud, into rain. Here stood the African mountains, and Atlas with his top above the clouds. There was frozen Caucasus, and Taurus and Imaus, and the mountains of Asia. . . . All these are vanished, dropped away as the snow upon their heads, and swallowed up in a red sea of fire. Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints. Hallelujah.

THOMAS BURNET 1635

DIES IRAE

Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saeculum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

CALAMITY AND DESPAIR

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit:
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus. . . .

Recordare Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viae,
Ne me perdas illa die.

Quaerens me sedisti lassus;
Redemisti crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus. Amen.

THOMAS À CELANO 1190

The Day of Wrath, that day which shall end the world in ashes,
by the testimony of David and of the Sibyl.

What a shuddering there shall be, when the Judge is at hand who
shall sift all things!

Making that marvellous trumpet blast resound through all
Earth's sepulchres, He shall bring all before His throne.

When the creature shall rise again, to render an account to its
Judge, Death shall be amazed, and Nature.

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The Book of Records shall be brought forth, in which everything is written, by which the world shall be judged.

Therefore, when the Judge shall be seated, whatever is hidden shall appear, nothing shall go without its reckoning.

What am I, poor wretch, then to say? What protector shall I look to, when the just man stands hardly safe?

Remember, faithful Jesus, that I was the cause of Your journey on earth: do not condemn me that day.

It was seeking for me that You sat down, wearied: it was to redeem me that You endured the Cross: let not so great labour be in vain. Amen.

TRANSLATED BY PÁDRAIG DE BRÚN

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.
To me and to the state of my great grief
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

SHAKESPEARE

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

Ibid.

Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble.
He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down. He fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

Job

Le malheur est notre plus grand maître et notre meilleur ami.

CALAMITY AND DESPAIR

Res severa est verum gaudium.

Dignare Domine die isto sine peccato nos custodire. Miserere nostri Domine: miserere nostri. Fiat misericordia tua Domine super nos! Quemadmodum speravimus in te.

When any of my disciples is oppressed with affliction, let him walk three steps to the eastward and recite these lines:

‘O Thou who art much desired; Thou who art the aid of all things in the hour of trouble;

‘In the deepest of darkness, as in the dangers of the desert, Thou seest all things;

‘In the hour of shame and confusion, Thou only canst protect me;

‘When I am overcome with affliction – in the hour of danger Thy supreme intelligence will support me;

‘O Thou who art ever present, I implore Thee to free me from my grief.’

ABD-UL-QÄDIR

TRANSLATED BY JOHN P. BROWN

This soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God Himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

S. T. COLERIDGE 1772

Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen ass,
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte!

GOETHE

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Who never broke with tears, his bread,
Who never watched through anguished hours
With weeping eyes, upon his bed,
He knows ye not, O heavenly Powers.

TRANSLATED BY GRETCHEN WARREN

He who desires to be wholly immersed in the fathomless sea of Godhead must also be deeply immersed in the deep sea of bitter sorrow.

JOHN TAULER 1300

TRANSLATED BY A. W. HUTTON

Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. Belshazzar, while he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which his father Nebuchadnezzar had taken out of the temple which was in Jerusalem. Then they brought the golden vessels, and the king and his princes, his wives, and his concubines drank in them. They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood and of stone. In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaister of the wall of the king's palace: and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, and his knees smote one against another.

The king cried aloud to bring in the astrologers, the Chaldeans, and the soothsayers. And the king spake, and said to the wise men of Babylon, Whosoever shall read this writing, and shew me the interpretation thereof, shall be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about his neck, and shall be the third ruler in the kingdom. Then came in all the king's wise men: but they could not read the writing, nor make known to the king the interpretation thereof.

Then was the king Belshazzar greatly troubled, and his counten-

CALAMITY AND DESPAIR

ance was changed in him, and his lords were astonished. Now the queen came into the banquet house, and said, O king, live for ever: let not thy thoughts trouble thee, nor let thy countenance be changed: There is a man in thy kingdom, in whom is the spirit of the holy gods, whom the king, thy father, made master of the magicians. Now let Daniel be called, and he will shew the interpretation. Then was Daniel brought in before the king. And the king spake and said unto Daniel, I have even heard of thee, that the spirit of the gods is in thee. Now if thou canst read the writing, and make known to me the interpretation thereof, thou shalt be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about thy neck, and shalt be the third ruler in the kingdom. Then Daniel answered and said, Let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another; yet I will read the writing unto the king, and make known to him the interpretation. O thou king, the most high God gave Nebuchadnezzar thy father a kingdom, and majesty, and glory, and honour: And for the majesty he gave him, all people trembled and feared before him: whom he would he slew; and whom he would he kept alive. And he was driven from the sons of men; and his heart was made like the beasts, and his dwelling was with the wild asses: they fed him with grass like oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven; till he knew that the most high God ruled in the kingdom of men. And thou, his son, hast not humbled thine heart but hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven; and thou hast praised the gods of silver, and gold, which see not, nor hear, nor know: and the God in whose hand thy breath is, hast thou not glorified. And this is the writing that was written; MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. This is the interpretation of the thing: MENE; God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. TEKEL; thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting. PERES; Thy kingdom is divided. Then commanded Belshazzar, and they clothed Daniel with scarlet, and put a chain of gold about his neck, and made a proclamation that he should be the third ruler in the kingdom. In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain.

FROM THE *Book of Daniel*

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Oh that my grief were thoroughly weighed, and my calamity laid in the balances together! For now it would be heavier than the sand of the sea.

Job

For their calamity shall rise suddenly: and who knoweth the ruin of them.

Proverbs

Although the fig tree shall not blossom nor fruit be in the vines: though the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields yield no meat: though the flocks be cut off from the fold, and there be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in God.

Habakkuk

And then answered he me, and said: this is the condition of the battle which man that is born upon the earth shall fight: that if he be overcome, he shall suffer as thou hast said, but if he get the victory, he shall receive the thing that I say. . . . Sorrows are passed and in the end is shewed the treasure of Immortality.

Esdras

Tout n'est ici-bas que symbole et que songe. Les Dieux passent comme les hommes, et il ne serait pas bon qu'ils fussent éternels. La foi qu'on a eue ne doit jamais être une chaîne. On est quitte envers elle, quand on l'a soigneusement roulée dans le linceul de pourpre où dorment les Dieux morts.

RENAN 1823

O leave them to their woes;
For thou art weak to sing such tumults dire;
A solitary sorrow best befits
Thy lips, and antheing a lonely grief,

CALAMITY AND DESPAIR

Leave them, O Muse! for thou anon wilt find
Many a fallen old Divinity
Wandering in vain about bewildered shores.

KEATS

Swift and unstable as the swallows . . . hither, thither, like a
leaf caught up by the wind or a spark in the brushwood, we
wander, unweariedly weary.

MEDIAEVAL LATIN LYRIC
TRANSLATED BY HELEN WADDELL

They are calling thee from the pinnacles of the throne of God;
I know not what hath befallen thee in this dustheap.

HĀFĪZ 14TH CENTURY

I saw that there was an ocean of darkness and death, but that an
infinite ocean of light and love flowed over the ocean of darkness.
In *that* I saw the infinite love of God.

GEORGE FOX 1624

In great moments we must avoid speaking any words at all, lest
there should be even in the most innocent of them some unknown
danger; for we are surrounded above and below by spirits, winged
influences . . . from whom man can never escape nor hide; all
the air so crowded with them, says an unknown ancient poet, that
there is not one empty chink into which you could push the spike
of a blade of corn.

GILBERT MURRAY

It was one of those nights, dark yet gleaming, when there seems
a flying malice in the heavens; when the stars, from under and
above the black clouds, are like eyes frowning and flashing down at

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

men with purposed malevolence. The great sighing trees even had caught this spirit, save one, a dark, spire-like cypress, planted three hundred and fifty years before, whose tall form incarnated the very spirit of tradition, and neither swayed nor sougled like the others. From her, too close-fibred, too resisting to admit the breath of Nature, only a dry rustle came. Still almost exotic, in spite of her centuries of sojourn, and now brought to life by the eyes of night, she seemed almost terrifying in her narrow, spearlike austerity, as though something had dried and died within her soul.

JOHN GALSWORTHY

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all Spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

SHAKESPEARE

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.

Isaiah.

Thou canst not be seen elsewhere than where impossibility meeteth and faceth me. . . . This is the Wall of Paradise where Thou dost abide.

CALAMITY AND DESPAIR

O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones. And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children.

Isaiah

AGHADOE

There's a glade in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
There's a green and silent glade in Aghadoe,
Where we met, my love and I, Love's fair planet in the sky,
O'er that sweet and silent glade in Aghadoe.

There's a glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
There's a deep and secret glen in Aghadoe,
Where I hid from the eyes of the red-coats and their spies,
That year the trouble came to Aghadoe!

O, my curse on one black heart in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
On Shaun Dhu, my mother's son in Aghadoe!
When your throat fries in hell's drouth, salt the flame be in your
mouth,
For the treachery you did in Aghadoe!

For they track'd me to that glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
When the price was on his head in Aghadoe:
O'er the mountain, through the wood, as I stole to him with
food,
Where in hiding lone he lay in Aghadoe.

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But they never took him living in Aghadoe, Aghadoe ;
With the bullets in his heart in Aghadoe,
There he lay, the head, my breast keeps the warmth of where
'twould rest,
Gone, to win the traitor's gold, from Aghadoe!

I walk'd to Mallow town from Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
Brought his head from the gaol's gate to Aghadoe;
Then I cover'd him with fern, and I piled on him the cairn,
Like an Irish King he sleeps in Aghadoe.

O, to creep into that cairn in Aghadoe, Aghadoe!
There to rest upon his breast in Aghadoe!
Sure your dog for you could die with no truer heart than I,
Your own love, cold on your cairn in Aghadoe.

JOHN TODHUNTER 1839

EDWARD

'Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude,
Edward, Edward?
Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude,
And why sae sad gang ye, O?'
'O I hae kill'd my hawk sae gude,
Mither, mither;
O I hae kill'd my hawk sae gude
And I had nae mair but he, O.'

'Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
Edward, Edward;
Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
My dear son, I tell thee, O.'
'O I hae kill'd my red-roan steed,
Mither, mither;
O I hae kill'd my red-roan steed,
That erst was sae fair and free, O.'

CALAMITY AND DESPAIR

'Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair,
Edward, Edward;

Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair;
Some other dule ye dree, O.'

'O I hae kill'd my father dear,
Mither, mither;

O I hae kill'd my father dear,
Alas, and wae is me, O!'

'And whatten penance will ye dree for that,
Edward, Edward?

Whatten penance will ye dree for that?
My dear son, now tell me, O.'

'I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mither, mither;

I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I'll fare over the sea, O.'

'And what will ye do wi' your tow'rs and your ha',
Edward, Edward?

And what will ye do wi' your tow'rs and your ha',
That were sae fair to see, O?'

'I'll let them stand till they down fa',
Mither, mither;

I'll let them stand till they down fa',
For here never mair maun I be, O.'

'And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
Edward, Edward?

And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
When ye gang owre the sea, O?'

'The warld's room: let them beg through life,
Mither, mither;

The warld's room: let them beg through life;
For them never mair will I see, O.'

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'And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,
My dear son, now tell me, O?'
'The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear,
Mither, mither;
The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear:
Sic counsels ye gave to me, O!'

17TH CENTURY

*In der Mauerhöhle ein Andachtsbild der Mater dolorosa, Blumen
Krüge davor. Gretchen stecht frische Blumen in die Krüge.*

Gretchen: Ach neige,
Du Schmerzenreiche,
Dein Antlitz gnädig meiner Not!
Das Schwert im Herzen,
Mit tausend Schmerzen
Blickst auf zu deines Sohnes Tod.
Zum Vater blickst du,
Und Seufzer schickst du
Hinauf um sein' und deine Not. . . .
Was mein armes Herz hier banget,
Was es zittert, was verlangt,
Weisst nur du, nur du allein!
Wohin ich immer gehe,
Wie weh, wie weh, wie wehe
Wird mir im Busen hier!
Ich bin, ach! kaum alleine,
Ich wein', ich wein', ich weine,
Das Herz zerbricht in mir.
Die Scherben vor meinem Fenster
Betaut' ich mit Tränen, ach!
Als ich am frühen Morgen
Dir diese Blumen brach.

CALAMITY AND DESPAIR

Schien hell in meine Kammer
Die Sonne früh herauf,
Sass ich in allem jammer
In meinem Bett schon auf.
Hilf! rette mich von Schmach und Tod!
Ach neige,
Du Schmerzenreiche,
Dein Antlitz gnädig meiner Not!

GOETHE

In the wall of the city a Shrine with the Mater Dolorosa. Gretchen puts flowers before the Shrine.

Gretchen: O Lady rich in suffering, mercifully incline thy face to my need. In thy heart a sword, and with a thousand dolours thou gazest up at the death of thy Son.

For His anguish and thine, thou lookest to the Father on high, and thy sighs mount up to Him. . . .

What pain, wheresoever I go! What pain, unceasing pain in this bosom of mine, Thou knowest and Thou alone! Ah me! in solitude I weep and weep and weep, my heart breaking within me.

With tears I watered the flowers in my window, while I gathered them for Thee. The early rays of the sun came into my chamber, and on my couch found me already awake.

Help! save me from shame and death! O Lady rich in suffering, mercifully incline thy face to my great need.

TRANSLATED BY GRETCHEN WARREN

Hushed are the voices of the winds and seas;
But O not hushed the voice of my despair.
He burns my being up, who left me here
No wife, no maiden, in my misery.

Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love.

THEOCRITUS 282 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY C. W. CALVERLEY

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Un jour qu'i' faisait pas beau,
Pas ben loin du bord de l'eau,
Près d'la Seine;
Là où qu'i' pouss' des moissons
De culs d'bouteill's et d' tessons,
Dans la plaine;
Ma mèr' m'a fait dans un coin,
A Saint-Ouen.

Faut trotter tout' la nuit
Et quand l'amour vous poursuit,
On s'arrête,
On embrasse, et sous les yeux
Du bon Dieu qu'est dans les cieux,
Comme un' bête,
On r'produit dans un racoin
A Saint-Ouen.

Enfin je n'sais pas comment
On peut y vivre honnêt'ment;
C'est un rêve:
Mais on est récompensé
Car, comme on est harassé
Quand on crève,
Le cimetière est pas ben loin,
A Saint-Ouen.

ARISTIDE BRUANT

Et je m'en vais
Au vent mauvais
Qui m'emporte
Deçà, delà,
Pareil à la
Feuille morte.

VERLAINE 1844

CALAMITY AND DESPAIR

BESSIE BOBTAIL

As down the road she wambled slow,
She had not got a place to go:
She had not got a place to fall
And rest herself – no place at all:
She stumped along, and wagged her pate;
And said a thing was desperate.

Her face was screwed and wrinkled tight
Just like a nut – and, left and right,
On either side, she wagged her head
And said a thing; and what she said
Was desperate as any word
That ever yet a person heard.

I walked behind her for a while,
And watched the people nudge and smile:
But ever, as she went, she said,
As left and right she swung her head,
– *Oh, God he knows ! And God, He knows!*
And, surely God Almighty knows!

JAMES STEPHENS

Man alone, at the very moment of his birth cast naked upon the naked earth, does she abandon to cries, to lamentations, and, a thing that is the case with no other animal whatever, to tears: this, too, from the very moment that he enters upon existence.

PLINY *circa* 1ST CENTURY

TRANSLATED BY J. BOSTOCK AND H. T. RILEY

The infant as soon as nature with great pangs of travail hath sent it forth from the womb of its mother, into the regions of light – lies, like a sailor cast out from the waves naked upon the earth, in

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

utter want and helplessness, and fills every place around with mournful wailings and piteous lamentations, as is natural for one who has so many ills of life in store for him – so many evils which he must pass through and suffer.

FRANCIS BACON 1561

As heaven and earth are not afraid, and never suffer any loss or harm, even so, my Spirit, fear not thou.

As day and night are not afraid, nor ever suffer loss or harm, even so, my Spirit, fear not thou.

As sun and moon are not afraid, nor ever suffer loss or harm, even so, my Spirit, fear not thou.

ANCIENT VEDIC HYMN

TRANSLATED BY HARENDRANATH MAITRA

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept when we remembered thee, O Sion. As for our harps, we hanged them up upon the trees that are therein. For they that led us away captive required of us then a song, and melody in our heaviness: Sing us one of the songs of Sion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth: yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem in my mirth . . . O daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery . . . blessed shall he be that taketh thy children and throweth them against the stones.

Psalms

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,
A long ways from home.

CALAMITY AND DESPAIR

Sometimes I feel like an eagle in de air,
Some-a dese morning's bright an' fair
I'm goin' to lay down my heavy load;
Goin' to spread my wings an' cleave de air.

NEGRO SPIRITUAL
EDITED BY J. W. JOHNSON

Way up on de mountain, Lord!
Mountain top, Lord!
I heard God talkin', Lord!
Chillun – de chariot stop, Lord!

One day, Lord! – One day, Lord!
Walkin' 'long, – Lord!
Wid hung down head – Lord!
Chillun – an achin' heart – Lord!

Ibid.

Socrates entered the prison, and took away all ignominy from the place, which could not be a prison whilst he was there. Crito bribed the jailor; but Socrates would not go out by treachery. 'Whatever inconvenience ensue, nothing is to be preferred before justice. These things I hear like pipes and drums, whose sound makes me deaf to everything you say.'

EMERSON 1803

O what is Life & what is Man? O what is Death? Wherefore
Are you, my Children, natives in the Grave to where I go?
Or are you born to feed the hungry ravens of Destruction,
To be the sport of Accident, to waste in Wrath & Love a weary
Life, in brooding cares & anxious labours that prove but chaff?

BLAKE

Each of our Souls is the theatre of a separate Drama, mysterious
and sacred.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen! and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird, for her sins have reached unto Heaven. How much she hath glorified herself, so much torment and sorrow give her. Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city! for in one hour is thy judgment come. And the merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her; for no man buyeth their merchandise any more. The merchandise of gold, and silver, and precious stones, and of pearls, and fine linen, and all thyine wood, and all manner vessels of ivory, and of brass, and iron, and marble. And cinnamon, and odours, and ointment, and frankincense, and wine, and oil, and fine flour, and wheat, and beasts, and sheep, and horses, and chariots and slaves, and Souls of men. And the fruits that thy Soul lusted after are departed from thee, and all things which were dainty and goodly are departed from thee, and thou shalt find them no more at all. Alas, alas, that great city, that was clothed in fine linen, and purple, and scarlet, and decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls! For in one hour so great riches is come to nought. And every shipmaster, and all the company in ships, and sailors, stood afar off, and cried when they saw the smoke of her burning, saying, What city is like unto this great city! And they cast dust on their heads. And a mighty angel took up a stone, like a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down and shall be found no more at all. And the voice of harpers, and musicians, and of pipers, and trumpeters, shall be heard no more at all in thee: and no craftsmen, of whatsoever craft he be, shall be found any more in thee: and the sound of a millstone shall be heard no more at all in thee: and the light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee: and the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee: for by thy sorceries were all nations deceived.

TAKEN FROM *Revelation*

There Babylon is builded in the Waste, founded in Human desolation.

O Babylon, thy Watchman stands over thee in the night,

CALAMITY AND DESPAIR

Thy severe Judge all the day long proves thee, O Babylon,
With provings of destruction, with giving thee thy heart's desire. . . .
The Walls of Babylon are Souls of Men, her Gates the Groans
Of Nations, her Towers are the Miseries of once happy families,
Her Streets are paved with Destruction, her Houses built with
Death,
Her Palaces with Hell & the Grave, her Synagogues with Torments
Of ever-hardening Despair, squar'd & polish'd with cruel skill. . . .
The footsteps of the Lamb of God were there, but now no more.
If God was Merciful, this could not be.

O whom should I pity if I pity not the sinner who is gone astray? . . .

Are not the Stars of heaven thy Children? art thou not Babylon? . . .

Come, O thou Lamb of God, and take away the remembrance of
Sin.

BLAKE

Every Night & every Morn
Some to Misery are Born.
Every Morn & every Night
Some are Born to sweet delight.
Some are Born to sweet delight,
Some are Born to Endless Night.

Joy & Woe are woven fine
A Clothing for the Soul divine.

Ibid.

Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered
shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep: In journey-
ings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of mine
own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren: In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Beside those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches. . . . If I must needs glory, I will glory of the things which concern mine infirmities.

2 Corinthians

Si ambulavero in medio tribulationis vivificabis me Domine.

If I walk in the midst of tribulation, Thou wilt quicken me, O Lord.

But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde

At every word,

Me thoughts I heard one calling, *Childe*:

And I reply'd, *My Lord*.

GEORGE HERBERT

I will complain, yet praise;

I will bewail, approve:

And all my sowre-sweet dayes

I will lament and love.

Ibid.

THE EPITAPH, OR BALLADE OF THE HANGED

This superb, devout, and deadly earnest exercise in the macabre needs little comment. Observe that the poet prophetically sees his body and those of his companions as if they had already been swinging and rotting for some time. The Montfaucon gibbet . . . was a place for

CALAMITY AND DESPAIR

junketing and night-parties. This fact gives point to the imploring cry in the first stanza:

*De nostre mal personne ne s'en rie,
and also that of the Envoi:*

Hommes, icy, n'a point de mocquerie.

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

EN FORME DE BALLADE QUE FEIST VILLON
POUR LUY & SES COMPAIGNONS, S'ATTENDANT
ESTRE PENDU AVEC EULX

Frères humains qui après nous vivez,
N'ayez les cuers contre nous endurcis,
Car, se pitié de nous povres avez,
Dieu en aura plus tost de vous mercis.
Vous nous voiez cy attachez cinq, six:
Quant de la char, que trop avons nourrie,
Elle est pieça devoree et pourrie,
Et nous, les os, devenons cendre et pouldre.
De nostre mal personne ne s'en rie;
Mais priez Dieu que tous nous vueille absouldre!

Se frères vous clamons, pas n'en devez
Avoir desdaing, quoy que fusmes occis
Par justice. Toutesfois, vous sçavez
Que tous hommes n'ont pas bon sens rassis;
Excusez nous, puis que sommes transsis,
Envers le Fils de la Vierge Marie,
Que sa grace ne soit pour nous tarie,
Nous preservant de l'infemale fouldre.
Nous sommes mors, ame ne nous harie;
Mais priez Dieu que tous nous vueille absouldre!

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

La pluye nous a buez et lavez,
Et le soleil dessechiez et noircis;
Pies, corbeaulx, nous ont les yeulx cavez,
Et arrachié la barbe et les sourcis.
Jamais nul temps nous ne sommes assis;
Puis ça, puis la, comme le vent varie,
A son plaisir sans cesser nous charie,
Plus becquetez d'oiseaulx que dez a couldre.
Ne soiez donc de nostre confrairie;
Mais priez Dieu que tous nous vueille absouldre!

ENVOY

Prince Jhesus, qui sur tous a maistrie,
Garde qu'Enfer n'ait de nous seigneurie:
A luy n'ayons que faire ne que souldre.
Hommes, icy n'a point de mocquerie;
Mais priez Dieu que tous nous vueille absouldre!

VILLON 1431

None can come to the sublime heights of the Divinity, or taste its ineffable sweetness, if first they have not experienced the bitterness and loneliness of My humanity . . . My humanity is the road which all must tread who would come to that which thou seekest: My sufferings are the door by which all must come in.

HENRY SUSO *circa* 1300

TRANSLATED BY EVELYN UNDERHILL

ADVERSITY

No man is more miserable than he that hath no adversity; that man is not tried whether he be good or bad; and God never crowns those virtues which are only faculties, and dispositions: but every act of virtue is an ingredient into reward . . . Our virtues are but in the seed, when the grace of God comes upon us first: but this grace must be thrown into broken furrows, and must twice feel the cold, and twice feel the heat, and be softened with storms and showers,

CALAMITY AND DESPAIR

and then it will arise into fruitfulness and harvests: And what is there in the world to distinguish virtues from dishonours . . . or that can make anything rewardable, but the labour and the danger, the pain and the difficulty? . . . Softness is for slaves and beasts, for minstrels and useless persons, for such who cannot ascend higher than the state of a fair ox . . . But the man that designs his son for noble employments, to honours, and to triumphs, loves to see him hardened with sufferance or eminent by dangers: and so God dresses us for heaven . . . For so God loves that *his strength should be seen in our weakness*, and our danger. Happy is that state of life in which our services to God are the dearest, and the most expensive.

JEREMY TAYLOR 1613

They call me the little one, and say I cannot go straight and fearless on a prosperous voyage like ships that sail out to sea; and I deny it not; I am a little boat, but to the sea all is equal; fortune, not size, makes the difference. Let another be better ruddered; for some put their confidence in this and some in that: but may my salvation be of God.

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM 274 B.C.
TRANSLATED BY J. W. MACKAIL

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem.

The Peace of God, which passeth all understanding.
Philippians

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

St. John

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine: Domine, exaudi vocem meam.

Fiant aures tuae intendentes, in vocem deprecationis meae.

Si iniquitates observaveris, Domine: Domine, quis sustinebit?

Quia apud te propitiatio est: et propter legem tuam sustinui te, Domine.

Sustinuit anima mea in verbo ejus: speravit anima mea in Domino.

A custodia matutina usque ad noctem: speret Israel in Domino.

Quia apud Dominum misericordia: et copiosa apud eum redemptio.

Psalms

Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications. If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared. I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope. My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning. Let Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.

Sunt lacrymae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.

VIRGIL 70 B.C.

There are tears of things and all that is mortal touches the mind.

TRANSLATED BY PÁDRAIG DE BRÚN

Jamque dies, ni fallor adest quem semper acerbum
Semper honoratum (sic dii voluistis) habebō.

VIRGIL

That day I shall ever remember with grief, yet always with reverence, since it was ordained by the gods.

CALAMITY AND DESPAIR

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolvèd powers; not all the wind
Of vanity and malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same;
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of men survey?

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil?

SAMUEL DANIEL 1562

O spina mirabilis
Malorum solatium.

O wonderful thorn,
Solace of calamities.

That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die.

MEIN FREUND

Dem schmerze weih' ich meine Lieder,
Er ist mir angetraut,
Legt sich des Abends bei mir nieder,
Weckt, wenn der Morgen graut.

Er steht vor meines Hauses Stufen
Mit blossgezognem Schwert,
Hält alles fern, was ungerufen
Den Einlass hier begehrt.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Nur manchmal ladet er zu Gaste
Sich seine Schwester Leid,
Die bleibt dann lang bei uns zu Raste
Und naht für mich ein Kleid.

Er ist mein treuester Gefährte,
Versorgt mich stets mit Wein,
Giest, wenn ich schon den Becher leerte,
Mir gleich von neuem ein.

Nun sagt, bin ich nicht zu beneiden,
Wer hat wohl solchen Freund?
Der Tod allein nur kann uns scheiden,
So eng sind wir vereint.

JOHANNA AMBROSIUS

Gloriari in tribulatione non est grave Amanti.

THOMAS À KEMPIS

To glory in tribulation is not hard for one who loves.

Thou shalt remain nowhere, and shalt give birth to the Soul.

Unto Habakkuk waiting for an answer, is shewed that he must wait by Faith.

I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what He will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reprov'd. And the Lord answered me, and said, Write the Vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it. For the Vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come.

Habakkuk

OLD AGE

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold—
Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after Sunset fadeth in the West,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

SHAKESPEARE 1564

When you are old and gray and full of sleep
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead.
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

W. B. YEATS

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

In these very ancient verses written in the 11th century, the old woman is set, a lonely and forsaken figure, against the background of the ebbing tide, and the slow throbs of her heart worn with age and sin, beat in unison with the retreating motion of the waves.

THE OLD WOMAN OF BEARE

Ebb-tide to me!

My life drifts downward with the drifting sea;
Old age has caught and compassed me about,
The tides of time run out.

The 'Hag of Beare!'

'Tis thus I hear the young girls jeer and mock;
Yet I, who in these cast-off clouts appear,
Once donned a queenly smock.

Ye love but self,
Ye churls! to-day ye worship pelf!
But in the days I lived we sought for men,
We loved our lovers then!

Ah! swiftly when
Their splendid chariots coursed upon the plain,
I checked their pace, for me they flew amain,
Held in by curb and rein.

I envy not the old,
Whom gold adorns, whom richest robes enfold,
But ah! the girls, who pass my cell at morn,
While I am shorn!

On sweet May-morn
Their ringing laughter on the breeze is borne,
While I, who shake with ague and with age,
In Litanies engage.

OLD AGE

Amen! and woe is me!
I lie here rotting like a broken tree;
Each acorn has its day and needs must fall,
Time makes an end of all!

I had my day with kings!
We drank the brimming mead, the ruddy wine,
Where now I drink whey-water; for company more fine
Than shrivelled hags, hag though I am, I pine.

The flood-tide thine!
Mine but the low down-curling ebb-tide's flow,
My youth, my hope, are carried from my hand,
Thy flood-tide foams to land.

My body drops
Slowly but sure toward the abode we know;
When God's High Son takes from me all my props
It will be time to go!

Bony my arms and bare
Could you but see them 'neath the mantle's flap,
Wizened and worn, that once were round and fair,
When kings lay in my lap.

'Tis, 'O my God' with me,
Many prayers said, yet more prayers left undone;
Could I but spread my garment in the sun
I'd say them, every one.

The sea-wave talks,
Athwart the frozen earth grim winter stalks;
Young Fermod, son of Mugh, ne'er said me nay,
Yet he comes not to-day.

How still they row,
Oar dipped by oar the wavering reeds among,
To Alma's shore they press, a ghostly throng,
Deeply they sleep and long.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

No lightsome laugh
Disturbs my fireside's stillness; shadows fall,
And quiet forms are gathering round my hearth,
The hand of silence lies upon them all.

I do not deem it ill
That a nun's veil should rest upon my head;
But finer far my feast-robe's various hue
When all is said.

My very cloak grows old;
Grey is its tint, its woof is frayed and thin;
I seem to feel grey hairs within its fold,
Or are they on my skin?

O happy Isle of Ocean,
Thy flood-tide leaps to meet the eddying wave
Lifting it up and onward. Till the grave
The sea-wave comes not after ebb for me.

I find them not
Those sunny sands I knew so well of yore;
Only the surf's sad roar sounds up to me,
My tide will turn no more.

TRADITIONAL IRISH 11TH CENTURY
EDITED BY ELEANOR HULL

This world a hunting is,
The prey, poor man; the Nimrod fierce is Death.
His speedy greyhounds are
Lust, sickness, envy, care,
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.
Now if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chase,
Old Age with stealing pace
Casts up his nets, and there we panting die.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN 1585

OLD AGE

In sickness, the Soul begins to dress herself for immortality: and first she unties the strings of vanity . . . Then she draws the curtains, and stops the lights from coming in, and takes the pictures down, those phantastic images of self-love and gay remembrance of vain opinion and popular noises . . . Then she lays by all her vain reflections, beating upon her Crystal and pure mirror from the fancies of strength and beauty and little decayed prettinesses of the body.

JEREMY TAYLOR 1613

LES REGRETS DE LA BELLE HÉAULMIÈRE

Advis m'est que j'oy regretter
La belle qui fut hëaulmière,
Soy jeune fille soushaitter
Et parler en telle maniere:
'Ha! viellesse felonne et fiece,
Pourquoi m'as si tost abatue?
Qui me tient, qui, que ne me fierre, -
Et qu'a ce coup je ne me tue?

'Qu'est devenu ce front poly,
Cheveulx blons, ces sourcils voutiz
Grant entroeil, ce regart joly,
Dont prenoie les plus soubtilz;
Ce beau nez droit, grant ne petiz,
Ces petites jointes oreilles,
Menton fourchu, cler vis traictiz,
Et ces belles levres vermeilles?

'Le front ridé, les cheveux gris,
Les sourcilz cheus, les yeuls estains,
Qui faisoient regars et ris
Dont mains marchans furent attains;

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Nez courbes de beaulté loingtains,
Oreilles pendantes, moussues,
Le vis pally, mort et destains,
Menton froncé, levres peaussues;

‘Ainsi le bon temps regretons
Entre nous, povres vielles sotes
Assises bas, a crouppetons,
Tout en ung tas comme pelotes,
A petit feu de chenevotes
Tost allumees, tost estaintes;
Et jadis fusmes si mignotes!
Ainsi en prent a mains et maintes.’

VILLON 1431

The man I had a love for — a great rascal would kick me in the gutter — is dead thirty years and over it, and it is I am left behind, grey and aged. When I do be minding the good days I had, minding what I was one time, and what it is I’m come to, and when I do look on my own self, poor and dry, and pinched together, it wouldn’t be much would set me raging in the streets.

Where is the round forehead I had, and the fine hair, and the two eyebrows, and the eyes with a big gay look out of them would bring folly from a great scholar? Where is my straight shapely nose, and two ears, and my chin with a valley in it, and my lips were red and open?

It’s the way I am this day — my forehead is gone away into furrows, the hair of my head is grey and whitish, my eyebrows are tumbled from me, and my two eyes have died out within my head — those eyes that would be laughing to the men; my nose has a hook on it, my ears are hanging down; and my lips are sharp and skinny.

That’s what’s left over from the beauty of a right woman — a bag of bones, and legs the like of two shrivelled sausages going beneath it.

It’s of the like of that we old hags do be thinking, of the good

OLD AGE

times are gone away from us, and we crouching on our hunkers by a little fire of twigs, soon kindled and soon spent, we that were the pick of many.

PROSE-PARAPHRASED BY J. M. SYNGE 1871

Old age seizes upon most men while they still retain the minds of boys, doing actions from principles of great folly, and a mighty ignorance, admiring things useless and hurtful, and filling up all the dimensions of their abode with business of empty affairs . . . They cannot pray, because they are busy, and because they are passionate: they cannot communicate because they have quarrels and intrigues of perplexed causes, complicated hostilities, and things of the world; and therefore they cannot attend to the things of God, little considering, that they must find a time to die in; when death comes, they must be at leisure for that. Such men are like Sailors loosing from a port, and tossed immediately with a perpetual tempest lasting till their cordage crack, and either they sink, or return back again to the same place: they did not make a voyage, though they were long at sea.

JEREMY TAYLOR

As a white candle
In a holy place,
So is the beauty
Of an aged face.

As the spent radiance
Of the winter sun,
So is a woman
With her travail done.

Her brood gone from her,
And her thoughts as still
As the waters
Under a ruined mill.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

AN IRISH BLESSING

O aged woman of the grey hair, may a thousand blessings twelve times over be on thee! Mayest thou be free from desolation; and may many tears fall on thy grave.

OLD AGE

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more.
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost. . . .

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time hath made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

EDMUND WALLER 1606

Honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the grey hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age.

Wisdom of Solomon

I will set flowers upon my hair and sing; but let not the envy of the immortals bring on me confusion. Whatsoever joy is offered day by day, serenely I will follow and o'ertake, till old age come, and the appointed term of life. For we all alike die, although our lot in life is different; howbeit, if any lift a covetous eye to that which is afar, yet is he too weak to attain unto the bronze-paved seat of Gods. Thus winged Pegasus threw his lord Bellerophon, when he was fain to come to the habitations of heaven and join the company of Zeus.

PINDAR 522 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY JAMES ADAM

OLD AGE

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

SHAKESPEARE

Animula vagula blandula, hospes comesque corporis.

They had their being together, Parts they are of one reasonable Creature, the harming of the one is the weakening of the working of the other. What sweet Contentments doth the Soul enjoy by the Senses? They are the Gates and Windows of its Knowledge, the Organs of its Delight. If it be tedious to an excellent Player on the Lute, to abide but a few Months the want of One, how much more must the being without such noble Tools and Engines be painful to the Soul? And if Two Pilgrims, which have wandered some few Miles together, have a hearts-grief when they are near to part, what must the Sorrow be at parting of Two so loving Friends, as are the Body and Soul?

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

They asked his age. 'Four years,' he replied. They said, 'How is that?' He answered, 'Seventy years I was shrouded in the veils of this world, but since four years I have been beholding Him — ah, do not ask me how! Time without vision is not a part of life.'

ASCRIBED TO BĀYAZĪD AL-BISTĀMĪ BY FARĪDU'DDĪN ATTĀR 1200

TRANSLATED BY R. A. NICHOLSON

DEATH

**Memento Homo, quia pulvis
es et in pulverem reverteris.**

**Remember Man, that thou art dust
and unto dust thou shalt return.**

Versüsse mir die Todesnoth.

Beati Mortui.

Happy are the dead.

**Return unto thy rest, O my Soul, for the Lord hath dealt bounti-
fully with thee. For Thou hast delivered my Soul from death,
mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.**

Psalms

**When frail Nature can no more,
Then the Spirit strikes the hour:
My servant Death with solving rite,
Pours finite into Infinite.**

EMERSON 1803

DEATH

His Spirit changed house, and wente there
As I came never, I cannot tellen where.

CHAUCER 1340

MODERNIZED BY J. W. MACKAIL

HYMNE TO GOD, MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESSE

Since I am coming to that Holy Room
Where, with Thy choir of Saints, for evermore
I shall be made Thy Music, as I come
I tune my instrument here at the door,
And, what I must do then — think here before.

JOHN DONNE 1573

Written on his death-bed

Send forth thy light upon me, O Soul unknown, for I am one of
those who are about to enter in, and the divine speech is in my
ears.

Egyptian Book of the Dead, circa 1600 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY E. A. WALLIS BUDGE

It is time to end; but as long as the glass hath a gasp, as long as I
have one, I would breathe in this air, in this perfume, in this
breath of heaven, the contemplation of this Joy.

JOHN DONNE

And so as your eyes that stay here, and mine that must be far off,
for all that distance, shall meet every morning, in looking upon
that same Sun, and meet every night, in looking upon the same
Moon; so our hearts may meet morning and evening in that God,
which sees and hears everywhere.

Ibid.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

O healing Death, hear thou my prayer and come!
Sole cure art thou of woes incurable;
For Pain lays not her hand upon the dead.

AESCHYLUS 525 B.C.
TRANSLATED BY JAMES ADAM

Death is addressed by God.

Go thou to Everyman
And shewe hym in my name;
A pylgrymage he must on hym take,
Whiche he in no wyse may escape,
And that he brynge with him a sure rekenynge
Without delay or any taryenge.

Prepare your hearts for Death's cold hand! prepare
Your souls for flight, your bodies for the earth! . . .
Prepare your eyes to meet a holy God!
Prepare, prepare!

BLAKE 1757

Et je regardai, et je vis parâître un cheval de couleur pâle: et celui qui était monté dessus, se nommait la mort: et le pouvoir fut donné pour faire mourir les hommes par l'épée, par la famine, par la mortalité et par les bêtes sauvages de la terre.

Revelation

Omne capax movet urna nomen.

HORACE 65 B.C.

In the capacious Urn of Death every name is shaken.

DEATH

Life is a dangerous voyage; for tempest-tossed in it we often strike rocks more pitiably than shipwrecked men; and having Chance as pilot of life, we sail doubtfully as on the sea, some on a fair voyage, and others contrariwise; yet all alike we put into the one anchorage under earth.

PALLADAS *circa* 475

TRANSLATED BY J. W. MACKAIL

THE ADORATION OF OSIRIS . . . AND OF THE
GREAT COMPANY OF THE GODS WHO
DWELL IN THE UNDERWORLD, BY OSIRIS
THE SCRIBE ANI, who saith:

Homage to thee, O thou ruler of Amentet . . . I have come unto thee, and my heart holdeth right and truth. There is no sin in my body; nor have I lied wittingly, nor have I done aught with a false heart. Grant thou to me food in the tomb, and that I may come forth into thy presence at the altar of the lords of right and truth, and that I may enter into and come forth from the underworld, and that my soul be not turned back, and that I may behold the face of the Sun, and that I may behold the Moon for ever and for ever.

Egyptian Book of the Dead

TRANSLATED BY E. A. WALLIS BUDGE

THE CHAPTER OF MAKING THE TRANSFORMATION INTO A LIVING SOUL, AND OF NOT ENTERING INTO THE CHAMBER OF TORTURE: whosoever knoweth it shall not see corruption. The overseer of the house of the overseer of the seal, Nu, triumphant, saith:—

I am the divine Soul of Rā proceeding from the god Nu; that divine Soul which is God . . . I proclaim right and truth, and

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

I live therein . . . I am the lord of light, and that which is an abomination unto me is death; let me not go into the chamber of torture which is in the underworld . . . I am the first-born god of primeval matter . . . the divine Soul, even the Souls of the gods of everlastingness, and my body is eternity. My Form is everlastingness . . . I am the creator of the darkness who maketh his habitation in the uttermost parts of the sky, which I love, and I arrive at the confines thereof . . . I sail over the sky which formeth the division betwixt heaven and earth . . . My soul is the Souls of the souls of everlastingness, and my body is eternity . . . I am the Soul, the creator of the god Nu who maketh his habitation in the underworld: my place of incubation is unseen and my egg is not cracked. I have done away with all my iniquity, and I shall see my divine Father, the lord of eventide, whose body dwelleth in Annu. I travel to the god of night, who dwelleth with the god of light.

Ibid.

THE CHAPTER OF 'CAUSING THE SOUL TO BE UNITED TO ITS BODY IN THE UNDERWORLD. The Osiris Ani, triumphant, saith:

Hail great God! Grant thou that my soul may come unto me from wheresoever it may be . . . Let not the Osiris Ani, triumphant, lie down in death among those who lie down in Annu, the land wherein souls are joined unto their bodies even in thousands. Let me have possession of my soul . . . and let me triumph therewith in every place wheresoever it may be

Hail, ye gods, who tow along the boat of the lord of millions of years, who bring it above the underworld and who make it to travel over Nut, who make souls to enter into their spiritual bodies . . . thus shall the boat of the sun be glad and the great God shall set out on his journey in peace. And behold, grant ye that the soul of Osiris Ani, triumphant, may come forth before the

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gods . . . and that it may have peace, peace in Amentet. May it look upon its material body, may it rest upon its spiritual body; and may its body neither perish nor suffer corruption for ever.

These words are to be said over a soul of gold inlaid with precious stones and placed on the breast of Osiris.

Ibid.

The Sun-god Rā seated in his boat. The deceased kneels . . . The following words are to be recited in the *Seket* boat. . . .

Behold ye me, then, O great gods of majesty who dwell among the Souls of Annu, for I am lifted up over you . . . Verily I have cleansed my soul, O great god of majesty . . . I have made myself clean in the Lake of Making to be at Peace, and in the Lake of Weighing in the Balance, and I have bathed myself in Netert-utchat, which is under the holy Sycamore tree of heaven . . . Let not injury be inflicted upon me, but let me be clothed on the day of those who go forward to every good thing.

Ibid.

THE CHAPTER OF ARRANGING THE FUNERAL BED. The Osiris Nefer-uben-f saith:

Thy flesh have I given unto thee. Thy bones have I fastened together for thee. Thy members have I collected for thee. The earth submitteth itself unto thee. Thy limbs are guarded . . . Thou are set in order. Thou seest the gods. Thou settest out on thy way . . . unto the holy place where thou wouldst be . . . The god Thoth himself cometh unto thee with the books of holy words . . . even unto the place wherein thy *ka* loveth to be; and Osiris worketh for thee on the night of journeying unto life. Thy white crown is stablished on thy brow . . . Thou comest forth, and Rā who is in the hidden horizon within his boat hath set thee in order . . . Thou art like a god, and thou hast been begotten for transformations which are more numerous and with a created form more

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perfect than those of the gods . . . and the gods say unto thee :
'Come forward, advance now and look thou upon the things which
are thine in thine abode of everlastingness,' . . . I, even I, am the
heir of heaven, and the fellow of the God who maketh his light.
I have come forth from the womb, and I shall grow young again
even as doth my father, and I shall not be prevented from making
my answer in my season.

Ibid.

Pourquoi la lumière est-elle donnée au malheureux,
Et la vie à ceux dont l'âme est pleine d'amertume,
Qui attendent la mort, sans que la mort vienne,
Qui la cherchent plus ardemment qu'un trésor,
Qui sont heureux jusqu'à en tressaillir,
Et se réjouissent, quand ils ont trouvé le tombeau;
A l'homme dont la route est couverte de ténèbres,
Et que Dieu a entouré d'un cercle fatal?
Mes soupirs sont devenus comme mon pain,
Et mes gémissements se répandent comme l'eau;
A peine conçois-je une crainte que'elle se réalise;
Tous les malheurs que je redoute fondent sur moi.
Plus de sécurité, plus de repos, plus de paix!
Sans cesse de nouveaux tourments!

Job

TRANSLATED BY RENAN

TESTIMONY OF JOB

Let no one of mankind imagine that I compose my song of lying words, writing it with poetic skill. Hear a prophecy, the utterances of Job. Inspired in heart by the Spirit, gloriously distinguished, he discoursed boldly, and spake these words:

'I scorn not in the thoughts of my heart, as a man weary in body, to choose my deathbed in my nest, to go hence on my long journey abject, overlaid with dust, lamenting my former deeds,

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into the lap of earth; for, like the Phoenix, I shall after death, through the Lord's grace, have new life after the resurrection, shall possess joys with the Lord, where the illustrious band praise the Beloved. Never need I expect an end to that life, that light, and those joys. Though my body decay in its earthy dwelling . . . yet the God of hosts will release my soul . . . and awaken it to glory; hope of this is never lacking in my heart, for I have abiding and settled joy in the Lord of angels.'

ASCRIBED TO CYNEWULF 8TH CENTURY
MODERNIZED BY ALBERT S. COOK

Incarnation suggested itself to the devout Aryan as the most solemn method for severing the mortal from the immortal part of the dead. His faith, like our own, taught him to look upon death as a new birth rather than as an annihilation of being; and for him the fire performed the office of a liberator, not of a destroyer. As a man derived his natural birth from his parents, and a partial regeneration, or second birth, by the performance of his religious duties; so the fire, by setting free the spiritual element from the superincumbent clay, completed the third or heavenly birth. His friends stood round the pyre as round a natal bed, and commanded his eye to go to the sun, his breath to the wind, his limbs to the earth, the water and the plants whence they had been derived.

'Depart thou, depart thou by the ancient paths to the place whither our fathers have departed. Meet with the ancient ones; meet with the Lord of Death; obtain thy desire in heaven. Throwing off thine imperfections, go to thy home. Become united with a body; clothe thyself in a shining form. Go ye; depart ye; hasten ye from hence.

'Let him depart to those for whom flow the rivers of nectar. Let him depart to those who through meditation have obtained the victory, who by fixing their thoughts on the unseen have gone to heaven. . . . Let him depart to the mighty in battle, to the heroes who have laid down their lives for others, to those who have bestowed their goods on the poor.

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'May sweet breezes blow upon thee. May the water-shedding angels bear thee upwards, cooling thee with their swift motion through the air, and sprinkling thee with dew. May thy soul go to its own, and hasten to the fathers.

'Bear him, carry him; let him, with all his faculties complete, go to the world of the righteous. Crossing the dark valley which spreadeth boundless around him, let the unborn soul ascend to heaven. . . . Wash the feet of him who is stained with sin; let him go upwards with cleansed feet. Crossing the gloom, gazing with wonder in many directions, let the unborn soul go up to heaven.'

ARYAN IDEAS OF IMMORTALITY

W. W. HUNTER

FROM THE KATHA-UPANISHAD

(FIRST ADHYAYA)

FIRST VALLI

1. Vagasravasa, desirous (of heavenly rewards), surrendered (at a sacrifice) all that he possessed. He had a son of the name of Nakiketas.

2. When the (promised) presents were being given (to the priests) faith entered into the heart of Nakiketas, who was still a boy . . . [Nakiketas] said to his father: 'Dear father, to whom wilt thou give me?'

He said it a second and a third time. Then the father replied (angrily):

'I shall give thee unto Death.'

5. The son said: 'I go as the first, at the head of many (who have still to die); I go in the midst of many (who are now dying). What will be the work of Yama (the ruler of the departed) which to-day he has to do unto me?'

(Yama, returning to his house after an absence of three nights, during which time Nakiketas had received no hospitality from him, says:)

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9. 'O Brahmana, as thou, a venerable guest, hast dwelt in my house three nights without eating, therefore choose now three boons. Hail to thee! and welfare to me!'

10. Nakiketas said: 'O Death, as the first of the three boons I choose that Gautama, my father, be pacified, kind, and free from anger towards me; and that he may know me and greet me, when I shall have been dismissed by thee.'

11. Yama said: 'Through my favour . . . Aruni, thy father will know thee and be again towards thee as he was before. He shall sleep peacefully through the night, and free from anger, after having seen thee freed from the mouth of death.'

12. Nakiketas said: 'In the heaven-world there is no fear: thou art not there, O Death, and no one is afraid on account of old age. Leaving behind both hunger and thirst, and out of the reach of sorrow, all rejoice in the world of heaven.'

13. 'Thou knowest, O Death, the fire-sacrifice which leads us to heaven; tell it to me, for I am full of faith. Those who live in the heaven-world reach immortality — this I ask as my second boon.'

14. Yama said: 'I tell it thee, learn it from me, and when thou understandest that fire-sacrifice which leads to heaven, know, O Nakiketas, that it is the attainment of the endless worlds, and their firm support, hidden in darkness.'

19. 'This, O Nakiketas, is thy fire which leads to heaven, and which thou hast chosen as thy second boon. That fire all men will proclaim. Choose now, O Nakiketas, thy third boon.'

20. Nakiketas said: 'There is that doubt, when a man is dead — some saying, he is; others, he is not. This I should like to know, taught by thee; this is the third of my boons.'

22. Nakiketas said: 'On this point even the gods have doubted indeed, and thou, Death, hast declared it to be not easy to understand . . . surely no other boon is like unto this.'

23. Death said: 'Choose sons and grandsons who shall live a hundred years, herds of cattle, elephants, gold, and horses . . .

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24. 'If you can think of any boon equal to that, choose wealth, and long life

25. 'Whatever desires are difficult to attain among mortals, ask for them according to thy wish . . . but do not ask me about dying.'

28. [Nakiketas said:] 'What mortal, slowly decaying here below, and knowing, after having approached them, the freedom from decay enjoyed by the immortals, would delight in a long life, after he has pondered on the pleasures which arise from beauty and love?'

29. 'No, that on which there is this doubt, O Death, tell us what there is in that great Hereafter. Nakiketas does not choose another boon but that which enters into the hidden world.'

SECOND VALLI

1. Death said: 'The good is one thing, the pleasant another; these two, having different objects, chain a man. It is well with him who clings to the good; he who chooses the pleasant, misses his end.'

3. 'Thou, O Nakiketas, after pondering all pleasures that are or seem delightful, hast dismissed them all. Thou hast not gone into the road that leadeth to wealth, in which many men perish.'

4. 'Wide apart and leading to different points are these two, ignorance, and what is known as wisdom. I believe Nakiketas to be one who desires knowledge, for even many pleasures did not tear thee away.'

11. 'Though thou hadst seen the fulfilment of all desires, the foundation of the world, the endless rewards of good deeds, the shore where there is no fear, that which is magnified by praise, the wide abode, the rest, yet being wise thou hast with firm resolve dismissed it all.'

12. 'The wise who, by means of meditation on his Self, recognizes the Ancient, who is difficult to be seen, who has

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entered into the dark, who is hidden in the cave, who dwells in the abyss, as God, he indeed leaves joy and sorrow far behind.'

14. Nakiketas said: 'That which thou seest as neither this nor that, as neither effect nor cause, as neither past nor future, tell me that.'

15. Yama said: 'That word (or place) which all the Vedas record, which all penances proclaim, which men desire when they live as religious students, that word I tell thee briefly, it is Om.'

16. 'That (imperishable) syllable means Brahman, that syllable means the highest (Brahman); he who knows that syllable, whatever he desires, is his.'

17. 'This is the best support, this is the highest support; he who knows that support is magnified in the world of Brahma.'

18. 'The knowing (Self) is not born, it dies not; it sprang from nothing, nothing sprang from it. The Ancient is unborn, eternal, everlasting; he is not killed, though the body is killed.'

19. 'If the killer thinks that he kills, if the killed thinks that he is killed, they do not understand; for this one does not kill, nor is that one killed.'

20. 'The Self, smaller than small, greater than great, is hidden in the heart of that creature. A man who is free from desires and free from grief, sees the majesty of the Self by the grace of the creator.'

21. 'Though sitting still, he walks far; though lying down, he goes everywhere.' . . .

22. 'The wise who knows the Self as bodiless within the bodies, as unchanging among changing things, as great and omnipresent, does never grieve.'

23. 'That Self cannot be gained by the Veda, nor by understanding, nor by much learning.'

THIRD VALLI

2. 'May we be able to master that Nakiketa rite which is a bridge for sacrificers; also that which is the highest, imperishable Brahman for those who wish to cross over.' . . .

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3. 'Know the Self to be sitting in the chariot, the body to be the chariot, the intellect (buddhi) the charioteer, and the mind the reins.'

9. 'But he who has understanding for his charioteer, and who holds the reins of the mind, he reaches the end of his journey, and that is the highest place of Vishnu.

Beyond the Person there is nothing — this is the goal, the highest road.'

12. 'That Self is hidden in all beings and does not shine forth, but it is seen by subtle seers through their sharp and subtle intellect.'

14. 'Rise, awake! Having obtained your boons, understand them! The sharp edge of a razor is difficult to pass over; thus the wise say the path (to the Self) is hard.'

15. 'He who has perceived that which is without sound, without touch, without form, without decay, without taste, eternal, without smell, without beginning, without end, beyond the Great, and unchangeable, is freed from the jaws of death.'

SIXTH VALLI

18. Having received this knowledge taught by Death, and the whole rule of Yoga (meditation), Nakiketa became free from passion and death, and obtained Brahman. Thus it will be with another also who knows thus what relates to the Self.

TRANSLATED BY F. MAX MÜLLER

DEATH IS NOT TO BE FEARED

It comes together and is dispersed and goes back whence it came: earth to earth, and the breath on high. What hardship is in that? None!

DEATH

If you have a pious mind, no harm will come to you when you die. Your living breath (pneuma) will always remain aloft in the sky.

EPICHRMUS 540 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY F. M. CORNFORD

Friends, that inhabit the great town looking down on the yellow rock of Akragas, all hail. I go about among you an immortal god, no mortal now, honoured among all as is meet, crowned with fillets and flowery garlands.

EMPEDOCLES OF AKRAGAS *circa* 450 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN BURNET

All things are full of Souls and Spirits.

HERACLITUS 510 B.C.

THE GHOST OF PATROCLUS

The son of Peleus, upon the shore of the sounding sea, lay groaning heavily, amid the Myrmidons, on the clear sand where the waves were washing on the beach. And when sleep took hold upon him, sweet sleep that poured about him and set free his heart from care . . . then came to him the ghost of unhappy Patroclus, in all things like himself, in stature and fair eyes and voice; and the garments about his body were the same. He stood above Achilles' head and spoke to him:

'Thou sleepest, Achilles, and hast forgotten me. Now I am dead thou hast no care for me, as when I was alive. Make haste and bury me, that I may pass the gates of Hades. The spirits, the shadows of the dead, keep me far off and suffer me not to mix with them beyond the river, but I wander idly about the wide gates of the house of Hades. Also give me thy hand, I entreat thee; for never again shall I come from Hades, when once ye have given me my meed of funeral fire. No more as living men shall we sit apart from our companions and take counsel together; for the chill

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fate that was appointed at my birth has swallowed me up, and thou too, godlike Achilles, art doomed to die beneath the wall of rich Troy. Another thing I will say and charge thee, if thou wilt obey. Lay not my bones apart from thine, Achilles, but together, even as we were brought up together in your house . . . Even so also let one coffin hold the bones of both of us together.'

And swift-footed Achilles answered him and said:

'Why, O my brother and my lord, hast thou come hither to lay all these commands upon me? Surely I will obey thy bidding and perform them all. But come, draw nearer; let us put our arms each about the other and satisfy ourselves with grief and lamentation.'

Then Achilles reached forth his hands, but clasped him not; for, like a vapour, the spirit was gone beneath the earth, shrieking. And in amazement Achilles sprang up and smote his hands together and spoke sorrowfully:

'Alack, there is then even in the house of Death a spirit or a shade, though the wits dwell in it no more. For all night long the spirit of hapless Patroclus stood over me weeping and making lament, and told me all that I should do; and it was marvellously like to the man himself.'

HOMER

TRANSLATED BY F. M. CORNFORD

Now let the dead be laid in earth, and each part return thither whence it came into the light of day — the breath into the air of heaven, the body into earth. For the body is not ours in fee; we are but lifelong tenants; and after that, Earth that nursed it must take it back again.

EURIPIDES 480 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY F. M. CORNFORD

On the silence fell

A voice of one who summoned, and its sound
Stiffened with sudden fear the hair of all
Who heard: for the god called, and called again,

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'Oedipus, Oedipus, why tarriest thou
With these so long? 'tis time that we were gone.'

SOPHOCLES 496 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY R. WHITELAW

No fiery thunderbolt of the god removed him in that hour, nor any rising of storm from the sea; but either a messenger from the gods, or the world of the dead, the nether adamant, riven for him in love, without pain; for the passing of the man was not with lamentations, or in sickness and suffering, but, above mortal's, wonderful.

SOPHOCLES

TRANSLATED BY R. C. JEBB

And Oedipus we saw nowhere any more, but the king alone, holding his hand before his face to screen his eyes, as if some dread sight had been seen, and such as none might endure to behold. And then, after a short space, we saw him salute the earth and the home of the gods above, both at once, in one prayer.

Ibid.

O thou Delian healer to whom wild cries rise in holy fear of thee, what thing wilt thou work for me . . . tell me, thou immortal Voice . . . O shine forth on me, my three-fold help against death.

Ibid.

The body of all men is subject to all-powerful death, but alive there yet remains an image of the living man; for that alone is from the gods. It sleeps when the limbs are active, but to them that sleep in many a dream it revealeth an award of joy or sorrow drawing near.

PINDAR 522 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY JAMES ADAM

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Pray you, consider this fortune that has befallen two men. Hector, with the very girdle that Ajax had given him, was made fast to the chariot rail, and mangled till the breath of life had left him. And Ajax had as a gift from Hector this sword whereon he fell, and is slain thereby. Was it not a fiend that forged this blade? Was not that girdle wrought by the cruel fingers of Death?

SOPHOCLES

TRANSLATED BY F. M. CORNFORD

A DIALOGUE OF THE DEAD

Menippus: Where are all the beauties, Hermes? Show me round: I am a newcomer.

Hermes: I am busy, Menippus. But look over there to your right, and you will see Hyacinth, Narcissus, Nireus, Achilles, Tyro, Helen, Leda — all the beauties of old.

Menippus: I can only see bones, and bare skulls; most of them are exactly alike.

Hermes: Those bones, of which you seem to think so lightly, have been the theme of admiring poets.

Menippus: Well, but show me Helen; I shall never be able to make her out by myself.

Hermes: This skull is Helen.

Menippus: And for this a thousand ships carried warriors from every part of Greece; Greeks and barbarians were slain, and cities made desolate.

Hermes: Ah, Menippus, you never saw the living Helen, or you would have said with Homer —

‘Well might they suffer grievous years of toil
Who strove for such a prize.’

We look at withered flowers, whose dye is gone from them, and what can we call them but unlovely things?

Yet in the hour of their bloom these unlovely things were things of beauty.

DEATH

Menippus: Strange, that the Greeks could not realize what it was for which they laboured; how short-lived, how soon to fade.

Hermes: I have no time for moralizing. Choose your spot, where you will, and lie down. I must go to fetch new dead.

LUCIAN 120

TRANSLATED BY H. W. AND F. G. FOWLER

Charon's black-sailed galley, sunless, untrodden by Apollo, that leads to the invisible, all-receiving shore.

AESCHYLUS

TRANSLATED BY JAMES ADAM

THE JOURNEY OF THE SIBYL AND AENEAS OF TROY TO HADES

Dim under the lone night, they journeyed through the shadows . . . Hard before the portal, in the opening jaws of Hell, Grief and avenging Cares have made their couch; and with them dwell wan Disease and sorrowful Age, and Fear, and Hunger, temptress to Sin, and loathly Want — shapes of ghastly mien — and Death, and Toil, and Sleep, Death's brother, and the guilty Joys of the Soul, and doom-fraught War, full in the gateway, and the iron chambers of the Furies, and raving Discord with viperous locks bound in sanguine fillets.

In the midst is an elm, shadowy and vast, with boughs and age-worn arms spread wide; and in it, men say, dwell vain Dreams, adherent to every leaf. And many a shape else is there of beasts monstrous and manifold — Centaurs couchant by the doors, Scyllas double-formed, Briareus with his hundred hands, and the creature of Lerna hissing fearfully; the Chimaera, weaponed with flame, the Gorgons, and the Harpies, and the semblance of the tricorporate shade. Thereon Aeneas, unnerved by sudden alarm, snatched at his sword and offered the naked edge to their approach: and had not his sage companion admonished him that these were

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but lives, substance-less and bodiless, flitting under a hollow phantasm of form, he had rushed upon them, cleaving the shadows asunder with idle steel.

Hence parts the way which leads to the billows of Tartarean Acheron; whose turbid stream seethes with mud and giant eddies, and disgorges into Cocytus all its sands. Water and river are guarded by a grim ferryman, ghastly and foul — Charon, his chin an unkempt mass of hoariness, his glaring eyes flame-shot, his squalid, knotted garb pendent from his shoulders. Pole in hand, himself he drives his bark, trims the sails, and convoys the dead in sable galley: for, old though he be, the age of a god is hale and green. To him the whole throng rushed, streaming to the bank — matrons, and men, and great-souled heroes who had lived their lives; boys and maidens unwed, and youths laid on the pyre before their parents' eyes . . . There they stood, all pleading that first they might make the passage, their hands outstretched in yearning for the farther shore. But the grisly ferryman received now these and now those, while others he thrust away and banished afar from the strand. Wondering, and moved by the turmoil: 'Speak, maiden,' Aeneas cried, 'and say, what imports this concourse to the river? What seek the souls? Or what judgment dooms these to quit the brink — those to row sweeping through the livid waters?' To him the aged priestess made brief response: 'All this throng that thou viewest is helpless and tombless. The ferryman is Charon, and they that sail the flood are the buried. Nor may he bear them away from those awful banks, across the hoarse waters, ere their bones have found a resting-place. For a hundred years they wander and flit round these shores: then, nor before, they are received and review the pool of their desire. . . .'

So they pursued their journey begun, and drew to the river. But, on the instant, so soon as the rower descried them from the Stygian wave . . . unchallenged he accosted them, and assailed them with rebuke: 'Whosoever thou art, that in harness of war tendest to our streams, haste thee; speak thine errand whence thou standest, and stay thy step! Here is the world of Shadows, of Sleep,

DEATH

and of slumberous Night: no body of the living my Stygian barque may receive' . . . To this the Amphrysian priestess in brief: 'Shrink not away! Here no such treachery harbours; no violence our weapons import! . . . Trojan Aeneas, for piety famed and arms, descends to seek his sire in the nethermost gloom of Erebus. If the vision of duty so signal moves thee not, yet know this bough!' and she discovered the bough that lay unseen in her vesture. At once the surging ire of his heart was lulled, and they held no further parle; but surveying in wonder that awful gift of the fateful rod, seen now after so many days, he turned his sable barque and approached the shore . . . Groaning under his weight, the sewn craft drank in the ooze through its bursting seams; till at length prophetess and hero were landed scatheless across the wave, on the dreary slime and grey sedge. . . .

Deep in a green valley, father Anchises stood lost in thought, surveying the prisoned spirits. . . . He, soon as he saw Aeneas advancing to meet him over the sward, extended either eager palm, while the tears streamed down his cheeks and a cry escaped his lips: 'And hast thou come at length? Has the love that failed not thy father's hope vanquished that perilous path? Is it mine, my son, to look on thy face, and to hear and answer thy familiar tones. . . . How many the lands, how wide the seas, whereover thou hast travelled to my arms! What storms of peril, my son, have tost thee!' . . . But he: 'Thy shade, my father, thy troubled shade, that ever and again rose before me, constrained me to wend to these portals! My fleet rides the Tyrrhene brine. Suffer me to clasp thy hand — suffer me, father of mine — nor withdraw thee from our embrace!' So he said, while the tears rained down his cheeks. Thrice, where he stood, he assayed to throw his arms round his neck: thrice the phantom fled through the hands that clutched in vain, light as the winds and fleet as the pinions of sleep!

Meanwhile, in a retired vale, Aeneas discerned a sequestered grove and whispering forest brakes, with the river of Lethe floating past those homes of peace. About it hovered peoples and nations unnumbered. . . . Starting at the sudden vision, Aeneas, unknowing, inquired the cause — what were yon distant streams,

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who the men that in serried array beset the banks? Then father Anchises: 'Spirits they are, to whom Fate owes a second body, and by the wave of Lethe river they drink the careless waters and deep oblivion. Long, in truth, I have desired to tell thee of these, and reveal them before thine eyes.' . . . 'O rather, shall we deem that any spirits travel hence, aloft to our earthly sky, and return again to the sluggish clay? What unblest yearning for the light possesses their blind hearts?' — 'I will speak, my son, nor hold thee in doubt,' rejoined Anchises; and unfolded all in order.

'First, know that heaven and earth, and the watery plain, and the Moon's lucent sphere, and Titan's star, an indwelling spirit sustains, and a mind, fused throughout the limbs sways the whole mass and mingles with the giant frame. Thence the race of man and of beast, and the life of every winged thing, and the monsters that Ocean bears under his marble floor. To these seeds a flame-like vigour pertains and an origin celestial, so far as the noxious body fetters them not, nor terrene limbs dull them, and members born but to die. Hence they fear and desire, and grieve and joy, nor discern the sky from their midnight fastness and viewless dungeon. Nor yet, alas, when life's latest gleam is fled, are they utterly freed from all ill and all the pests of the body; and it needs must be that many a taint, long ingrained, should be rooted wondrous deep in their being. Therefore they are amerced by punishment and pay the price of ancient evil. . . . We suffer, each in his proper spirit; then are sent to the spacious plains of Elysium, where some few abide in the blissful fields; till at length the hoary ages, when time's cycle is run, purge the incarnate stain, and leave but the purified ethereal sense and the unsullied essential flame. All these, that thou seest, when they have turned the wheel through a thousand years, God summons in their legions to the river of Lethe, that, with memory disenthroned, they may review the vaulted heavens and conceive desire once more to tenant the flesh'. . . .

There are two gates of Sleep: of horn, fame tells, the one, through which the spirits of truth find an easy passage; the other, wrought smooth — gleaming with sheen of ivory, but false the

DEATH

visions that the nether powers speed therefrom to the heaven above. There, with these words on his lips, Anchises parted from son and Sibyl, and dismissed them by the ivory gate.

VIRGIL 70 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN JACKSON

THE DEATH OF DIDO

Iris, therefore, with saffron wings that spray the dew, trailing through heaven a thousand various colours over against the sun, flies down and stands above Dido's head.

'This I dedicate and bear to Hades, as I am bid, and thee from this body, I release.'

Those were her words, and with her right hand she severed a tress. At once, all warmth was gone, and life went out on the winds.

VIRGIL

TRANSLATED BY PÁDRAIG DE BRÚN

GNOMIC VERSE

Knoweth the Maker alone whither the soul shall fare, —
All the spirits of men who fare to the Lord at the death-day,
And await, in the Father's keeping, their doom.
Dark and secret the future!
God alone knows it, our Father the Saviour.
None shall come hither beneath these roofs
Who can riddle to men the Lord's creation
The seats of the nations, the place of God's dwelling.

COTTONIAN MS. 7TH CENTURY

TRANSLATED BY CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

THE SEA-BURIAL OF KING SCYLD

When at length the fated hour was come, Scyld, the valiant, departed unto the keeping of the Lord. Then his dear companions

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bore him down to the ocean-flood, even as he himself had bidden them. . . . There at the harbour stood a ship with curving prow, all icy, eager to depart – meet for a prince. And in the ship's bosom, hard by the mast, they laid their dear lord. . . . Many treasures were there . . . brought from afar. Never have I heard men tell of a ship more splendidly laden with battle-weapons and war-harness, with swords and coats of mail. Upon his breast lay many precious things which were to go far out with him into the realm of the waters. . . . Moreover, they set up a golden banner high o'er his head, and let the sea bear him away, giving him over to the deep. Sad at heart were they, sorrowful in spirit. No man can truly say – no lord of hall, or hero under heaven – into whose hands that burden fell.

BEOWULF *circa* 700

TRANSLATED BY CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

DEATH OF GUTHLAC

Then he sank back against the wall and bowed his head, yet he still held strength within him, and whiles he drew his breath, mighty in vigour. . . . So all that long day until the evening that holy man drew breath.

Then the noble gleam sought its setting; wan under the clouds darkened the northern heavens, wrapping the world in mist, enfolding it in darkness. Over the moving earth, the beauties of the world, the night came down. Then in holiness from heaven came a mighty radiance, shining with light and lustre over the homes of men. And there the blessed man with valour abode the ending of his days, racked with pangs of death. A glorious splendour all the long night shone brightly round about that noble man; the shadows waned, dissolved beneath the heavens. That brilliant light, that heavenly candle-gleam, lay round about the holy house from evening twilight till from out of the east over the deep-sea path came the stir of dawn, the warm sun. The blessed man of glory spake to his attendant thane, brightly to his faithful followers:

DEATH

'Now is it time that thou fare hence. . . . Now is my spirit parting from the body, eager for the joys of God.'

And strengthened by the sacrament, that holy food, he lifted up his hands in humbleness, and opened eke his eyes, the holy jewels of the head; glad of heart he lifted up his gaze unto the heavenly kingdom. . . .

Then was Guthlac's soul led blessedly upon its upward way; angels carried it unto its eternal joy. The body grew cold, empty of life under the upper air. Then a radiance shone forth, brightest of beams. That heavenly brilliance lay round about the holy house from the ground upward like a tower of flame, raised upright to the roof of heaven. . . . And bands of angels chanted songs of triumph.

So that dwelling-place, the blessed man's estate, was filled within with bliss and pleasant odours, the wondrous sound of angel voices. There was it fairer and more winsome than any voice of earth may tell of, how that perfume rose, and harmony; heavenly strains and holy song were heard; the glory of God, peal after peal. The island rocked, the plains of earth were moved.

CYNEWULF

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES W. KENNEDY

THE DEATH OF BEDE

On the Tuesday before Ascension Day Bede was decidedly worse. . . . nevertheless he continued to dictate, begging his scribe to write quickly, for he did not know how long he might last, or when it might please his Maker to take him. That night he lay awake, giving thanks alway. The next morning he urged the Brethren to finish writing what they had begun, and when that was done at nine o'clock they walked in procession with the relics of the Saints, according to the custom of the time. One stayed with him, and after a time reminded him that there was a chapter to finish. . . . 'Get out your pen and ink,' was Bede's reply, 'and write fast, it is no trouble to me' – So time went on until three in the afternoon. Then the gentle spirit bethought him that he had some things he

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would like to give to his friends before he died. He bade Cuthbert run and fetch his fellow-priests, that he might distribute the little gifts with which God had endowed him. . . . 'I have in my chest, pepper, napkins, and incense' – no gold nor silver had he to give, he told them, but with all love and joy he gave them what God had given him.

Then he told them that they would see his face no more, and begged them to say masses and prayers for him. They wept, but he turned their weeping into joy by telling them it was time he returned to Him who made him . . . he had a desire to depart and to be with Christ.

In the evening his boy-scribe said to him, 'One sentence, dear Master, is left unfinished.' He bade him write quickly – Soon the boy announced that it was finished. 'True,' the dying man said, 'it is finished. Take mine head between thy hands and raise me. Full fain would I sit with my face to my holy oratory, where I was ever wont to pray.' . . . And so he sat on the floor of his cell and chanted 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.' And as he breathed the Holy Ghost, he died.

FROM A LETTER OF THE MONK CUTHBERT 635
G. F. BROWNE

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE

When any dieth, certaine women singe a songe to the dead body recytinge the jorney that the partie deceased must goe, and they are of beliefe (such is their fondnesse) that once in their lives yt is good to give a payre of newe shoes to a poor man; forasmuch as after this life they are to pass barefoote through a great launde full of thornes and furzen, except by the meryte of the Almes aforesaid they have redeemed their forfeyte; for at the edge of the launde an aulde man shall meete them with the same shoes that were given by the partie when he was livinge, and after he hath shodde them, he dismisseth them to goe through thick and thin without scratch or scalle.

FROM A LETTER OF SIR THOMAS CHALONER
16TH CENTURY

DEATH

The myth of Hell-Shoon (Norse, *hels ko*) appears under various guises in many folklores. The 'Brig o' Dread', 'Whinny moor', and the 'Hell-Shoon' have parallels in many folklores. Thus for the 'Brig' the Mohammedans have their 'Al-Sirat', finer than a hair, sharper than a razor, stretched over the midst of Hell. The early Scandinavian mythology told of a bridge over the river Giöll on the road to Hell. In Snorri's Edda, where Hermôdhr went to seek the soul of Baldr, he was told by the Keeper of the Bridge that the bridge rang beneath no feet save his. Similarly Virgil tells us that Charon's boat (which is also a parallel to the 'Brig') was almost sunk by the weight of Aeneas. . . . Whinny-moor in Norse mythology has to be traversed by all departed souls on their way to the realms of Hela, the Goddess of Death. These realms were not only a place of punishment: all who died went there, even the gods themselves taking nine days and nights on the journey. . . . The passage of Whinny-moor is facilitated by Hell-Shoon. They are obtained by the soul in various ways. The giving of a pair of shoes during life assures the right to use them in crossing Whinny-moor; or a pair can be burned with the corpse, or during the wake. In one of his dialogues, Lucian makes the wife of Eukrates return for the slipper which they had forgotten to burn.

FRANK SIDGWICK

THE LEICH-WACH, OR CORPSE-WATCH

It is the night before the burial. In the centre of the room lies the bier; within it the dead with face uncovered. At the foot stands the priest. Round the room stand or kneel the friends and kin. On the hearth a turf fire, piled and blazing; round the bier, candles.

The first and third lines in each verse are intoned by the priest, the second and fourth are muttered responses by the mourners.

The soul is to be thought of as still in the room, either in the body or hovering uneasily round it, until the due rites of burial have been performed.

In the first verse the priest warns the soul that this is its last

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night of warmth and shelter and light; the next day its pilgrimage through cold and burning will begin.

'This one night, this one night,' he calls: 'Every night and all' – eternity, eternity, answer the mourners. 'Fire and house, room and candle light, then out on the old moor of thorns.'

AS RECOUNTED BY DONALD ROBERTSON

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle,
Fire and sleet and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art past,
Every nighte and alle,
To Whinny-muir thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
Every nighte and alle,
Sit thee down and put them on;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If housen and shoon thou ne'er gav'st nane,
Every nighte and alle,
The whinnes sall prick thee to the bare bane,
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Whinny-muir when thou may'st pass,
Every nighte and alle,
To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Brig o' Dread when thou may'st pass,
Every nighte and alle,
To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

DEATH

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,
Every nighte and alle,
The fire sall never make thee shrink;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If meat or drink thou ne'er gav'st nane,
Every nighte and alle,
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle,
Fire and sleet and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

ANONYMOUS

HIGHLAND INVOCATION

The soul peace is intoned . . . over the dying, and the man or woman who says it is called 'anam-chara,' Soul friend. . . . The soul peace is slowly sung – all present earnestly joining the soul-friend in beseeching the Three Persons of the Godhead and all the saints of heaven to receive the departing soul of earth. During the prayer the soul-friend makes the sign of the Cross with the right thumb over the lips of the dying.

The scene is touching and striking in the extreme . . . of these lovable people of the West taking leave of those who are near and dear to them, in their pilgrimage, as they say, of crossing 'abhuinn dubh a bhais' – the black river of death; 'cuan mor na duibhre' – the great ocean of darkness; and 'beanntaibh na bith-bhuantachd' – the mountains of eternity.

The poor soul is now set free
Outside the soul-shrine;
O kindly Christ of the free blessings,
Encompass Thou my love in time.

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Be this soul on Thine arm, O Christ,
Thou King of the City of Heaven.

Amen.

Since Thou, O Christ, it was who bought'st this soul,
Be its peace on Thine own keeping.

Amen.

And may the strong Michael, high king of the angels,
Be preparing the path before this soul, O God.

Amen.

Oh! the strong Michael in peace with thee, soul,
And preparing for thee the way to the kingdom of the Son of
God.

Amen.

TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER CARMICHAEL

And on the ground, which is my mother's gate,
I knocke with my staffe both early and late,
And saye: Leve mother, let me in!
Lo how I vanish, flesh and blood and skin!
Alas, when shall my bones been at rest?

CHAUCER

MODERNIZED BY J. W. MACKAIL

THE DEATH OF ROLAND

Roland sent que sa mort est prochaine. . . . Il prie Dieu pour
ses pairs, afin qu'il les appelle; puis, pour lui-même, il prie l'ange
Gabriel. Il prend l'olifant, pour que personne ne lui fasse reproche,
et Durendal, son épée, en l'autre main. . . . Il monte sur un
tertre. . . . Sur l'herbe verte, il est tombé à la renverse. Il se
pâme, car sa mort approche. . . .

Roland sent que sa vue se perd. Il se met sur pieds, tant qu'il
peut s'évertur. Son visage a perdu sa couleur. Devant lui est une
pierre bise. Il y frappe dix coups. . . . L'acier grince, il ne se

D E A T H

brise, ni ne s'ébrèche. 'Ah!' dit le comte, 'sainte Marie, à mon aide! Ah! Durendal, bonne Durendal, c'est pitié de vous! Puisque je meurs, je n'ai plus charge de vous. . . . Ne venez jamais aux mains d'un homme qui puisse fuir devant un autre! Un bon vassal vous a longtemps tenue; il n'y aura jamais votre pareille en France la Sainte. . . . Quand le comte voit qu'il ne la brisera point, il la plaint en lui-même, très doucement: 'Ah! Durendal, que tu es belle et sainte! Ton pommeau d'or est plein de reliques: une dent de saint Pierre, du sang de saint Basile, et des cheveux de Monseigneur saint Denis, et du vêtement de sainte Marie. Il n'est pas juste que des païens te possèdent: des chrétiens doivent faire votre service. Puissiez-vous ne jamais tomber aux mains d'un couard!'

Roland sent que la mort le prend tout: de sa tête elle descend vers son cœur. Jusque sous un pin il va courant; il s'est couché sur l'herbe verte, face contre terre. Sous lui il met son épée et l'olifant. . . . De l'une de ses mains il frappe sa poitrine: 'Dieu, par ta grâce, mea culpa, pour mes péchés, les grands et les menus, que j'ai faits depuis l'heure où je naquis jusqu'à ce jour où me voici abattu!' Il a tendu vers Dieu son gant droit. Les anges de ciel descendent à lui. . . . Il demande à Dieu merci: 'Vrai Père, qui jamais ne mentis, toi qui rappelas saint Lazare d'entre les morts, toi qui sauvas Daniel des lions, sauve mon âme de tous périls, pour les péchés que j'ai faits dans ma vie!' Il a offert à Dieu son gant droit: saint Gabriel l'a pris de sa main. Sur son bras il a laissé retomber sa tête; il est allé, les mains jointes, à sa fin. Dieu lui envoie son ange Chérubin et saint Michel du Péril; avec eux y vint saint Gabriel. Ils portent l'âme du comte en paradis.

LA CHANSON DE ROLAND *circa* 1100
TRADUITE PAR JOSEPH BÉDIER

Blow ope the iron gates of Death and Lethe
Where confusèd lie
Great heaps of ruinous mortality.

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And lo, the spirits of the dead that be departed, gathered them from out of Erebos. Brides and youths unwed, and old men of many and evils days, and tender maidens with grief yet fresh at heart; and many there were wounded with bronze-shod spears, men slain in fight with their bloody mail about them. And these many ghosts flocked together from every side . . . with a wondrous cry.

HOMER

TRANSLATED BY S. H. BUTCHER AND ANDREW LANG

Sie waren längst gestorben und wussten es selber kaum.

THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royallest seed
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin;
Here the bones of earth have cried,
'Though gods they were, as men they died';
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings.
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT 1584

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,

DEATH

And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

SHAKESPEARE 1564

DIRGE

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Ibid.

Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible, and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing

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I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Ibid.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thought
Imagine howling : — 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathèd worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Ibid.

From the afflicted Body of Shida to his Soul

Great power hast thou over me, O my Soul. Thou knowest I cannot guide myself: I beseech thee, let me be healed without delay.

HIS PILGRIMAGE

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

DEATH

Blood must be my body's balmer;
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of heaven;
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains;
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before;
But, after, it will thirst no more.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH 1552

Through me shall the word be said to make Death exhilarating . . .
Nor will I allow you any more to balk me with what I was calling
Life,
For now it is conveyed to me that you are the purports essential,
That you hide in these shifting forms of life. . . .
That you will one day, perhaps, take control of all.

WALT WHITMAN 1819

O eloquent just and mightie Death! Whom none could advise
thou hast persuaded: what none hath dared thou hast done: and
whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the
world and despised. Thou hast drawne together all the farre
stretched greatnesse, all the pride, crueltie and ambition of man,
and covered it all over with these two narrow words: Hic jacet!

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Death lays his impious touch on all things rare:
His shadowy hands no sacred office spare.

OVID 43 B.C.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

EXEQUY ON HIS WIFE

Accept, thou shrine of my dead saint,
Instead of dirges this complaint;
And for sweet flowers to crown thy herse
Receive a strew of weeping verse
From thy grieved friend, whom thou might'st see
Quite melted into tears for thee.

Dear loss! since thy untimely fate,
My task hath been to meditate
On thee, on thee! Thou art the book,
The library whereon I look,
Tho' almost blind. For thee, loved clay,
I languish out, not live, the day. . . .
Thou hast benighted me; thy set
This eve of blackness did beget,
Who wast my day. . . .

Sleep on, my Love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted!
My last good-night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves. . . .
Stay for me there: I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay:
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree
And every hour a step towards thee. . . .

The thought of this bids me go on
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear – forgive
The crime – I am content to live

DEATH

Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

HENRY KING 1591

O Tod wie bitter bist Du.
Wenn an Dich gedenket ein Mensch
Der gute Tage und genug hat.
Und ohne Sorge lebet,
Und dem es wohl geht, in allen Dingen.
Und noch wohl essen mag!
O Tod wie bitter, wie bitter bist Du.

Bei Gott stirbt nichts.
Alle Dinge werden in Ihm lebendig.

Men fear *Death* as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. Certainly, the contemplation of *Death*, as the wages of sin and passage to another world, is holy and religious; but the fear of it, as a tribute due unto Nature, is weak. . . . It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant perhaps the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood, who, for the time, scarce feels the hurt; and therefore a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good doth avert the dolours of *Death*; but, above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is *Nunc dimittis*, when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. *Death* hath this also, that it openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy: *Extinctus amabitur idem*.

FRANCIS BACON 1561

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Our destiny is ever like that of a sailor at sea. Doth he sit or stand or sleep or wake, always the ship bears him onward whither the winds and waters drive. Thus we, for this term of life, no matter what we do, are driven onward to our end.

ST. GREGORY 580

She fell away in her first ages spring,
Whil'st yet her leafe was greene, and fresh her rinde,
And whil'st her braunch faire blossomes foorth did bring,
She fell away against all course of kinde.
For age to dye is right, but youth is wrong;
She fel away like fruit blowne downe with winde.
Weepe, Shepheard! weepe, to make my undersong. . . .

Yet fell she not as one enforst to dye,
Ne dyde with dread and grudging discontent,
But as one toyld with travaile downe doth lye,
So lay she downe, as if to sleepe she went,
And closde her eyes with carelesse quietnesse,
The whiles soft death away her spirit hent,
And soule assoyld from sinfull fleshlinesse. . . .

But now, ye Shepheard lasses! who shall lead
Your wandring troupes, or sing your virelayes?
Or who shall dight your bowres, sith she is dead
That was the Lady of your holy-dayes?
Let now your blisse be turnèd into bale,
And into plaints convert your joyous playes,
And with the same fill every hill and dale.

For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage,
Throughout the world from one to other end,
And in affliction wast my better age:

DEATH

My bread shall be the anguish of my mind,
My drink the teares which fro mine eyes do raine,
My bed the ground that hardest I may finde;
So will I wilfully increase my paine. . . .

And she, my love that was, my Saint that is,
When she beholds from her celestiall throne
(In which shee joyeth in eternall blis)
My bitter penance, will my case bemone,
And pitie me that living thus doo die;
For heavenly spirits have compassion
On mortall men, and rue their miserie.

So when I have with sorowe satisfide
Th' importune fates, which vengeance on me seeke,
And th' heavens with long languor pacified,
She, for pure pitie of my sufferance meeke,
Will send for me; for which I daylie long:
And will till then my painful penance eeke.
Weep, Shepheard! weep, to make my undersong!

EDMUND SPENSER 1552

GREAT DARKNESS

'O Charidas, what is there beneath?'
'Great Darkness.'

She knew how, far beneath the river,
Under the swiftnes lies the dumb black earth,
Remote, indifferent to death or birth
Or memory, or blessed gift or giver.

That Time the scent from bloom is reaving
She knew, and that no mortal hands can hold
The Spring, whose journey's end lies dark and cold,
Unreached, unmoved by mortal hope or grieving.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

How that deep night her day must sever
From mine, and how death's everlasting sleep
Perchance no dream of love or loss may keep
She knew, — and knowing bound us one forever.

GRETCHEN WARREN

Until that day cometh wherein thou must travel to the land which
loveth Silence.

EGYPTIAN

What year will they write
For my poor passage to the stall of night?

J. M. SYNGE 1871

We know not whether death be good,
But life at least it will not be:
Men will stand saddening as we stood,
Watch the same fields and skies as we,
And the same sea.

SWINBURNE 1837

Ah! gentle may I lay me down, and gentle rest my head,
And gentle sleep the sleep of death, and gentle hear the voice
Of him that walketh in the garden in the evening time.

BLAKE

Ἦ σεῦ καὶ φθιμένας λεύκ' ὅστέα τῷδ' ἐνὶ τύμβῳ
ἴσκω ἔτι τρομέειν θήρας, ἀγρῶστι Λυκάς
τὰν δ' ἀρετὰν οἶδεν μέγα Πήλιον, ἃ τ' ἀρίδῃλος
Ὅσσα, Κιθαιρῶνός τ' οἰονόμοι σκοπιαί.

SIMONIDES 556 B.C.

Lines on a dead Thessalian hound

DEATH

Surely even as thou liest dead in this tomb I deem the wild beasts
yet tremble at thy white bones, O huntress Lycas; and thy virtue
vast Pelion knows, and splendid Ossa and the lonely peaks of
Cithaeron.

TRANSLATED BY J. W. MACKAIL

Grün und blüh und wachs,
Grün und blühe lieber Flachs.
Mutter braucht aus Dir geschwind
Eine Windel für ihr Kind.

Grün und blüh und wachs.
Grün und blühe lieber Flachs.
Mutter braucht in kurzer Zeit
Für ihr Kind ein Hochzeitskleid.

Grün und blüh und wachs.
Grün und blühe lieber Flachs.
Mutter braucht aus Dir gar fein
Für ihr Kind ein Todtenlein.

LATVIAN FOLKSONG

THE HIDDEN FLOWER

I walkt the other day, to spend my hour,
 Into a field,
Where I sometimes had seen the soil to yield
 A gallant flowre;
But Winter now had ruffled all the bowre
 And curious store
I knew there heretofore.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Yet I, whose search lov'd not to peep and peer
 I' the face of things,
Thought with my self, there might be other springs
 Besides this here,
Which, like cold friends, sees us but once a year;
 And so the flowre
 Might have some other bowre.

Then taking up what I could neerest spie,
 I digg'd about
That place where I had seen him to grow out;
 And by and by
I saw the warm Recluse alone to lie,
 Where fresh and green
 He lived of us unseen.

Many a question intricate and rare
 Did I there strow:
But all I could extort was, that he now
 Did there repair
Such losses as befel him in this air,
 And would ere long
 Come forth most fair and young.

This past, I threw the clothes quite o'er his head;
 And stung with fear
Of my own frailty dropt down many a tear
 Upon his bed;
Then sighing whisper'd, *Happy are the dead!*
 What peace doth now
 Rock him asleep below!

And yet, how few believe such doctrine springs
 From a poor root,
Which all the Winter sleeps here under foot,
 And hath no wings
To raise it to the truth and light of things;

DEATH

But is stil trod
By ev'ry wandring clod.

O Thou! whose Spirit did at first inflame
And warm the dead,
And by a sacred incubation fed
With life this frame,
Which once had neither being, forme, nor name;
Grant I may so
Thy steps track here below,

And in these masques and shadows I may see
Thy sacred way;
And by those hid ascents climb to that day,
Which breaks from Thee,
Who art in all things, though invisibly!
Shew me thy peace,
Thy mercy, love, and ease!

And from this care, where dreams and sorrows reign,
Lead me above,
Where Light, Joy, Leisure, and true comforts move
Without all pain;
There, hid in thee, shew me his life again,
At whose dumbe urn
Thus all the year I mourn!

HENRY VAUGHAN 1622

THE BRIDE

'Rise,' said the Master, 'come unto the feast.'
She heard the call and rose with willing feet;
But thinking it not otherwise than meet
For such a bidding to put on her best,

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

She is gone from us for a few short hours
 Into her bridal closet, there to wait
 for the unfolding of the palace gate
That gives her entrance to the blissful bowers.
We have not seen her yet, though we have been
Full often to her chamber door, and oft
Have listen'd underneath the postern green,
And laid fresh flowers, and whisper'd short and soft.
But she hath made no answer, and the day
From the clear west is fading fast away.

HENRY ALFORD 1810

What is this world? What asketh men to have?
Now with his love, now in his colde grave
Alone, withouten any company.

CHAUCE

MODERNIZED BY J. W. MACKAIL

A slumber did my spirit seal;
 I had no human fears;
She seem'd a thing that could not feel
 The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
 She neither hears nor sees;
Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course,
 With rocks, and stones, and trees.

WORDSWORTH 1770

Who knows if in the world beneath the ground,
Life is accounted death, death life? who knows?

EURIPIDES

TRANSLATED BY JAMES ADAM

DEATH

Hark! the raven flaps his wing
In the brier'd dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the nightmares, as they go:
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true love's shroud:
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud:
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

Here upon my true-love's grave
Shall the barren flowers be laid;
Not one holy saint to save
All the coldness of a maid:
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

Come with acorn-cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night or feast by day:
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

THOMAS CHATTERTON 1752

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

A SEA DIRGE

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them – ding-dong, bell.

SHAKESPEARE

Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé,
Deux forme ont tout à l'heure passé.

Leurs yeux sont morts et leurs lèvres sont molles,
Et l'on entend à peine leurs paroles.

Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé,
Deux spectres ont évoqué le passé.

- Te souvient-il de notre extase ancienne?
- Pourquoi voulez-vous donc qu'il m'en souviennne?
- Ton cœur bat-il toujours à mon seul nom?
Toujours vois-tu mon âme en rêve? – non.
- Ah! les beaux jours de bonheur indicible
Où nous joignions nos bouches! – C'est possible.
- Qu'il était bleu, le ciel, et grand, l'espoir!
- L'espoir a fui, vaincu, vers le ciel noir.

Tels ils marchaient dans les avoines folles,
Et la nuit seule entendit leurs paroles.

VERLAINE

DEATH

DER TOD UND DAS MÄDCHEN

Däs Mädchen:

Vorüber ach vorüber,
Geh wilde Knochenmann!
Ich bin noch jung,
Geh lieber und rühre mich nicht an.

Der Tod:

Gieb deine Hand,
Du schön und zärt Gebild,
Bin Freund und komme nicht zu strafen.
Sei gutes Muths!
Ich bin nicht wild.
Sollst sanft in meinen Armen schlafen.

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS 1740

Soll ich vielleicht in tausend Büchern lesen,
Dass überall die Menschen sich gequält.
Dass hie und da ein Glücklicher gewesen? —
Was grinsest du mir, hohler Schädel, her,
Als dass dein Hirn, wie meines, einst verwirret,
Den leichten Tag gesucht und in der Dämmerung schwer,
Mit Lust nach Wahrheit, jämmerlich geirret?

GOETHE 1749

Shall I, perhaps, read in a thousand books that everywhere mankind has suffered; that here and there, perchance, has been a happy one?

Why grinnest thou at me, thou hollow skull, as if, like mine, thy brain once erred, once sought the light and, in heavy and bitter darkness, though longing for truth, did miserably wander?

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

DUST

Strange, tremulous frame of Man! the heart's faint clay
So soon to crumble in the dreamless fields,
Dust with their dust, dead ashes of desire,
No spark, no gleaming embers left where once was fire.

I wonder — marvel that so brave a cup
Is hollowed from the sod, such passionate wine
Should spring from earth for His stern sacrament;
That dust should sin, and weep, and sorrow, and repent,

Should strain swift-blinding eyes to look on Him;
Dust yearn and labour, thrilling all its days
For one touch of His Hand: — yet, when He wills
Be lost within the winds, adrift upon the hills!

GRETCHEN WARREN

Es ist ein Schnitter, heisst der Tod,
hat Gewalt vom grossen Gott,
heut wetzt er das Messer,
Es schneidt schon viel besser,
bald wird er drein schneiden,
wir müssens nur leiden.
Hüte dich, schöns Blümelein!

Was heut noch grün und frisch da steht,
wird morgen schon hinweggemäht:
die edel Narzissel,
die englische Schlüssel,
die schön Hyazinthen,
die türkischen Binden.
Hüte dich, schöns Blümelein!

DEATH

Viel hunderttausend ungezählt,
was nur unter die Sichel fällt:
rot Rosen, weiss Lilien,
beide wird er austilgen.
Auch die Kaiserkronen,
wird er nicht verschonen.
Hüte dich, schöns Blümelein!

Das himmelfarbe Ehrenpreis,
die Tulipanen gelb und weiss,
die silbernen Glocken,
die goldenen Flocken,
senkt alles zur Erden,
was wird nur draus werden?
Hüte dich, schöns Blümelein!

So viel Masslieb und Rosmarin
welkt unter der Sichel hin.
Vergissmeinnit,
du musst auch mit,
und du, Tausendschön,
man lässt dich nit stehn.
Hüte dich, schöns Blümelein!

Er macht so gar kein Unterschied,
geht alles in einem Schnitt,
der stolze Rittersporn
und Blumen in Korn,
da liegens beisammen,
man weiss kaum den Namen,
Hüte dich, schöns Blümelein!

Trutz! Tod, komm her, ich fürcht dich nit.
Trutz! Komm und tu ein Schnitt.
Wenn er mich verletzt,
so werd ich versetzt,

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

ich will es erwarten,
in den himmlischen Garten,
Freu dich, du schöns Blümelein!

17TH CENTURY

EPITAPH

Upon a child that died

Here she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood:
Who as soon fell fast asleep
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings, but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her.

ROBERT HERRICK 1591

I know moon-rise, I know star-rise,
I lay dis body down.
I walk in de moonlight, I walk in de starlight,
To lay dis body down.
I walk in de graveyard, I walk throo de graveyard,
To lay dis body down,
I lie in de grave an' stretch out my arms,
I lay dis body down,
I go to de jedgment in de evenin' of de day
When I lay dis body down,
An' my soul an' your soul will meet in de day
When I lay dis body down.

NEGRO SPIRITUAL
EDITED BY J. W. JOHNSON

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home.

DEATH

I look'd over Jordan,
An' what did I see,
Comin' for to carry me home?
A band of angels comin' after me,
Comin' for to carry me home.

If you get-a dere befo' I do,
Comin' for to carry me home,
Tell all my friends I'm comin' too,
Comin' for to carry me home.

O swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home.

Ibid.

Oh, de Ribber of Jordan is deep and wide,
One mo' ribber to cross.
I don't know how to get on de other side,
One mo' ribber to cross.
Oh, you got Jesus, hold him fast,
One mo' ribber to cross.
Oh, better love was nebber told,
'Tis stronger dan an iron band,
'Tis sweeter dan de honey comb,
Oh, de good ole chariot passin' by,
She jarred de earth an' shook de sky,
I pray, good Lord, I shall be one,
To get in de chariot an' trabble on,
We're told dat de fore wheel run by love,
We're told dat de hind wheel run by faith,
I hope I'll get dere by an' by,
To jine de number in de sky.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Oh, Jordan's Ribber am chilly an' cold,
One mo' ribber to cross,
It chills de body, but not de soul,
One mo' ribber to cross.

Ibid.

Bring me an axe and spade,
Bring me a winding sheet;
When I my grave have made,
Let winds and tempests beat:
Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay.

BLAKE

PORT AFTER STORMY SEAS

What if some little paine the passage haue,
That makes fraile flesh to feare the bitter waue?
Is not short paine well borne, that brings long ease
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please.

EDMUND SPENSER

When will the Resurrection come to deliver the sleeping body
From corruptibility? O when, Lord Jesus, wilt Thou come?
Tarry no longer, for my Soul lies at the gates of death.
I will arise and look forth for the morning of the grave:
I will go down to the sepulcher to see if morning breaks:
I will go down to self annihilation and eternal death,
Lest the Last Judgment come & find me unannihilate
And I be siez'd and giv'n into the hands of my own Selfhood.
The Lamb of God is seen thro' mists and shadows, hov'ring
Over the sepulchers in clouds of Jehova & winds of Elohim.

BLAKE

DEATH

At the round earth's imagined corners blow
Your trumpets, Angels; and arise, arise
From Death, ye numberless Infinities
Of Soules, and to your scattered bodies go.

I am speaking now only to those of you who have condemned me to death . . . You think that I was convicted through deficiency of words — I mean, that if I had thought fit to leave nothing undone, nothing unsaid, I might have gained an acquittal. Not so; the deficiency which led to my conviction was not of words — certainly not. But I had not the boldness or impudence or inclination to address you as you would have liked me to address you, weeping and wailing and lamenting, and saying and doing many things which you have been accustomed to hear from others, and which, as I say, are unworthy of me. But I thought that I ought not to do anything common or mean in the hour of danger: nor do I now repent of the manner of my defence, and I would rather die having spoken after my manner, than speak in your manner and live. For neither in war nor yet at law ought any man to use every way of escaping death. For often in battle there is no doubt that if a man will throw away his arms, and fall on his knees before his pursuers, he may escape death; and in other dangers there are other ways of escaping death, if a man is willing to say and do anything. The difficulty, my friends, is not in avoiding death, but in avoiding unrighteousness; for that runs faster than death . . . And now I depart hence condemned by you to suffer the penalty of death, and my accusers too go their ways condemned by the truth to suffer the penalty of villainy and wrong; and I must abide by my award — let them abide by theirs . . .

Let us reflect . . . and we shall see that there is great reason to hope that death is a good, for one of two things — either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or, as men say, there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

another. Now if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by the sight of dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain . . . if death is like this, I say that to die is gain; for eternity is then only a single night. But if death is the journey to another place, and there, as men say, all the dead are, what good, O my friends and judges, can be greater than this? If indeed when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there, Minos and Rhadamanthus and Aeacus and Triptolemus, and other sons of God who were righteous in their own life, that pilgrimage will be worth making. What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus and Musaeus and Hesiod and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. . . .

Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth — that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods; nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance . . . I am not angry with my accusers or my condemners; they have done me no harm, although neither of them meant to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them

The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways — I to die, and you to live. Which is better God only knows.

PLATO 429 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY B. JOWETT

Crito: 'But in what way would you have us bury you?' 'In any way that you like; only you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not walk away from you.' Then he turned to us, and added with a smile: — 'I cannot make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who have been talking and conducting the argument; he fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see, a dead body — and he asks, How shall he bury me? . . . I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, Thus we lay out Socrates, or, Thus we follow him to the grave or bury him; for

DEATH

false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that as is usual, and as you think best.'

Ibid.

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side of me,
And the thought of death close-walking the other side of me,
And I in the middle as with companions, and as holding the hands
of companions,
I fled forth to the hiding receiving night that talks not,
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in the
dimness,
To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still.

And the singer so shy to the rest, receiv'd me,
The grey-brown bird I know receiv'd us comrades three,
And he sang the carol of death.

*Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.*

*Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love — but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.*

*Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come unfalter
ingly.*

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

*Approach strong deliveress,
When it is so, when thou hast taken them I joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O death.*

*From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose saluting thee, adornments and feastings
for thee,
And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread sky are
fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.*

*The night in silence under many a star,
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I know,
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veil'd death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.*

*Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the
prairies wide,
Over the dense-pack'd cities all and the teeming wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O death.*

WALT WHITMAN

The Clown sings:

*Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.*

SHAKESPEARE

*The Door of Death is made of Gold,
That Mortal Eyes cannot behold;
But, when the Mortal Eyes are clos'd,
And cold and pale the Limbs repos'd,
The Soul awakes; and, wond'ring, sees
In her mild Hand the golden Keys.*

BLAKE

LAMENTATIONS

No longer, Orpheus, wilt thou lead the charmed oaks, no longer the rocks nor the lordless herds of the wild beasts; no longer wilt thou lull the roaring of the winds, nor hail and sweep of snow-storms, nor dashing sea; for thou perishedst; and the daughters of Mnemosyne wept sore for thee, and thy mother Calliope above all. Why do we mourn over sons deceased, when not even gods avail to ward off Death from their children?

ANTIPATER OF SIDON 110 B.C.
TRANSLATED BY J. W. MACKAIL

The word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke: yet neither shalt thou mourn nor weep, neither shall thy tears run down. Forbear to cry, make no mourning for the dead, bind the tire of thine head upon thee, and put on thy shoes upon thy feet . . . and eat not the bread of men.

Ezekiel

LYCIDAS

Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year . . .
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme . . .

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves,
With wild Thyme and the gadding Vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.
The Willows, and the Hazel Copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft lays . . .

Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian Muse,
And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast
Their Bells, and Flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Jessamine,
The white Pink, and the Pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing Violet,
The Musk-rose, and the well-attired Woodbine,
With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the Laureat Hearse where Lycid lies.

MILTON 1608

Wandering through many countries and over many seas I come,
my brother, to these sorrowful obsequies, to present you with the
last guerdon of death, and speak, though in vain, to your silent

LAMENTATIONS

ashes, since fortune has taken your own self away from me — alas, my brother, so cruelly torn from me!

Yet now meanwhile take these offerings, which by the custom of our fathers have been handed down — a sorrowful tribute — for a funeral sacrifice; take them, wet with many tears of a brother, and for ever, my brother, hail and farewell!

CATULLUS 84 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY F. W. CORNISH

ADONAIIS

I weep for Adonais — he is dead!
O, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers
And teach them thine own sorrow! Say: 'With me
Died Adonais! till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity' . . .

To that high Capital, where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the eternal — come away!
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;
Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill. . . .

All he had loved, and moulded into thought,
From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day;
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild Winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay. . .

Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year;
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Season's bier;
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and brere;
And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake. . . .

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene
The actors or spectators? Great and mean
Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.

He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own:
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above. . . .

LAMENTATIONS

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity. . . .

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

SHELLEY 1792

And here the precious dust is laid;
Whose purely-tempered Clay was made
So fine, that it the guest betray'd.

THOMAS CAREW 1595

I am solitary and cannot impart it.

SAMUEL JOHNSON 1709

THE LAMENT FOR BION

Wail, let me hear you wail, ye woodland glades, and thou Dorian water; and weep ye rivers, for Bion, the well-beloved! Now all ye green things mourn, and now ye groves lament him, ye flowers now in sad clusters breathe yourselves away. Now redden ye roses in your sorrow, and now wax red ye wind-flowers, now thou hyacinth, whisper the letters on thee graven, and add a deeper *ai ai* to thy petals; he is dead, the beautiful singer.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Ye nightingales that lament among the thick leaves of the trees, tell ye to the Sicilian waters of Arethusa the tidings that Bion the herdsman is dead, and that with Bion song too has died, and perished hath the Dorian minstrelsy.

Ye Strymonian swans, sadly wail ye by the waters, and chant with melancholy notes the dolorous song, even such a song as in his time with voice like yours he was wont to sing. . . .

No more to his herds he sings . . . no more 'neath the lonely oaks he sits and sings, nay, but by Pluteus's side he chants a refrain of oblivion. The mountains too are voiceless

And Echo in the rocks laments that thou art silent, and no more she mimics thy voice. And in sorrow for thy fall the trees cast down their fruit, and all the flowers have faded

Nightingales, and all the swallows that once he was wont to delight, that he would teach to speak, they sat over against each other on the boughs and kept moaning, and the birds sang in answer, 'Wail, ye wretched ones, even ye!'

Who, ah who will ever make music on thy pipe, O thrice desired Bion, and who will put his mouth to the reeds of thine instrument? Who is so bold? . . .

Ah me, when the mallows wither in the garden, and the green parsley, and the curled tendrils of the anise, on a later day they live again, and spring in another year; but we men, we, the great and mighty, or wise, when once we have died, in hollow earth we sleep, gone down into silence

But ah, if I might have gone down like Orpheus to Tartarus, or as once Odysseus, or Alcides of yore, I too would speedily have come to the house of Pluteus, that thee perchance I might behold, and if thou singest to Pluteus, that I might hear what is thy song.

MOSCHUS 225 B.C
TRANSLATED BY ANDREW LANG

LAMENTATIONS

Now Cyllenian Hermes called forth from the halls the souls of the wooers, and he held in his hand his wand that is fair and golden wherewith he lulls the eyes of men, of whomso he will, while others again he even wakens out of sleep . . . Past the streams of Oceanus and the White Rock, past the gates of the Sun they sped and the land of dreams, and soon they came to the mead of asphodel, where dwell the souls, the phantoms of men outworn. There they found the soul of Achilles son of Peleus, and the souls of Patroclus, and of noble Antilochus, and of Aias, who in face and form was goodliest of all the Danaans after the noble son of Peleus.

So these were flocking round Achilles, and the spirit of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, drew nigh sorrowful; and about him were gathered all the other shades, as many as perished with him in the house of Aegisthus, and met their doom. Now the soul of the son of Peleus spake to him first, saying:

‘Son of Atreus, verily we deemed that thou above all other heroes wast evermore dear to Zeus, whose joy is in the thunder, seeing that thou wast lord over warriors, many and mighty men, in the land of the Trojans where we Achaeans suffered affliction. But lo, thee too was deadly doom to visit early, the doom that none avoids of all men born. . . .

Then the soul of the son of Atreus answered, and spake: ‘Happy art thou son of Peleus, godlike Achilles, that didst die in Troy-land far from Argos, and about thee fell others, the best of the sons of Trojans and Achaeans, fighting for the body; but thou in the whirl of dust layest mighty and mightily fallen, forgetful of thy chivalry . . . Anon when we had borne thee to the ships from out of the battle, we laid thee on a bier and washed thy fair flesh clean with warm water and unguents, and around thee the Danaans shed many a hot tear and shore their hair. And forth from the sea came thy mother with the deathless maidens of the waters, when they heard the tidings; and a wonderful wailing rose over the deep, and trembling fell on the limbs of all the Achaeans. Yea, and they would have sprung up and departed to the hollow ships, had not one held them back that knew much lore from of old, Nestor,

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whose counsel proved heretofore the best. Out of his good will he made harangue, and spake among them:

‘Hold, ye Argives, flee not, young lords of the Achaeans. Lo, his mother from the sea is she that comes, with the deathless maidens of the waters, to behold the face of her dead son.’

So he spake, and the high-hearted Achaeans ceased from their flight . . . And all the nine Muses one to the other replying with sweet voices began the dirge; there thou wouldest not have seen an Argive but wept, so mightily rose up the clear chant. Thus for seventeen days and nights continually did we all bewail thee, immortal gods and mortal men. On the eighteenth day we gave thy body to the flames, and many well-fatted sheep we slew around thee, and kine of shambling gait. So thou wert burned in the garments of the gods, and in much unguents and in sweet honey, and many heroes of the Achaeans moved mail-clad around the pyre when thou wast burning, both footmen and horse, and great was the noise that arose. But when the flame of Hephaestus had utterly abolished thee, lo, in the morning we gathered together thy white bones, Achilles, and bestowed them in unmixed wine and in unguents. Thy mother gave a twy-handled golden urn, and said that it was the gift of Dionysus, and the workmanship of renowned Hephaestus. Therein lie thy white bones, great Achilles, and mingled therewith the bones of Patroclus . . . Then over them did we pile a great and goodly tomb, we the holy host of Argive warriors high on a jutting headland over wide Hellespont, that it might be far seen from off the sea by men that now are, and by those that shall be hereafter.’

HOMER: THE *Odyssey*

TRANSLATED BY S. H. BUTCHER AND ANDREW LANG

A LAMENT

Many olden treasures were lying in that cave of earth where a certain man in days of yore had hidden away the dear possessions, taking thought for the great bequest of his noble kin. Death had snatched away those men in times gone by, and, at the last, the one

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who tarried longest there of all that mighty line was mourning for his friends; yet he would fain live, that he might enjoy for a little time those olden treasures.

There was a new mound ready on the plain, near to the cliff hard by the ocean-waves, made fast by cunning craft. Thither the keeper of rings bore that heavy store of beaten gold, the princely treasures; and he spoke a few words: 'Now do thou hold, O Earth . . . this princely treasure, for lo! in thee at first the good men found it. Every man of my people who hath yielded up this life, dread slaughter, death in war hath swept away . . . None have I to wield the sword, none to burnish the plated beaker, the precious drinking-cup — the warrior-heroes are departed elsewhere. The hard helmet, decked with gold, must be bereft of its adornments; they sleep who once did brighten it . . . Likewise the coat of mail which, amid the crash of shields, was proof against the bite of swords in battle, moulders with the hero . . . There is no joy of harp, no mirth of the gleewood, no good hawk swinging through the hall, no swift horse beating with his hoof the castle-yard. Baleful death hath sent forth many mortals on their way.' Thus, alone and heavy-hearted, he sorrowfully lamented for them all, mournfully weeping by day and night until the surge of death touched at his heart.

BEOWULF *circa* 700

MODERNIZED BY CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

Then the Geatish people fashioned for him a mighty pile upon the ground, all hung with helms and war-shields and bright byrnie, even as he had entreated them; and in the midst of it the sorrowing men laid their great king, their beloved lord. Then the warriors began to kindle the greatest of funeral fires upon the mound. Uprose the wood-smoke, black above the flame; blazing fire roared, mingled with a sound of weeping when the tumult of the wind was stilled, until, hot within the breast, it had consumed the bony frame. Sad at heart, with care-laden soul, they mourned the fall of their lord. Heaven swallowed up the smoke.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Then the Weder people made a mound upon the cliff, high and broad, to be seen afar of seafaring men; and ten days they built it, the war-hero's beacon. They made a wall round about the ashes of the fire, even as the wisest of men could most worthily devise. Within the mound they put the rings and the jewels, all the adornments which the brave-hearted men had taken from the hoard; they let the earth hold the treasure of heroes, hid the gold in the ground, where it still remains, as useless unto men as it was of yore.

Then warriors, sons of Princes, twelve in all, rode about the mound; they had in mind to bewail their sorrow, mourn their king, utter the dirge, and speak of their hero; they praised his courage, and greatly commended his mighty deeds. Thus it is fitting that a man should praise his lord in words and cherish him in heart when he must forth from the fleeting body.

Ibid.

THE KEENING OF MARY

'O Peter, O Apostle, has thou seen my bright love?'

M'óchón agus m'óchón, Ó!

'I saw Him even now in the midst of His foemen,'

M'óchón agus m'óchón, Ó!

'Come hither, two Marys, till ye keen my bright love.'

'What have we to keen if we keen not His bones?'

'Who is that stately man on the tree of the Passion?'

'Dost thou not know thy Son, O Mother?'

'And is that the little Son I carried nine months?'

'And is that the little Son that was born in the stable?'

'And is that the little Son that was nursed at Mary's breast?'

'Hush, O Mother, and be not sorrowful.'

LAMENTATIONS

'And is that the hammer that struck home nails through Thee?
And is that the spear that went through Thy white side?

And is that the crown of thorns that crowned Thy beauteous head?'
'Hush, O Mother, and be not sorrowful.

'Hush, O Mother, and be not sorrowful,
The women of my keening are yet unborn, little mother.'

'O woman, who weepest by this My death,
M'óhón agus m'óhón, O!
There will be hundreds to-day in the Garden of Paradise!
M'óhón agus m'óhón, Ó!

PADRAIG PEARSE

TO LINCOLN

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed,
And the great star early drooped in the western sky in the night,
I mourned, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring

In the dooryard fronting an old farm-house near the white-washed
palings,
Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing with heart-shaped leaves of rich
green.

With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the perfume
strong I love.

With every leaf a miracle — and from this bush in the dooryard,
With its delicate-coloured blossoms and heart-shaped leaves of rich
green,

A sprig with its flower I break.

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,
Amid lanes and through old woods, where lately the violets peeped
from the ground, spotting the grey debris,
Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes, passing the
endless grass,

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Passing the yellow-speared wheat, every grain from its shroud in
the dark-brown fields uprising,
Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in the orchards,
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
Night and day journeys a coffin.

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
Through day and night with the great cloud darkening the land,
With the pomp of the inlooped flags, with the cities draped in black,
With the show of the States themselves as of crape-veiled women
standing,
With processions long and winding and the flambeaux of the night,
With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea of faces and the
unbared heads,
With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin and the sombre faces,
With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising
strong and solemn,
With all the mournful voices of the dirges poured around the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs — where amid
these you journey,
With the tolling tolling bells' perpetual clang,
Here, coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac.

WALT WHITMAN 1819

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

MILTON

Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson, a gentleman who held
the patent for his honours immediately from Almighty God.

He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!

L A M E N T A T I O N S

Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn,
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exil'd!

Ye hills! near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing earns,
Where echo slumbers!
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye haz'lly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,
Wi' toddlin' din,
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin!

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines, hanging bonnilie
In scented bow'rs;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flow'rs . . .

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud;
Ye whistling plover;
An' mourn ye whirring pairrick brood! —
He's gane for ever.

Mourn sooty coots, and speckled teals;
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
 Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
 Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flowering clover gay;
And when ye wing your annual way
 Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
 Wham we deplore.

ROBERT BURNS 1759

EMER'S LAMENT FOR CUCHULAIN

And Emer took the head of Cuchulain in her hands, and she washed it clean, and put a silk cloth about it, and she held it to her breast, and she began to cry heavily over it, and she made this complaint: 'Och, head! Ochone, O head! you gave death to great heroes, to many hundreds; my head will lie in the same grave, the one stone will be made for both of us. . . .

'Dear the king, dear the king, that never gave a refusal to any; thirty days it is to-night since my body lay beside your body.

'Och, two spears! Ochone, two spears! Och, shield! Och, deadly sword! Let them be given to Conall of the battles; there was never any wage given the like of that. . . .

I am carried away like a branch on the stream; I will not bind up my hair to-day. From this day I have nothing to say that is better than Ochone! And oh! my love,' she said, 'we were often in one another's company, and it was happy for us; for if the world had been searched from the rising of the sun to sunset, the like would never have been found in one place, of the Black Sainglain and the Grey of Macha, and Laeg the chariot-driver, and myself and Cuchulain. And it is breaking my heart is in my body, to be listening to the pity and the sorrowing of women and men, and the harsh crying of the young men of Ulster keening Cuchulain.'

LAMENTATIONS

And after that Eimer bade Conall to make a wide, very deep grave for Cuchulain; and she laid herself down beside her gentle comrade, and she put her mouth to his mouth, and she said: 'Love of my life, my friend, my sweetheart, my one choice of the men of the earth, many is the woman, wed or unwed, envied me till to-day; and now I will not stay living after you.'

ANCIENT IRISH

TRANSLATED BY LADY GREGORY

Gently over the tomb of Sophocles, gently creep, O ivy, flinging forth thy green tresses, and all about let the rose-petal blow, and the clustered vine shed her soft tendrils round, for the sake of the wise-hearted eloquence mingled of the Muses and Graces that lived on his honeyed tongue.

SIMMIAS 300 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY J. W. MACKAIL

THE SONG OF THYRSIS

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

Thyrsis of Etna am I, and this is the voice of Thyrsis. Where, ah! where were ye when Daphnis was languishing; ye Nymphs, where were ye? . . .

For him the jackals, for him the wolves did cry; for him did even the lion out of the forest lament. Kine and bulls by his feet right many, and heifers plenty, with the young calves bewailed him.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

Ye wolves, ye jackals, and ye bears in the mountain caves, farewell! The herdsman Daphnis ye never shall see again, no more in the dells, no more in the groves, no more in the woodlands. Farewell Arethusa, ye rivers, good night, that pour down Thymbris your beautiful waters.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Now violets bear ye brambles, ye thorns bear violets; and let fair narcissus bloom on the boughs of juniper! Let all things with all be confounded — from pines let men gather pears, for Daphnis is dying! Let the stag drag down the hounds, let owls from the hills contend in song with the nightingales.

Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song!

Spun was all the thread that the Fates assigned, and Daphnis went down the stream. The whirling wave closed over the man the Muses loved. . . .

Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song!

THEOCRITUS 282 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY ANDREW LANG

One told me of thy fate, Heracleitus, and wrung me to tears, and I remembered how often both of us let the sun sink as we talked; but thou, methinks, O friend from Helicarnassus, art ashes long and long ago; yet thy nightingale-notes live, whereon Hades the ravisher of all things shall not lay his hand.

CALLIMACHUS 290 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY J. W. MACKAIL

WISDOM

We speak the Wisdom of God in a Mystery, even the hidden Wisdom . . . Not in the words which Man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth.

1 Corinthians

Blessed is he who has gained the riches of divine wisdom; unhappy he in whose heart the imagination of the gods is veiled in darkness.

We cannot bring the divine near within reach of our eyes or grasp of our hands . . . For he is not furnished with a human head upon his body; he has not arms, springing as two branches from his shoulders; he has no feet, nor knees to run . . . Rather he is a mind, holy and ineffable, and that alone, flashing with swift thoughts throughout the whole order of the world.

EMPEDOCLES 450 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY F. M. CORNFORD

Learn where is Wisdom . . . Who hath found out her place? or who hath come into her treasures? . . . Who hath gone up into heaven, and taken her, and brought her down from the clouds? Who hath gone over the sea and found her, and will bring her for pure gold? No man knoweth her way, nor thinketh of her path. But he that knoweth all things knoweth her, and hath found her out with his understanding.

Baruch

Where shall Wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding? Man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living. The depth saith, It is not in me and the sea saith, It is not with me. It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. It cannot be valued

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it: and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold. No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls: for the price of Wisdom is above rubies. The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it.

Job

I myself also am a mortal man, like to all, and the offspring of him that was the first made of the earth, and in my mother's womb was fashioned to be flesh in the time of ten months . . . And when I was born, I drew in the common air, and fell upon the earth, which is of like nature, and the first voice which I uttered was crying, as all others do. I was nursed in swaddling clothes, and that with cares. For there is no king that had any other beginning of birth. For all men have one entrance into life, and the like going out. Wherefore I prayed, and understanding was given me: I called upon God and the spirit of wisdom came to me. I preferred her before sceptres and thrones, and esteemed riches nothing in comparison of her. Neither compared I unto her any precious stone, because all gold in respect of her is as a little sand, and silver shall be counted as clay before her. I loved her above health and beauty, and chose to have her instead of light: for the light that cometh from her never goeth out. All good things together came to me with her, and innumerable riches in her hands. . . . She is a treasure unto men that never faileth: which they that use, become the friends of God . . . for in her is an understanding spirit, holy, one only, manifold, subtil, lively, clear, undefiled, plain, not subject to hurt, loving the thing that is good. . . . For wisdom is more moving than any motion: she passeth and goeth through all things by reason of her pureness. For she is the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty: therefore can no defiled thing fall into her. For she is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of his goodness. And being but one, she can do all things: and remaining in herself, she maketh all things new: and in all ages entering into holy souls, she maketh them friends of

W I S D O M

God, and prophets. . . . She is more beautiful than the sun, and above all the order of stars: being compared with the light, she is found before it. . . . I loved her, and sought her out from my youth, I desired to make her my spouse, and I was a lover of her beauty. In that she is conversant with God, she magnifieth her nobility: yea, the Lord of all things himself loved her. For she is privy to the mysteries of the knowledge of God.

Wisdom of Solomon

Love righteousness, ye that be judges of the earth: think of the Lord with a good heart, and in simplicity of heart seek him. . . . For the Spirit of the Lord filleth the world: and that which containeth all things hath knowledge of the voices. . . . Seek not death in the error of your life. . . . For God made not death: neither hath he pleasure in the destruction of the living. For he created all things, that they might have their being. . . . and there is no poison of destruction in them. . . . For God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of his own Eternity.

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seem to die: and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction: but they are in peace. . . . As gold in the furnace hath he tried them, and received them as a burnt offering. And in the time of their visitation they shall shine, and run to and fro like sparks among the stubble.

Ibid.

Blessed is the man that doth meditate good things in Wisdom, and that reasoneth of holy things by his understanding. He that considereth her ways in his heart, shall also have understanding in her secrets.

Ecclesiasticus

If thou seest a man of understanding, get thee betimes unto him, and let thy foot wear the steps of his door.

Ibid.

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He was as the morning star in the midst of a cloud, and as the moon at the full: As the sun shining upon the temple of the most High, and as the rainbow giving light in the bright clouds: And as the flower of roses in the spring of the year, as lilies by the rivers of waters, and as the branches of the frankincense tree in the time of summer: As fire and incense in the censer, and as a vessel of beaten gold set with all manner of precious stones: And as a fair olive tree budding forth fruit, and as a cypress tree which groweth up to the clouds. When he put on the robe of honour and was clothed with the perfection of glory.

Ecclesiasticus

Wisdom shall praise herself, and shall glory in the midst of her people. In the congregation of the most High shall she open her mouth, and triumph before his power.

I came out of the mouth of the most High, and covered the earth as a cloud. I dwelt in high places, and my throne is in a cloudy pillar. I alone compassed the circuit of heaven, and walked in the bottom of the deep. . . . He created me from the beginning before the world, and I shall never fail. In the holy tabernacle I served before him. . . . I was exalted like a cedar in Libanus, and as a cypress tree upon the mountains of Hermon. I was exalted like a palm tree in En-gaddi, and as a rose plant in Jericho, as a fair olive tree in a pleasant field, and grew up as a plane tree by the water. I gave a sweet smell like cinnamon and aspalathus, and I yielded a pleasant odour like the best myrrh, as galbanum, and onyx, and sweet storax, and as the fume of frankincense in the tabernacle. As the turpentine tree I stretched out my branches, and my branches are the branches of honour and grace. . . . I am the mother of fair love, and fear, and knowledge, and holy hope: I therefore, being eternal, am given to all my children which are named of him. Come unto me, all ye that be desirous of me, and fill yourselves with my fruits. For my memorial is sweeter than honey, and mine inheritance than the honeycomb. They that eat me shall

WISDOM

yet be hungry, and they that drink me shall yet be thirsty. He that obeyeth me shall never be confounded. . . .

All these things are the Book of the Covenant of the most high God.

Ibid.

SOLOMON THE WISE

He was wiser than all men . . . and his songs were a thousand and five. And he spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall.

1 Kings

Solomon harnessed the wind as a steed to his chariot, he spoke with the birds in their own tongue, and the wise and magnificent Assaf was his minister. Upon his seal was engraved the name of God which is unknown to men and before which the Angels must bow down.

HAFIZ 14TH CENTURY

TRANSLATED BY GERTRUDE LOWTHIAN BELL

King Solomon sent the lapwing or hoopoe as his messenger to Bilkis, Queen of Sheba. The story is told thus by Ta'labi, in his Stories of the Prophets. The lapwing had already made a journey on his own account, and had brought Solomon news of the great Queen, and told him that she was not a worshipper of the true God. Then Solomon wrote a letter saying: From the servant of God, Solomon, son of David, to Bilkis, Queen of Saba, in the name of God the Merciful, the Compassionate, peace be upon him who follows the right road. After which he said: Behave not insolently towards me, but come unto me humbled. And he strewed musk upon it and sealed it with his seal. Then he said to the lapwing: Fly with this letter and deliver it . . . and hear what answer

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they make. And the lapwing took the letter and flew with it to Bilkis. And she was in the land which is called Marib, at a distance of three days' journey, and she entered into her castle, and the gates of it were shut. For when she slept she was wont to shut the gates and to take the key and lay it beneath her head. So the lapwing came unto her, and she was asleep, lying upon her back; and he laid the letter upon her breast. Wahb ibn Manabbih says that there was a window opposite to the sun so that the sunbeams fell through it at dawn, and when she saw the sun she was wont to bow down and worship it. And the lapwing went to this window and blocked it up with his wings. And the sun rose, but she knew it not. And she thought that the sun was late, and stood up to look for it. Then the lapwing threw a leaf upon her face. And they say that Bilkis took the letter and she was able to read the writing. But when she saw the seal she trembled and bowed down, because of the power of Solomon that was in his seal. For she knew that the power of him who had sent the letter was greater than hers, and she said: 'Lo, here is a king, whose messengers are the birds; *verily he is a mighty king.*'

Ibid.

Solomon had three talismans: first the signet-ring by which he commanded the spirits, on the stone of which was engraven the name of God; second the glass in which he saw the secrets of his enemies and the cause of all things; the third, the east wind, which was his horse. His counsellor was Simorg, King of birds, the all-wise fowl who had lived ever since the beginning of the world, and now lives alone on the highest summit of Mount Kaf. . . . By him Solomon was taught the language of birds, so that he heard secrets whenever he went into his garden. When Solomon travelled, his throne was placed on a carpet of green silk, of a length and breadth sufficient for all his army to stand upon — men placing themselves on his right hand, and the spirits on his left. When all were in order, the east-wind at his command took up the carpet, and transported it, with all that were upon it, whither

WISDOM

he pleased — the army of birds . . . flying overhead and forming a canopy to shade them from the sun. . . . When the Queen of Sheba came to visit Solomon, he had built against her arrival a palace, of which the floor . . . was of glass, laid over running water, in which fish were swimming. The Queen of Sheba was deceived thereby, and raised her robes, thinking she was to pass through the water. On the occasion of Solomon's marriage, all the beasts, laden with presents, appeared before the throne.

Ibid.

Nevertheless, as ye said unto me, I will write also unto your brethren in Babylon, and I will send by means of a bird. And it came to pass that I, Baruch, came and sat down under the oak, under the shadow of the branches, and no man was with me, but I was alone. And I wrote these two epistles: one I sent by an eagle to the nine and a half tribes; and the other I sent to those that were at Babylon, by means of three men. And I called the eagle, and spake these words unto it: 'The Most High hath made thee that thou shouldst be higher than all birds. And now go, and tarry not in any place, nor enter a nest, nor settle upon any tree till thou hast passed over the breadth of the many waters of the river, and hast gone to the people that dwell there and cast down to them this epistle. Remember that at the time of the deluge, Noah received from the dove the fruit of the olive, when he sent it forth from the ark. Yea, also the ravens ministered to Elijah, bearing him food as they had been commanded. Solomon also, in the time of his kingdom, whithersoever he wished to send or seek for anything, commanded a bird to go thither, and it obeyed him as he commanded it. And now let it not weary thee, and turn not to the right hand nor to the left, but fly and go by a direct way, that thou mayest preserve the command of the Mighty One, according as I said unto thee.'

APOCALYPSE OF BARUCH
TRANSLATED BY R. H. CHARLES

Wisdom exalteth her children. . . . At the first she will walk with him by crooked ways, and bring fear and dread upon him,

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and torment him with her discipline, until she may trust his soul. . . . Then will she return the straight way unto him, and comfort him, and show him her secrets. . . .

Come unto her as one that ploweth and soweth, and wait for her good fruits. . . . Search and seek and she shall be made known unto thee: and when thou hast got hold of her, let her not go, for at the last thou shalt find her rest. Then shall her fetters be a strong defence for thee, and her chains a robe of glory. For there is a golden ornament upon her, and her bands are purple lace. . . .

I desired Wisdom openly in my prayer. I prayed for her before the Temple. My soul wrestled with her. . . . I stretched forth my hands to the heaven above and bewailed my ignorances of her. I directed my Soul unto her, and I found her in pureness. I have had my heart joined with her from the beginning, therefore I shall not be forsaken.

TAKEN FROM *Ecclesiasticus*

I went up to the light of truth as if into a chariot: another Truth took me and led me: and carried me across pits and gullies; and from the rocks and the waves it preserved me: and it became to me a haven of salvation, and set me on the arms of immortal life. And it went with me and made me rest, and suffered me not to wander because it was the Truth; and I ran no risk because I walked with Him; and I did not make an error in anything because I obeyed the Truth. For error flees away from it, and meets it not: but the Truth proceeds in the right path, and whatever I did not know it made clear to me. . . . For He set the root and watered it and fixed it and blessed it; and its fruits are for ever. It struck deep and sprung up and spread out and was enlarged; and the Lord alone was glorified in His planting and in His husbandry: by His care and by the blessing of His lips, by the beautiful planting of His right hand: and by the splendour of His planting, and by the thought of His mind. Hallelujah.

ODE OF SOLOMON 2ND CENTURY
TRANSLATED BY J. H. BERNARD

W I S D O M

Amicus Plato,
Amicus Socrates,
Sed magis amicus Veritas.

AMMONIUS 3RD CENTURY

He that insearches it with deep thought, and with all his heart lastingly, he shall find full many things therein stirring him to new compassion, new love, new ghostly comfort, and so shall he be brought into a new ghostly sweetness. To reach this state that I speak of, I trow that a man must raise up all the sharpness of his mind, and open wide the inner eye of his soul.

ST. BONAVENTURA 1221

TRANSLATED BY GERALDINE E. HODGSON

What is the price of Experience? do men buy it for a song?
Or wisdom for a dance in the street? No, it is bought with the price
Of all that a man hath, his house, his wife, his children.
Wisdom is sold in the desolate market where none come to buy,
And in the wither'd field where the farmer plows for bread in vain.

It is an easy thing to triumph in the summer's sun
And in the vintage & to sing on the waggon loaded with corn.
It is an easy thing to talk of patience to the afflicted,
To speak the laws of prudence to the houseless wanderer,
To listen to the hungry raven's cry in wintry season
When the red blood is fill'd with wine & with the marrow of
lambs.

It is an easy thing to laugh at wrathful elements,
To hear the dog howl at the wintry door, the ox in the slaughter
house moan;
To see a god on every wind & a blessing on every blast . . .
While our olive & vine sing & laugh round our door, & our children
bring fruits & flowers.

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Then the groan & the dolor are quite forgotten, & the slave
grinding at the mill,
And the captive in chains, & the poor in the prison, & the soldier
in the field
When the shatter'd bone hath laid him groaning among the
happier dead.

It is an easy thing to rejoice in the tents of Prosperity.

BLAKE

The friends of God who fear nothing . . . commenced their career before the beginning of time, and labour only for Eternity. During their lives, they never left the portals of the sacred palace of the Divinity, and finally entered therein. . . . They discover and behold the spiritual secrets which God reveals to them, and maintain therein a religious silence.

QUR'ÂN 7TH CENTURY
TRANSLATED BY JOHN P. BROWN

As thou knowest not what is the way of the Spirit, nor how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child: even so thou knowest not the works of God who maketh all.

Ecclesiastes

PRAYER FOR HEAVENLY WISDOM

O Thou, who by Mind everlasting rulest the world, Maker of lands and sky, who orderest Time to flow from the beginning, and, Thyself at rest, makest all things move; whom no external causes urged to fashion the work of fluctuating matter, but the innate Form of the Highest Good, beyond all rivalry. *Thou deducest all from a heavenly pattern, Thyself most beautiful, guiding a beautiful universe by Mind, moulding it to that Image, and commanding its perfect parts to combine for the perfection of the whole.*

WISDOM

Thou bindest the elements by numbers, that Cold should match with Heat, and Dry with Moist, lest the purer flame should fly off, or the heavy things overlay all lands.

In like manner Thou bringest into being Souls, and the lesser lives, yoking things sublime to frail vehicles, which by a kindly law Thou makest to return to Thyself by virtue of their native fire.

Grant, O Father, to our minds, to climb to that august abode, grant us to visit the Fountain of the Good, grant that, finding the Light, we may open wide and fix on Thee the eyes of our souls. Scatter the mists and the heaviness of the earthly mass, and shine out with Thine own splendour: for Thou art the Serene, Thou the tranquil resting place of the pious: to behold Thee, is the aim. Thou art at once the beginning, the carrier, the guide, the pathway and the end.

BOETHIUS 475

TRANSLATED BY PÁDRAIG DE BRÚN

And there will not be one law at Rome and another at Athens, one law to-day and another law to-morrow; but the same law everlasting and unchangeable will bind all nations at all times; and there will be one common Master and Ruler of all, even God, the framer, the arbitrator, and the proposer of this law. And he who will not obey it will be an exile from himself.

CICERO 106 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY J. CHURTON COLLINS

Know that the Soul is seated in a chariot, and that the body is that chariot. Know that the mind is the charioteer, and that the will is the reins.

They say that the senses are the horses, and that the things of sense are the road. The wise declare that the migrating Soul is the Self fictitiously present in the body, senses, and memory.

Now if the charioteer, the mind, is unskilful, and the reins are always slack, his senses are ever unruly like horses that will not obey the charioteer.

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But if the charioteer is skilful, and at all times firmly holds the reins, his senses are always manageable like horses that obey.

If the mind, the charioteer, lacks knowledge, and does not firmly hold the will, the soul fails to reach the goal, and returns to further transmigration.

But if the charioteer has knowledge, and firmly holds the will, and is at all times pure, the Soul then arrives at the goal, and on reaching it is never born again.

Katha Upanishad

TRANSLATED BY A. E. GOUGH

SOCRATES ON THE STRUCTURE OF THE SOUL

But if the soul be truly affirmed to be the self-moving, then must she also be without beginning, and immortal. . . .

Her form is a theme of divine and large discourse; human language may, however, speak of this briefly, and in a figure. Let our figure be of a composite nature – a pair of winged horses and a charioteer. Now the winged horses and the charioteer of the gods are all of them noble, and of noble breed, while ours are mixed; and we have a charioteer who drives them in a pair, and one of them is noble and of noble origin, and the other is ignoble and of ignoble origin; and, as might be expected, there is a great deal of trouble in managing them. I will endeavour to explain to you in what way the mortal differs from the immortal creature. The soul or animate being has the care of the inanimate, and traverses the whole heaven in divers forms appearing; – when perfect and fully winged she soars upward, and is the ruler of the universe; while the imperfect soul loses her feathers, and drooping in her flight at last settles on the solid ground – there, finding a home, she receives an earthly frame which appears to be self-moved, but is really moved by her power; and this composition of soul and body is called a living and mortal creature. . . .

The wing is intended to soar aloft and carry that which gravitates downwards into the upper region, which is the dwelling of the gods; and this is that element of the body which is most akin to the

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divine. Now the divine is beauty, wisdom, goodness, and the like; and by these the wing of the soul is nourished, and grows apace; but when fed upon evil and foulness, and the like, wastes and falls away. Zeus, the mighty lord holding the reins of a winged chariot, leads the way in heaven, ordering all and caring for all; and there follows him the heavenly array of gods and demi-gods. . . .

Now the chariots of the gods, self-balanced, upward glide in obedience to the rein; but the others have a difficulty, for the steed who has evil in him, if he has not been properly trained by the charioteer, gravitates and inclines and sinks towards the earth: and this is the hour of agony and extremest conflict of the soul. For the immortal souls, when they are at the end of their course, go out and stand upon the back of heaven, and the revolution of the spheres carries them round, and they behold the world beyond. Now of the heaven which is above the heavens, no earthly poet has sung or ever will sing in a worthy manner. . . . The colourless and formless and intangible essence is visible to the mind, which is the only lord of the soul. Circling around this in the region above the heavens is the place of true knowledge. And as the divine intelligence, and that of every other soul which is rightly nourished, is fed upon mind and pure knowledge, such an intelligent soul is glad at once more beholding being; and feeding on the sight of truth is replenished, until the revolution of the worlds brings her round again to the same place. During the revolution she beholds justice, temperance, and knowledge absolute . . . and beholding other existences in like manner, and feeding upon them, she passes down into the interior of the heavens and returns home, and there the charioteer putting up his horses at the stall, gives them ambrosia to eat and nectar to drink. . . .

The reason of their [the souls] great desire to behold the plain of truth is that the food which is suited to the highest part of the soul comes out of that meadow; and the wing on which the soul soars is nourished with this. . . .

Every soul of man has in the way of nature beheld true being; this was the condition of her passing into the form of man. But all men do not easily recall the things of the other world; they

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may have seen them for a short time only, or they may have been unfortunate when they fell to earth, and may have lost the memory of the holy things which they saw there through some evil and corrupting association. Few there are who retain the remembrance of them sufficiently; and they, when they behold any image of that other world, are rapt in amazement; but they are ignorant of what this means, because they have no clear perceptions. For there is no light in the earthly copies of justice or temperance or any of the higher qualities which are precious to souls: they are seen but through a glass dimly; and there are few who, going to the images, behold in them the realities, and they only with difficulty. They might have seen beauty shining in brightness, when, with the happy band following in the train of Zeus, as we philosophers did, or with other gods as others did, they saw a vision and were initiated into most blessed mysteries, which we celebrated in our state of innocence; and having no feeling of evils as yet to come; beholding apparitions innocent and simple and calm and happy as in a mystery; shining in pure light, pure ourselves and not yet enshrined in that living tomb which we carry about, now that we are imprisoned in the body, as in an oyster-shell. Let me linger thus long over the memory of scenes which have passed away.

PLATO 428 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY JOWETT

Wherefore, I say, let a man be of good cheer about his soul, who has cast away the pleasures and ornaments of the body as alien to him, and rather hurtful in their effects, and has followed after the pleasures of knowledge in this life; who has adorned the soul in her own proper jewels, which are temperance, and justice, and courage, and nobility, and truth – in these arrayed she is ready to go on her journey to the world below, when her time comes.

Ibid.

The soul is dragged by the body into the region of the changeable, and wanders and is confused; the world spins round her, and she is

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like a drunkard when under their influence. . . . But when returning into herself she reflects; then she passes into the realm of purity, and eternity, and immortality, and unchangeableness, which are her kindred, and with them she ever lives, when she is by herself and is not let or hindered; then she ceases from her erring ways, and being in communion with the unchanging is unchanging. And this state of the soul is called wisdom.

Ibid.

ALCIBIADES DESCRIBES SOCRATES

I shall praise Socrates in a figure which will appear to him to be a caricature, and yet I do not mean to laugh at him, but only to speak the truth. I say then, that he is exactly like the masks of Silenus, which may be seen sitting in the statuaries' shops, having pipes and flutes in their mouths; and they are made to open in the middle, and there are images of gods inside them. I say also that he is like Marsyas the satyr. You will not deny, Socrates, that your face is like that of a satyr. . . . And are you not a flute-player? That you are, and a far more wonderful performer than Marsyas. For he indeed with instruments charmed the souls of men by the power of his breath, as the performers of his music do still: for the melodies of Olympus are derived from the teaching of Marsyas, and these . . . have a power which no others have; they alone possess the soul and reveal the wants of those who have need of Gods and mysteries, because they are inspired. But you produce the same effect with the voice only, and do not require the flute. . . . The very fragments of you and your words, even at second-hand, and however imperfectly repeated, amaze and possess the souls of every man, woman, and child who comes within hearing of them. . . . My heart leaps within me . . . and my eyes rain tears when I hear them. . . . I have heard Pericles and other great orators, but though I thought that they spoke well, I never had any similar feeling; my soul was not stirred by them, nor was I angry at the thought of my own slavish state. But this Marsyas has often

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brought me to such a pass, that I have felt as if I could hardly endure the life which I am leading . . . and I am conscious that if I did not shut my ears against him, and fly from the voice of the siren, he would detain me until I grew old sitting at his feet. For he makes me confess that I ought not to live as I do, neglecting the wants of my own soul, and busying myself with the concerns of the Athenians; therefore I hold my ears and tear myself away from him. And he is the only person who ever made me ashamed, which you might think not to be in my nature, and there is no one else who does the same. For I know that I cannot answer him or say that I ought not to do as he bids, but when I leave his presence the love of popularity gets the better of me. And therefore I run away and fly from him, and when I see him I am ashamed of what I have confessed to him. And many a time I wish that he were dead, and yet I know that I should be much more sorry than glad, if he were to die: so that I am at my wits' end.

Ibid.

If you say to me: Socrates, this time we will not mind Anytus, and will let you off, but upon one condition, that you are not to inquire and speculate in this way any more, and that if you are caught doing this again, you shall die; if this was the condition on which you let me go, I should reply: Men of Athens, I honour and love you; but I shall obey God rather than you, and while I have life and strength I shall never cease from the practice and teaching of philosophy, exhorting any one whom I meet after my manner, and convincing him, saying: O my friend, why do you, who are a citizen of the great and mighty and wise city of Athens, care so much about laying up the greatest amount of money and honour and reputation, and so little about wisdom and truth and the greatest improvement of the soul, which you never regard or heed at all? Are you not ashamed of this? And if the person with whom I am arguing, says: Yes, but I do care; I do not depart or let him go at once; I interrogate and examine and cross-examine him, and

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if I think that he has no virtue, but only says that he has, I reproach him with undervaluing the greater, and over-valuing the less. And this I should say to every one whom I meet, young and old, citizen and alien, but especially to the citizens, inasmuch as they are my brethren. For this is the command to God, as I would have you know; and I believe that to this day no greater good has ever happened in the state than my service to the God. For I do nothing but go about persuading you all, old and young alike, not to take thought for your persons or your properties, but first and chiefly to care about the greatest improvement of the soul.

Ibid.

Di Meistere sprechen von zwien Antlitzen der Sele. Daz eine Antlitze ist gekart in dise welt, daz ander Antlitze ist gekart di richte in Got. In diseme Antlitze luchtet und brennet Got ewiglichen, der menche wizzes oder enwizzes nicht.

HERMANN VON FRITZLER

The Masters tell us that the Soul has two faces. One is turned to the world. The other face is turned to God, and it shineth and gloweth with God eternally, whether man is aware of it, or not aware of it.

Beati oculi qui exterioribus clausi interioribus autem sunt intenti.

THOMAS À KEMPIS 1379

Blessed are the eyes that are shut off from external things and are fixed upon the things within.

There exist three worlds – the natural world, the spiritual world, the divine world. Humanity moves hither and thither in the natural world, which is fixed neither in its essence nor in

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its properties. The spiritual world is fixed in its essence and variable in its properties. The divine world is fixed in its properties and its essence. Consequently there is a material worship, a spiritual worship, a divine worship; which three are manifested by action, word and prayer, or deed, understanding, love. The instinctive desires deeds; the abstractive turns to ideas; the specialist sees the end, he aspires to God, whom he inwardly perceives or contemplates.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC 1799

TRANSLATED BY K. P. WORMELEY

Therefore perhaps one day the inverse sense of *et verbo caro factum* will be the epitome of a new gospel which will read: and the flesh shall be made the word; it shall become the utterance of God.

The resurrection is brought about by the winds of heaven which sweep the worlds. The angel borne upon the blast saith not: 'Ye Dead, arise;' he saith, 'Arise, ye living.'

Wenn die Seele tief in Gott empfangen wird, dann ist sie selbst namenlos.

When the Soul has been deeply immersed in God, then is she herself nameless.

NIETZSCHE 1844

Werd als ein Kind, werd taub und blind,
Dein eignes Icht muss werden nicht:
All Icht, all Nicht, treib ferne nur;
Lass Statt, lass Zeit, auch Bild lass weit,
Geh ohne Weg den schmalen Steg,
So kommst du auf der Wüste Spur.

W I S D O M

O Seele mein, aus Gott geh ein,
Sink als ein Icht in Gottes Nicht.
Sink in die ungegründte Fluth.
Flich ich von Dir, Du kommst zu mir.
Verlass ich mich, so find ich Dich,
O überwesentliches Gut!

MEDIEVAL GERMAN HYMN

Be childlike thou! Be dumb, be blind,
Thy Self must find its selflessness.
All Self, all Nought, drive thou away.
Condition, Image, Time forsake,
Walk without guide the narrow way,
There shalt thou find the Wilderness.
O Soul of mine! go there with God,
Sink thou thy Self in nought, in Him,
Sink in unfathomable deep.
I fly from Thee, Thou findest me;
I self forsake, so find I Thee,
Blessed, divine Infinity!

TRANSLATED BY GRETCHEN WARREN

Ich will weder sîn noch nit sîn; weder leben oder sterben; wissen
oder nicht wissen; tûn oder lassen; und alles das disem glîch ist.

Sunder alles das da muss und soll sîn und geschehen, da bin ich
bereit und gehorsam zu; es sî in leidender wîse oder in tuender
wîse. Und alsoe hat der ûsser Mensch kein warumbe oder gesûch,
sunder alleine dem ewigen Willen genûk zu sîn.

I desire neither to be or not to be; neither to live nor to die; to
have knowledge nor to remain in ignorance; to do nor to let be;
and so with all else that is of the same nature.

But all that here must and shall be and cometh to pass, thereto
am I ready and obedient, whether it be in the way of suffering or of
action. And thus the outer man doth neither question nor desire,
but alone the Eternal Will sufficeth.

TRANSLATED BY M. A. CHILDERS

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In whatever place we may be, we are, Lord, subject to Thy commands; be we wherever we may, we are always with Thee. We say to ourselves, 'Perhaps we may find a path leading elsewhere.' How vain is this idea, for all paths lead to Thee.

SUFI TEACHINGS
TRANSLATED BY JOHN P. BROWN

Only suffer us to look for the sign and to depart upon its coming; for when the mystical wind stirs, and the music streams into these shadows, then we must rise and go, though all the mercy of earth were put forth to hold us back.

SIRENICA

Now walk the angels on the walls of heaven,
As sentinels to warn th' immortal souls.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE 1564

If then thou art become a throne of God, and the heavenly Charioteer has mounted thee, and thy whole Soul has become a spiritual eye, and thy whole Soul light; and if thou hast been nourished with that nourishment of the Spirit, and if thou hast been made to drink of the Living Water, and if thou hast put on the garments of the ineffable light . . . behold, thou livest, thou livest the eternal life indeed, and thy soul from henceforth is at rest with the Lord.

ST. MACARIUS THE EGYPTIAN 300
TRANSLATED BY A. J. MASON

And the fellowship of the Saints is in the Life and in the Light, which is this mystery. The fellowship is not outward but inward. All they that meet together in the outward place, are not in the fellowship or worship; but only they that meet together in the inward Life and Spirit. . . . Blessed is the eye which sees into the Mystery, into the Life itself.

W I S D O M

In the true Silence of the flesh, and in the pure Stillness of Spirit, tasting the Hidden Life, the hidden manna in the heart.

ISAAC PENINGTON 1617

Then shalt thou call and the Lord shall answer. Thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am. If thou take away from the midst of thee the yoke, the putting forth of the finger, and speaking vanity: and if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noon day.

Isaiah

The Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of Wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel, and might . . . and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears.

Ibid.

If we did not know half as much, and were more like children, and had but a brotherly mind and good will towards one another, and lived like children of one mother, and as branches of one tree, taking our sap all from one root, we should be far more holy than we are.

JACOB BOEHME 1575

There was once a learned man who longed and prayed full eight years that God would show him some one to teach him the way of truth. And, on a time, as he was in a great longing, it was said unto him, 'Go to such a church porch, and there wilt thou find a man that shall show thee the way to blessedness.' So thither he went, and found there a poor man, whose feet were torn and covered with dust and dirt, and all his apparel scarce three hellers' worth.

He greeted him, saying, 'God give thee good-morrow.' Thereat made he answer, 'I never had an ill morrow.' Again said he, 'God

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prosper thee.' The other answered, 'Never had I aught but prosperity.' 'God bless thee,' said the Doctor, 'how answerest thou me so.' 'I was never other than blessed.' 'Explain to me this, for I understand not.'

'Willingly,' quoth the poor man. 'Thou wishest me good morrow. I never had an ill morrow, for, am I an hungered I praise God; am I freezing, doth it hail, snow, rain, is it fair weather or foul, I praise God; and therefore had I never an ill morrow. Thou didst say, "God prosper thee." I never have been unprosperous, for I know how to live with God; I know that which He doth is best, and what God giveth or ordaineth for me, be it pain or pleasure, that I take cheerfully from Him as the best of all, and so I had never adversity. Thou wishest God to bless me. I was never unblessed, for I desire to be only in the will of God, and I have so given up my will to the will of God, that what God willeth, I will.'

Then said the Doctor, 'But what if His will should be to cast thee into hell, what wouldst thou do then?' 'Cast me into hell? His goodness holds Him back therefrom. Yet if He did, I should have two arms to embrace Him withal. One arm is true humility, and therewith am I one with His holy humanity. And with the right arm of Love, that joineth His holy Divinity, I would embrace Him so that he must come with me into hell likewise. And even so, I would sooner be in hell, and have God, than in heaven, and not have Him.'

MEISTER ECKHART *circa* 1260

A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Isaiah

O Mensch wiltu geimpffet werdñ
Und sein versetzt in d'himlich erdn!
So mustu vor dein ästen wilt
Gantz hawen ab, das fruchte milt
Fürkommen nach Gotts ebenbildt.

HYMN, 14TH CENTURY

W I S D O M

O man, will you be grafted and transplanted into a heavenly garden? Then must you cut away your wild branches – and the kindly fruits will bear God's image upon them.

Aeterna non caduca.

Eternal not perishable things.

Leave, leave thy gadding thoughts;
 Who pores
 and spies
Still out of Doores,
 descries
Within them nought.

The skinne and shell of things,
 Though faire,
 are not
Thy wish, nor Pray'r,
 but got
By meere Despair
 of wings.

To rack old Elements,
 Or Dust;
 and say,
Sure here he must
 needs stay,
Is not the way,
 nor just.

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Search well another world; who studies this,
Travels in Clouds, seeks *Manna* where none is.

HENRY VAUGHAN

That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far off from every one of us, for in him we live, and move, and have our being.

The Acts

O Son of Spirit! I created thee rich: how is it that thou art poor? And made thee mighty: how is it that thou art powerless? And from the essence of knowledge I manifested thee: how is it that thou seekest someone beside me? And from the clay of Love I kneaded thee: how is it that thou occupiest thyself with someone else? Turn thy sight to thyself that there thou mayest find me powerful and supreme.

Hearkening, not to me, but to the Word, it is wisdom to confess that all things are one.

Though this Word stands for ever, men prove as unable to understand it when they first hear it as before they heard it at all. For though all things come to pass in accordance with this Word, when men have experience of words and things such as I set forth, distinguishing each thing according to its nature and explaining how it is, they seem as if they had no experience. The rest of mankind know not what they are doing when awake, just as they forget what they do in sleep.

HERACLEITUS 510 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY F. M. CORNFORD

WISDOM

ON RELIGION

It is a region in which the spirit unburdens itself of its finiteness, and relates itself to that which is unlimited and infinite, where its attitude is no longer that of dependence but of freedom, and where the individual has no longer to do with himself, his interests, his vanity, but only with absolute truth. The things which occasion anxiety and doubt, all petty cares and troubles, all narrow and selfish interests, we leave behind us on the sand-bank of time. In this pure region we penetrate through the external, deceitful shows and semblances of the world, and all things become revealed to us, transfigured in the pure light of truth, and softened in its atmosphere of eternal peace and rest.

EDWARD CAIRD

There is no chance and no anarchy in the universe. All is system and gradation. Every god is there sitting in his sphere. The young mortal enters the hall of the firmament; there is he alone with them alone, they pouring on him benedictions and gifts, and beckoning him up to their thrones. On the instant, and incessantly, fall snow-storms of illusions. He fancies himself in a vast crowd which sways this way and that and whose movement and doings he must obey: he fancies himself poor, orphaned, insignificant. The mad crowd drives hither and thither, now furiously commanding this thing to be done, now that. What is he that he should resist their will, and think or act for himself? Every moment new changes and new showers of deceptions to baffle and distract him. And when by and by, for an instant the air clears, and the cloud lifts a little, there are the gods still sitting around him on their thrones, — they alone with him alone.

EMERSON 1803

The materialist, secure in the certainty of sensation, mocks at fine-spun theories, at star-gazers and dreamers, and believes that

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his life is solid, that he at least takes nothing for granted, but knows where he stands, and what he does. Yet how easy it is to show him that he also is a phantom walking and working amid phantoms, and that he need only ask a question or two beyond his daily questions to find his solid universe growing dim and impalpable before his sense. The sturdy capitalist, no matter how deep and square on blocks of Quincy granite he lays the foundations of his banking-house or Exchange, must set it, at last, not on a cube corresponding to the angles of his structure, but on a mass of unknown materials and solidity, red-hot or white-hot perhaps at the core, which rounds off to an almost perfect sphericity, and lies floating in soft air, and goes spinning away, dragging bank and banker with it at a rate of thousands of miles the hour, he knows not whither – a bit of bullet, now glimmering, now darkling through a small cubic space on the edge of an unimaginable pit of emptiness. And this wild balloon, in which his whole venture is embarked, is a just symbol of his whole state and faculty.

Ibid.

The religion of later antiquity is overpoweringly absorbed in plans of escape from the prison of the seven planets. In author after author . . . the subject recurs. And on the whole there is the same answer:

Here on the earth we are the sport of Fate, nay, on the earth itself we are worse off still. We are beneath the Moon, and beneath the Moon there is not only Fate but something more unworthy and equally malignant, Chance. . . . Above the Moon there is no chance, only Necessity; there is the will of the other six Kosmokratores, Rulers of the Universe. But above them all there is an Eighth region . . . the home of the ultimate God . . . whose being was before the Kosmos. In this Sphere is true Being and Freedom. And more than freedom, there is the ultimate Union with God. For that spark of divine life which is man's soul is not merely, as some have said, an effluence of the stars: it comes

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direct from the first and ultimate God, the Alpha and Omega, who is beyond the Planets. Though the Kosmokratores cast us to and fro like their slaves or dead chattels, in soul at least we are of equal birth with them. The Mithraic votary, when their wrathful and tremendous faces break in upon his vision, answers them unterrified: 'I am your fellow Wanderer, your fellow Star.' The Orphic carried to the grave on his golden scroll the same boast: First, 'I am the child of Earth, and of the starry Heaven;' then later, 'I too am become God.' The Gnostic writings consist largely of charms to be uttered by the Soul to each of the Planets in turn, as it pursues its perilous path past all of them to its ultimate home.

GILBERT MURRAY

The uncharted surrounds us on every side and we must needs have some relation towards it, a relation which will depend on the general discipline of a man's mind and the bias of his whole character. As far as knowledge and conscious reason will go, we should follow resolutely their austere guidance. When they cease, as cease they must, we must use as best we can those fainter powers of apprehension and surmise and sensitiveness by which, after all, most high truth has been reached as well as most high art and poetry: careful always really to seek for truth and not for our own emotional satisfaction; careful not to neglect the real needs of men and women through basing our life on dreams; and remembering above all to walk gently in a world where the lights are dim and the very stars wander.

Ibid.

The power to make the inside of the Cave seem Infinite.

BLAKE

Imagine the enlightenment or ignorance of our nature in a figure: Behold! human beings living in a sort of underground den, which

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has a mouth open towards the light and reaching all across the den; they have been here from their childhood, and have their legs and necks chained so that they cannot move, and can only see before them; for the chains are arranged in such a manner as to prevent them from turning round their heads. At a distance above and behind them the light of a fire is blazing, and between the fire and the prisoners there is a raised way; and you will see, if you look, a low wall built along the way, like the screen which marionette players have before them, over which they show the puppets.

I see, he said.

And do you see, I said, men passing along the wall carrying vessels, which appear over the wall; also figures of men and animals, made of wood and stone and various materials; and some of the passengers, as you would expect, are talking, and some of them are silent?

That is a strange image, he said, and they are strange prisoners.

Like ourselves, I replied; and they see only their own shadows, or the shadow of one another, which the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cage.

True, he said; how could they see anything but the shadows if they were never allowed to move their heads?

And of the objects which are being carried in like manner they would only see the shadows?

And if they were able to talk with one another, would they not suppose that they were naming what was actually before them? . . .

And suppose further that the prison had an echo which came from the other side, would they not be sure to fancy that the voice which they heard was that of a passing shadow? . . .

And now look again, and see how they are released and cured of their folly. At first, when one of them is liberated and compelled suddenly to go up and turn his neck round and walk and look at the light, he will suffer sharp pains; the glare will distress him, and he will be unable to see the realities of which in his former state he had seen the shadows; and then imagine some one saying to him, that what he saw before was an illusion, but that now he is approaching real being, and has a truer sight and vision of more real things —

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what will be his reply? And you may further imagine that his instructor is pointing to the objects as they pass and requiring him to name them, — will he not be in a difficulty? Will he not fancy that the shadows which he formerly saw are truer than the objects which are now shown to him? . . .

And if he is compelled to look at the light, will he not have a pain in his eyes which will make him turn away to take refuge in the objects of vision which he can see, and which he will conceive to be clearer than the things which are now being shown to him? . . .

And suppose once more, that he is reluctantly dragged up a steep and rugged ascent, and held fast and forced into the presence of the sun himself, do you not think that he will be pained and irritated, and when he approaches the light he will have his eyes dazzled, and will not be able to see any of the realities which are now affirmed to be the truth? . . .

He will require to get accustomed to the sight of the upper world. And first he will see the shadows best, next the reflections of men and other objects in the water, and then the objects themselves; next he will gaze upon the light of the moon and the stars; and he will see the sky and the stars by night, better than the sun, or the light of the sun, by day. . . .

And at last he will be able to see the sun, and not mere reflections of him in the water. . . .

The prison is the world of sight, the light of the fire is the sun, the ascent and vision of the things above you may truly regard as the upward progress of the soul into the intellectual world; that is my poor belief, to which, at your desire, I have given expression. Whether I am right or not God only knows; but, whether true or false, my opinion is that in the world of knowledge the idea of good appears last of all, and is seen only with an effort; and, when seen, is also inferred to be the universal author of all things beautiful and right, parent of light and the lord of light in this world, and the source of truth and reason in the other.

PLATO

TRANSLATED BY JOWETT

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Socrates: Does it not strike you then that he who made man from the beginning did for some useful end furnish him with his several senses – giving him eyes to behold the visible world, and ears to catch the intonations of sound? Or again, what good would there be in odours if nostrils had not been bestowed upon us? . . . And besides all this, do you not think this looks like a matter of foresight, this closing of the delicate orbs of sight with eyelids as the folding doors, which, when there is need to use them for any purpose, can be thrown wide open and firmly closed again in sleep? and, that even the winds of heaven may not visit them too roughly, this planting of the eyelashes like a protecting screen? this coping of the region above the eyes with cornice-work of eyebrow so that no drop of sweat fall from the head and injure them? again, this readiness of the ear to catch all sounds and yet not be surcharged? . . . I ask you, when you see all these things constructed with such show of foresight can you doubt whether they are products of chance or intelligence?

Aristodemus: To be sure not! Viewed in this light they would seem to be the handiwork of some wise artificer, full of love for all things living.

Socrates: And yet you imagine that elsewhere no spark of wisdom is to be found? And that, too, when you know that you have in your body a tiny fragment only of the mighty earth, a little drop of the great waters, and of the other elements, vast in their extent, you got, I presume, a particle of each towards the compacting of your bodily frame. Mind alone, it would seem, which is nowhere to be found, you had the lucky chance to snatch up and make off with, you cannot tell how. And these things around and about us, enormous in size, infinite in number, owe their orderly arrangement, as you suppose, to some vacuity of wit?

Aristodemus: It may be, for my eyes fail to see the master agents of these, as one sees the fabricators of things produced on earth.

Socrates: No more do you see your own soul, which is the master agent of your body; so that, as far as that goes, you may maintain, if you like, that you do nothing with intelligence, but everything by chance. . . .

WISDOM

Again, do you suppose that the gods could have implanted in the heart of man the belief in their capacity to work him weal or woe had they not the power? Would not men have discovered the imposture in all this lapse of time? Do you not perceive that the wisest and most perdurable of human institutions – be they cities or tribes of men – are ever the most God-fearing; and in the individual man the riper his age and judgment, the deeper his religiousness? Ah, my good sir (he broke forth), lay to heart and understand that even as your own mind within you can turn and dispose of your body as it lists, so ought we to think that the wisdom which abides within the universal frame does so dispose of all things as it finds agreeable to itself; for hardly may it be that your eye is able to range over many a league, but that the eye of God is powerless to embrace all things at a glance; or that to your soul it is given to dwell in thought on matters here or far away in Egypt or in Sicily, but that the wisdom and thought of God is not sufficient to include all things at one instant under His care. . . . If you will but make trial of the gods by acts of service, whether they will choose to give you counsel in matters obscure to mortal vision, you shall discover the nature and the greatness of Godhead to be such that they are able at once to see all things and to hear all things and to be present everywhere, nor does the least thing escape their watchful care.

XENOPHON 430 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY H. G. DAKYNS

The Same, the Same: friend and foe are of one stuff; the ploughman, the plough, and the furrow are of one stuff . . . the variations of form are unimportant. 'You are fit,' says the supreme Krishna to a sage, 'to apprehend that you are not distinct from me. That which I am, thou art, and that also is this world, with its gods, and heroes, and mankind. Men contemplate distinctions, because they are stupefied with ignorance. The words *I* and *Mine* constitute ignorance. What is the great end of all, you shall now learn from me. It is Soul, – one in all bodies, pervading, uniform, perfect, pre-eminent over nature, exempt from birth, growth and decay,

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omnipresent, made up of true knowledge, independent, unconnected with unrealities. . . . The knowledge that this Spirit, which is essentially one, is in one's own and in all other bodies, is the wisdom of one who knows the unity of things. As one diffusive air, passing through the perforations of a flute, is distinguished as the notes of a scale, so the nature of the Great Spirit is single, though its forms be manifold. . . . The whole world is but a manifestation of Vishnu, who is identical with all things, and is to be regarded by the wise as not differing from, but as the same as themselves. I neither am going nor coming; nor is my dwelling in any one place; nor art thou, thou . . . nor am I, I. . . . All is for the Soul, and the Soul is Vishnu; and animals and stars are transient paintings; and light is whitewash; and durations are deceptive; and form is imprisonment; and heaven itself a decoy.'

EMERSON

HUMAN PERSONALITY

I assume in man a soul which can draw strength and grace from a spiritual Universe, and conversely I assume in the Universe a Spirit accessible and responsive to the soul of man. These are familiar postulates. Every religion has claimed them in turn; although every religion in turn has so narrowed their application as grievously to narrow the evidence available for their support. But that which religions have claimed for their Founders or for their Saints – and what is sanctity but the genius of the ethical realm? – Psychology must claim for every form of spiritual indrawing, every form of spiritual response; for sleeping vision, for hypnotic rejuvenation, for sensory and motor automatisms, for trance, for ecstasy. The philosopher who has cried with Marcus Aurelius: 'Either Providence or atoms!' – who has declared that without this basis in the Unseen, 'the moral Cosmos would be reduced to a Chaos;' – should he not welcome even the humblest line of research which fain would gather from every unsolved problem some hint as to the spiritual law unknown which in time may give the solution of all?

WISDOM

We know not in what directions – directions how definitely predetermined – even physical organisms can vary from the common type. We know not what amount of energy any given plant or animal can absorb and incorporate from earth and air and sun. Still less can we predict or limit the possible variations of the soul, the fulness which it may receive from the World-Soul, its possible heritage of grace and truth. But in genius we can watch at each stage the processes of this celestial nurture. . . .

From a greater distance we can watch the inward stir of mighty thought, the same for Aeschylus, for Newton, for Virgil: a stir independent of worldly agitation; like the swing and libration of the tide-wave across the ocean, which takes no note of billow or of storm.

Nay, we can see against the sun 'the eagle soaring above the tomb of Plato,' and in Paul, as in Plotinus, we can catch that sense of self-fulfilment in self-absorption, of rapture, of deliverance, which the highest minds have bequeathed to us as the heritage of their highest hours.

These our spiritual ancestors are no eccentrics nor degenerates; they have made for us the sanest and most fruitful experiment yet made by man; they have endeavoured to exalt the human race in a way in which it can in truth be exalted; they have drawn on forces which exist, and on a Soul which answers.

F. W. H. MYERS

Consider him that contains all things, and understand, that nothing is more capacious, than that which is incorporeal, nothing more swift, nothing more powerful, but it is most capacious, most swift and most strong. And judge of this by thyself; command thy Soul to go into India, and sooner than thou canst bid it, it will be there. Bid it likewise pass over the Ocean, and suddenly it will be there; not as passing from place to place, but suddenly it will be there.

Command it to fly into Heaven, and it will need no wings, neither shall anything hinder it; not the fire of the Sun, not the

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Aether, not the turning of the Spheres, not the bodies of any of the other Stars, but cutting through all, it will fly up to the last and furthest Body. And if thou wilt see those things that are without the World (if there be anything without) thou mayest. Behold how great power, how great swiftness thou hast. If therefore thou wilt not equal thy self to God, thou canst not understand God. For the like is intelligible by the like.

Increase thy self into an immeasurable greatness, leaping beyond every Body; and transcending all Time, become Eternity, and thou shalt understand God, if thou believe in thyself that nothing is impossible, but accountest thy self immortal, and that thou canst understand all things, every Art, every Science, and the manner and custom of every living thing. Become higher than all height, lower than all depths, comprehend in thy self the qualities of all the Creatures, of the Fire, the Water, the Dry and Moist; and conceive likewise, that thou canst at once be everywhere in the Sea, in the Earth.

Thou shalt at once understand thy self, not yet begotten in the Womb, young, old, to be dead, the things after death, and all these together as also times, places, deeds, qualities, quantities, or else thou canst not yet understand God. But if thou shut up thy Soul in the Body and abuse it and say, I understand nothing, I can do nothing, I am afraid of the Sea, I cannot climb up into Heaven, I know not who I am, I cannot tell what I shall be; what hast thou to do with God; for thou canst understand none of those Fair and Good things. It is the greatest evil not to know God.

But to be able to know and to will, and to hope, is the straight way, and Divine way, and it will everywhere meet thee, and everywhere be seen of thee, plain and easy, when thou dost not expect or look for it; it will meet thee, waking, sleeping, sailing, travelling, by night, by day, when thou speakest, and when thou keepest silence. For there is nothing which is not the Image of God.

HERMES TRISMEGISTUS (THOTH)
TRANSLATED BY DR. EVERARD 1657

WISDOM

He is the one God, hidden in all beings, all-pervading, the self within all beings . . . the witness, the perceiver . . . He is the eternal among eternal, the thinker among thinkers, who, though one, fulfils the desires of many . . . He is the immortal . . . the knower, the ever-present guardian of this world. . . .

Seeking for freedom I go for refuge to that God who is the light of his own thoughts, he who is . . . tranquil, without fault, without taint, the highest bridge to immortality — like a fire that has consumed its fuel. Only when men shall roll up the sky like a hide, will there be an end of misery, unless God has first been known. . . .

He who knows that indestructible being, obtains (what is) the highest and indestructible, he without a shadow, without a body . . . becomes all-knowing, becomes all.

FROM *The Upanishads*

TRANSLATED BY F. MAX MÜLLER

I died as mineral and became a plant,
I died as plant and rose to animal,
I died as animal and I was man.
Why should I fear? When was I less by dying?
Yet once more I shall die as man, to soar
With angels blest; but even from angelhood
I must pass on: all except God doth perish.
When I have sacrificed my angel soul,
I shall become what no mind e'er conceived.
Oh, let me not exist! for Non-existence
Proclaims in organ tones, '*To Him we shall return.*'

JALÁLU'DDÍN RÚMÍ 1207

TRANSLATED BY R. A. NICHOLSON

What? Know ye not that your body is the Temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?

1 *Corinthians*

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Whosoever is desirous of doing good and of striving after that state of perfect peace — Nirvânam, must be without guile, upright and conscientious, mild in word, friendly, modest, content, and of few wants; without care, of restful heart, without arrogance and without avarice. He must . . . always live according to the sacred doctrine in thought, word, and deed, and, having become confirmed in the knowledge of the four Noble Truths, should blamelessly tread the Noble Eight-fold Path. Let him not exult at fortune nor be cast down at misfortune; success should not make him proud nor persecution depressed. Let him always preserve the equanimity of one who is free from volition.

Let him ever remember, that it is not the robe that makes the Sramana, not the external observance of oaths and rites, not life in the forest, poverty and dependence, not knowledge and learning. Whoso . . . is of pure heart and has overcome selfishness, he alone is a true disciple of the Enlightened. . . .

Let him deceive none, threaten none, despise none, hurt none. As a mother on her only child, so let him, full of compassion and benevolence, look upon all beings every day and every hour.

As a deep mountain lake, pure and unruffled, be the spirit of him who walks along the Noble Eight-fold Path.

For he who — free from superstition and vanity, from hope and fear, passion and avarice, love and hatred — lives in purity, who has wholly overcome the longing after existence and has obtained true knowledge, will put an end to sorrow . . . and enter Peace supernal.

BUDDHIST SCRIPTURE
TRANSLATED BY HERBERT BAYNES

The power of spiritual genius is expressed in the fact that it gives significance and direction to actions throughout all time. The ideas of Christianity accepted first by the lowly . . . have penetrated more and more all manifestation of life . . . Everything alive in the West actually goes back to the spirit of Jesus Christ . . . In the long run spiritual forces have proved themselves to be the strongest

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everywhere. They manifested themselves in enigmatic ways: it is rarely the authentic words of the enlightened teachers which carry their doctrine through the future; in almost no cases are there original writings . . . They act as intangible impulses which, emanating from the Master, pass through a thousand minds, a thousand changes, condensations, misunderstandings, and yet preserve their magic force and give direction to life for evermore. . . . The historical Jesus is receding into the background . . . what remains is the inner Christ, whom Jesus was the first man to call to life within himself, and whom every one is to make supreme within himself in his own personal way.

HERMANN KEYSERLING

TRANSLATED BY J. HOLROYD REECE

THE NAME OF CHRIST

This miraculous name is above all the powers of magical enchantments . . . If our prayers be made in this name God opens the windows of Heaven and rains down benediction . . . This is the name which we should engrave in our hearts, and write upon our foreheads, and pronounce with our most harmonious accents, and rest our faith upon, and place our hopes in.

JEREMY TAYLOR 1613

A darting conscience full of stabs and fears;
 No shade but yew;
Sullen and sad eclipses, cloudy spheres;
 These are my due.
But He that with His blood (a price too dear)
 My scores did pay,
Bid me, by virtue from Him, challenge here
 The brightest day.
Sweet, downy thoughts, soft lily shades, calm streams,
 Joys full and true,
Fresh spicy mornings, and eternal beams;
 These are His due.

HENRY VAUGHAN 1622

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Sinner, sinner, you better pray,
Looks like my Lord, a-comin' in de sky.
Or yo' soul be los' on de jedgment day,
Looks like my Lord a-comin' in de sky.

O little did I think he was so nigh,
Looks like my Lord a-comin' in de sky.
When I was a monah jes like you,
Looks like my Lord a-comin' in de sky.
My head got wet wid de midnight dew,
Looks like my Lord a-comin' in de sky.
My head got wet wid de midnight dew,
Looks like my Lord a-comin' in de sky.
De mornin' star was a witness too,
Looks like my Lord a-comin' in de sky.

NEGRO SPIRITUAL
EDITED BY J. W. JOHNSON

THE WAY OF WISDOM

Do what thy manhood bids thee do, from none but self expect
applause.
He noblest lives and noblest dies who makes and keeps his self-made
laws.
All other life is living death, a world where none but phantoms
dwell;
A breath, a wind, a sound, a voice, a tinkling of the camel-bell.

CAMOENS 1524

Doest thou not mark, & consider how the smith, mason, or
carpenter, or any other handy craftsman, what nede soeuer
he be in, what other shift so euer he make, he wil not sel, nor lay
to pledge the toles of his occupation, for then how should he worke
his feate or get his liuing therby? Of like minde & affection ought

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we to be towardes holy Scripture, for as mallets, hammers, sawes, chesils, axes, & hatchets be the toles of their occupation: So be the bokes of the Prophets & Apostles & al holy writers inspired by the holy ghost the instruments of our saluation. Wherefore let vs not sticke to bye & prouide vs the Bible, that is to say, the bokes of holy Scripture. And let vs thinke that to be a better Iuel in our house then either gold or siluer. For like as theues bene lothe to assault an house, where they know to be good armoure & artillery, so wheresoeuer these holy & ghostly bokes bene occupied, there nether the deuil, nor none of his angels dare come nere. And they that occupy them bene in much sauegarde, & haue a great consolation, and bene the readier vnto all goodnesse, the slower to al euil: and if they haue done any thing amisse anone euen by the sight of the bokes, their consciences ben admonished, & they waxen sorry and ashamed of the facte.

THOMAS CRANMER 1489

O Celestial gift of divine liberality descending from the Father of Light to raise up the rational Soul even to Heaven . . . Thou hast placed Thy desirable tabernacle in books, where the Most High, the Light of light, the Book of Life hath established Thee.

Here then all who ask receive, all who seek find Thee, to those who knock Thou openest quickly. In books cherubim expand their wings, that the soul of the student may ascend and look around from pole to pole, from the rising and the setting sun, from the north and from the sea. In them the Most High and incomprehensible God Himself is contained and worshipped.

RICHARD DE BURY 1281

Observe, however, that of man's whole terrestrial possessions and attainments, unspeakably the noblest are his Symbols, divine or divine-seeming, under which he marches and fights, with victorious assurance, in this life-battle: what we can call his Realized Ideals. Of which realized Ideals, omitting the rest, consider only these two:

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his Church, or spiritual Guidance; his Kingship, or temporal one. The Church: what a word was there; richer than Golconda and the treasures of the world! In the heart of the remotest mountains rises the little Kirk, the Dead all slumbering round it, under their white memorial-stones, 'In hope of a happy resurrection': Dull wert thou . . . if never in any hour . . . it spoke to thee, things unspeakable, that went to thy soul's soul. Strong was he that had a Church — what we can call a Church: he stood thereby, though 'in the centre of Immensities, in the conflux of Eternities,' yet manlike towards God and man; the vague shoreless Universe had become a firm city for him, a dwelling which he knew. Such virtue was in Belief: in these words well spoken: *I believe*. Well might men prize their *Credo*, and raise stateliest Temples for it, and reverend Hierarchies, and give it the tithe of their substance: it was worth living for and dying for.

THOMAS CARLYLE 1795

THE SERMON

Father Mapple rose, and in a mild voice of unassuming authority ordered the scattered people to condense. 'Starboard gangway, there! side away to larboard — larboard gangway to starboard! Midships! midships!'

There was a low rumbling of heavy sea-boots among the benches . . . and all was quiet again, and every eye on the preacher.

He paused a little; then kneeling in the pulpit's bows, folded his large brown hands across his chest, uplifted his closed eyes, and offered a prayer so deeply devout that he seemed kneeling and praying at the bottom of the sea. . . .

There now came a lull in his look, as he silently turned over the leaves of the Book; and at last, standing motionless with closed eyes, for the moment seemed communing with God and himself.

But again he leaned over towards the people, and bowing his head lowly with an aspect of the deepest humility, he spake these words:

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'Shipmates, God has laid but one hand upon you; both his hands press upon me. I have read ye by what murk light may be mine the lesson that Jonah teaches to all sinners; and therefore to ye, and still more to me, for I am a greater sinner than ye. And now how gladly would I come down from this mast-head and sit on the hatches there where you sit, and listen as you listen, while some one of you reads *me* that other and more awful lesson which Jonah teaches to *me*, as a pilot of the living God. How being an anointed pilot-prophet, or speaker of true things, and bidden by the Lord to sound those unwelcome truths in the ears of a wicked Nineveh, Jonah, appalled at the hostility he should raise, fled from his mission, and sought to escape his duty and his God by taking ship at Joppa. But God is everywhere; Tarshish he never reached. As we have seen, God came upon him in the whale, and swallowed him down to living gulfs of doom, and with swift slantings tore him along 'into the midst of the seas,' where the eddying depths sucked him ten thousand fathoms down, and 'the weeds were wrapped about his head,' and all the watery world of woe bowled over him. Yet even then beyond the reach of any plummet — 'out of the belly of hell' — when the whale grounded upon the ocean's utmost bones, even then, God heard the engulfed repenting prophet when he cried. Then God spake unto the fish and from the shuddering cold and blackness of the sea, the whale came breaching up towards the warm and pleasant sun, and all the delights of air and earth; and 'vomited out Jonah upon the dry land;' when the word of the Lord came a second time; and Jonah, bruised and beaten — his ears, like two sea-shells still multitudinously murmuring of the ocean — Jonah did the Almighty's bidding. And what was that, shipmates? To preach the Truth to the face of Falsehood! That was it! . . .

Woe to that pilot of the living God who slights it. Woe to him whom this world charms from Gospel duty! Woe to him who seeks to pour oil upon the waters when God has brewed them into a gale! . . .'

He drooped and fell away from himself for a moment; then lifting his face to them again, showed a deep joy in his eyes, as he

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cried out with a heavenly enthusiasm — ‘But oh! shipmates! on the starboard hand of every woe, there is a sure delight; and higher the top of that delight, than the bottom of the woe is deep. Is not the main-truck higher than the keelson is low? Delight is to him . . . who against the proud gods and commodores of this earth, ever stands forth his inexorable self. Delight is to him whose strong arms yet support him, when the ship of this base treacherous world has gone down beneath him . . . Delight — top-gallant delight is to him, who acknowledges no law or lord but the Lord his God, and is only a patriot to heaven. Delight is to him, whom all the waves of the billows of the seas of the boisterous mob can never shake from this sure Keel of the Ages. And eternal delight and deliciousness will be his, who coming to lay him down, can say with his final breath — O Father! — chiefly known to me by Thy rod — mortal or immortal, here I die. I have striven to be Thine, more than to be this world’s, or mine own. Yet this is nothing: I leave eternity to Thee; for what is man that he should live out the lifetime of his God?’

He said no more, but slowly waving a benediction, covered his face with his hands, and so remained kneeling till all the people had departed, and he was left alone in the place.

HERMAN MELVILLE 1819

Now after these things, the angel took me up into the heavens. I saw my father Abraham: I worshipped him, and he greeted me together with all the saints . . . The Lord said unto my father from the holy place: Every man that shall give the name of my beloved Isaac unto his son, or write his testament and lay it in his hand for a blessing, My blessing shall not fail in that house for ever and ever . . . My father Abraham said: Lord God Almighty, if it be impossible for him to write his testament, let Thy mercy take hold upon him, for Thou art merciful and compassionate. The Lord said unto Abraham: Let him give bread unto them that are an-hungered and the poor, and I will give him unto you in My kingdom, and he shall come with you unto the first hour of the thousand years. Our father Abraham said: If he be poor and cannot

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find bread? The Lord said: Let him pass the night of My beloved Isaac without slumber, and I will give him unto you as an inheritor in My kingdom. My father Abraham said: If he be weak and this be impossible for him, let Thy mercy take hold upon him in love. The Lord said unto him: Let him offer up a little incense in my name . . . and I will give him to you as a son in My kingdom.

THE TESTAMENT OF ISAAC
TRANSLATED BY S. GASELEE

The goodness of God surpasseth imagination. . . .

Keep, O God, this king, Abu Bakr, beneath whose shadow is the protection of the people . . . and make his heart to live in obedience to Thee. Render fruitful his tree of hope; prolong his youth, and adorn his face with mercy.

O King! deck not thyself in royal garments when thou comest to worship: make thy supplications like a darwesh, saying: 'O God! powerful and strong Thou art. I am no monarch, but a beggar in Thy court. Unless Thy help sustain me, what can issue from my hand? Succour me and give me the means of virtue, or else how can I benefit my people?'

If thou rule by day, pray fervently by night. The great among thy servants wait upon thee at thy door; thus shouldest thou serve, with thy head in worship upon God's threshold.

Cherish the poor, and seek not thine own comfort. The shepherd should not sleep while the wolf is among the sheep. Protect the needy, for a king wears his crown for the sake of his subjects. The people are as the root and the king is as the tree; and the tree, O son, gains strength from the root. . . .

The poor man is afflicted by lack of bread; the king by the cares of his kingdom.

Though one may rule and another may serve, though the one be exalted to the height of Saturn and the other languish in a prison, when death has claimed them it will not be possible to distinguish between the two.

THE BUSTĀN OF SĀDĪ 1184
TRANSLATED BY A. HART EDWARDS

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Qui vere monachus est nihil reputat esse suum nisi citharam.

Who is truly a monk thinks nothing is his but his harp.

Him I call a Brâhmana who calls nothing his own, whether it be before, behind, or between.

Dhammapada

TRANSLATED BY F. MAX MÜLLER

He saw that he was both lover and beloved, he himself being selfless between.

FARÍDÚ D'DÍN 'ATTÁR 1200

TRANSLATED BY E. G. BROWNE

Si je n'ay pas assez de grandeur d'âme, pour essayer de devenir le maître de la Nature, de renverser les Elémens, d'entretenir les Intelligences suprêmes, de commander aux Démons, d'engendrer des Géans, de créer de nouveaux Mondes, de parler à Dieu dans son Trône redoutable; et d'obliger le Cherubin, qui défend l'entrée du Paradis terrestre, de me permettre d'aller faire quelques tours dans ses allées; c'est moy tout au plus qu'il faut blâmer ou plaindre.

ABBE DE MONTFAUCON DE VILLARS

If I have not sufficient greatness of Soul to strive to become the Master of Nature, overthrow the Elements, hold communion with supreme Intelligences, command demons, become the father of giants, create new worlds, speak with God upon His formidable Throne, and compel the Cherubim who guards the gate of terrestrial Paradise to let me stroll now and then in its alleys, it is I, and I alone, who am to blame or to be pitied.

ENGLISH VERSION PUBLISHED BY THE BROTHERS
PRINTED AT THE OLD BOURNE PRESS

WISDOM

God Himself, the father and fashioner of all that is, older than the Sun or the Sky, greater than time and eternity and all the flow of being, is unnameable by any law-giver, unutterable by any voice, not to be seen by any eye. But we, being unable to apprehend His essence, use the help of sounds and names and pictures, of beaten gold and ivory and silver, of plants and rivers, mountain-peaks and torrents, yearning for the knowledge of Him, and in our weakness naming all that is beautiful in this world after His nature — just as happens to earthly lovers. To them the most beautiful sight will be the actual lineaments of the beloved, but for remembrance's sake they will be happy in the sight of a lyre, a little spear, a chair, perhaps, or a running-ground, or anything in the world that wakens the memory of the beloved. Why should I further examine and pass judgment about Images? Let men know what is divine (*τὸ θεῖον γένος*), let them know: that is all. If a Greek is stirred to the remembrance of God by the art of Pheidias, an Egyptian by paying worship to animals, another man by a river, another by fire — I have no anger for their divergences; only let them know, let them love, let them remember.

MAXIMUS OF TYRE 2ND CENTURY
TRANSLATED BY GILBERT MURRAY

SPIRITUAL PRINCIPLES OF THE DARVISH ORDERS

In the girdle of the Order of the Baqtāshī is a stone called the *palank*; it has seven corners . . . in token of the seven heavens and seven earths which God created, also the seven seas and the seven planets; for God has said, 'We have created the seven heavens in seven folds, and seven earths in the same form, all out of light.' He then commanded all of these to worship Him, which they do, continually revolving round His holy throne. The *palank* is very useful, and the Sheikh of the Order puts it on and off, each seven times, saying —

1. I tie up greediness, and unbind generosity.
2. I tie up anger, and unbind meekness.

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3. I tie up avarice, and unbind piety.
4. I tie up ignorance, and unbind the fear of God.
5. I tie up passion, and unbind the love of God.
6. I tie up hunger, and unbind spiritual contentment.
7. I tie up Satanism, and unbind Divineness.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN P. BROWN

From the palank, or stone worn in the girdle of the Order of the Maulavis.

This stone signifies contentment and resignation to hunger. . . .
To grow old in the science of the pîr.*
To sow seeds of knowledge.
To tell the joys of the Darvish heart . . .
To reap in the field of abstinence.
To reap with the sickle of humility.
To beat out the grain in the barn of Divine acquiescence.
To measure with the bushel of love.
To grind in the mill of godly fear.
To bake in the oven of Patience.
To burn therein all evil feelings, and come out purified by the
fire.

Ibid.

OF CAEDMON

There was in the monastery of this abbess a certain brother especially distinguished by the grace of God, since he was wont to make poems breathing of piety and religion . . . Living always the life of a layman until well advanced in years, he had never learned the least thing about poetry. In fact, so little did he understand of it that when at a feast it would be ruled that everyone present should, for the entertainment of the others, sing in turn, he would, as soon as he saw the harp coming anywhere near him, jump up from the table in the midst of the banqueting, leave the place, and make the best of his way home.

* The spiritual counterpart of the human personality.

W I S D O M

This he had done at a certain time, and, leaving the house where the feast was in progress, had gone out to the stable where the care of the cattle had been assigned to him for that night. There, when it was time to go to sleep, he had lain down for that purpose. But while he slept some one stood by him in a dream, greeted him, called him by name, and said, 'Caedmon, sing me something.' To this he replied, 'I know not how to sing, and that is the very reason why I left the feast and came here, because I could not sing.' But the one who was talking with him answered. 'No matter, you are to sing for me.' 'Well then,' said he, 'what is it that I must sing?' 'Sing,' said the other, 'the beginning of created things.' At this reply he immediately began to sing verses in praise of God the Creator, verses that he had never heard. . . .

When he rose from sleep he remembered all that he had sung while in that state, and shortly after added, in the same strain, many more words of a hymn befitting the majesty of God.

THE VENERABLE BEDE 627
TRANSLATED BY ALBERT S. COOK

Guthlac was good; in his heart he bore a heavenly hope and sought the healing of eternal life.

CYNEWULF 8TH CENTURY
TRANSLATED BY C. W. KENNEDY

The tribe of forest birds with their notes proclaimed the coming of the holy man unto his home again; oft he held out food to them, and they were wont to fly in hunger round about his hand, in great desire rejoicing in his succour . . . Fair was the pleasant plain, and his new dwelling; winsome the call of birds. The earth put forth her blossoms, cuckoos proclaimed the year. And Guthlac, that blessed steadfast man, might have joy of his abode; in God's keeping lay the meadow green.

Ibid.

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As I stand here before you, I am not so devoid of help, lacking a host of men; but for me abideth and increaseth a greater portion in the mystic secrets of the spirit, which doth uphold me with its succour. For myself alone, full easily shall I rear a house and place of refuge: for me is counsel present in the heavens . . . At God's hand will I seek for peace, nor shall my spirit suffer evil among you.

Ibid.

A SHORT TREATISE OF CONTEMPLATION TAUGHT BY OUR LORD JESU CHRIST, OR TAKEN OUT OF THE BOOK OF MARGERY KEMPE, ANCRESS OF LYNN

THIRTEENTH CENTURY

'Daughter, thou mayst no better please God than to think continually in His love.'

Then she asked our Lord Jesu Christ, how she should best love Him. And our Lord said . . . 'Think on my goodness.'

'Daughter, if thou wear the habergeon or the hair-shirt, fasting bread and water, and if thou saidest every day a thousand Pater Nosters, thou shalt not please Me so well as thou dost when thou art in silence, and suffrest Me to speak in thy soul. . . .

Our Lord said to her: 'In nothing that thou dost or sayest, daughter, thou mayst no better please God than believe that He loveth thee. For, if it were possible that I might weep with thee, I would weep with thee for the compassion that I have of thee. . .

'Lord,' she said, 'for Thy great pain have mercy on my little pain.'

EDITED BY EDMUND G. GARDNER

Weep not, for such is here the life of man.
Unasked he came, unbidden went he hence.

WISDOM

Lo! ask thyself again whence came thy son
To bide on earth this little breathing space?
By one way come and by another gone. . . .
So hither and so hence — why should ye weep?

PATĀCĀRĀ

TRANSLATED BY C. A. F. RHYS DAVIDS

Thy life is a bird, and its name is Breath. When the bird has flown from its cage it cometh not back to captivity.

Be watchful, for the world lasts but a moment, and a moment spent with Wisdom is better than an age with folly.

Why fix we thus our minds upon this caravanserai? Our friends have departed and we are on the road. After us, the same flowers will bloom in the garden, together will friends still sit.

When thou comest to Shiraz, dost thou not cleanse thyself from the dust of the road?

Soon, O thou polluted with the dust of sin, wilt thou journey to a strange city. Weep, and wash with thy tears thy impurities away.

THE BUSTĀN OF SĀDĪ

TRANSLATED BY A. HART EDWARDS

CONFESSION OF THE CRETAN INITIATES

Child of Tyrian Europa and of great Zeus, King of Crete with its hundred cities, I come from the holy shrines roofed by the beam of native timber, cut by the Chalyb axe and compact with bull's-hide glue binding fast the joints of the cypress wood.

Pure has been my life's course since I was initiated in the mysteries of Zeus of Mount Ida. I have accomplished the thunders of night-roving Zagreus . . . I have borne the torches for the Mountain Mother. . . .

And now, clothed all in white raiment, I shun contact with human birth and with the burial of the dead, and watchfully eschew the eating of things that have a living soul.

EURIPIDES 485 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY A. B. COOK

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The Master said:

How (comes it that) this delusion, O Arguna! which is discarded by the good, which excludes from heaven, and occasions infamy, has overtaken you in this (place of) peril?

Learned men grieve not for the living nor the dead. Never did I not exist, nor you, nor these rulers of men; nor will anyone of us ever hereafter cease to be. As in this body, infancy and youth and old age (come) to the embodied (self), so does the acquisition of another body; a sensible man is not deceived about that. The contacts of the senses, O son of Kunti! which produce cold and heat, pleasure and pain, are not permanent, they are ever coming and going. Bear them, O descendant of Bharata! For, O chief of men! that sensible man whom they (pain and pleasure being alike to him) afflict not, he merits immortality. There is no existence for that which is unreal; there is no non-existence for that which is real.

These bodies appertaining to the embodied (self) which is eternal, indestructible, and indefinable, are said to be perishable; therefore do engage in battle, O descendant of Bharata! He who thinks it to be the killer and he who thinks it to be killed, both know nothing. It kills not, is not killed. It is not born, nor does it ever die, nor, having existed, does it exist no more. Unborn, everlasting, unchangeable, and primeval, it is not killed when the body is killed. O son of Pritha! how can that man who knows it thus to be indestructible, everlasting, unborn, and inexhaustible, how and whom can he kill, whom can he cause to be killed? As a man casting off old clothes, puts on others and new ones, so the embodied (self) casting off old bodies, goes to others and new ones. Weapons do not divide it (into pieces); fire does not burn it; waters do not moisten it; the wind does not dry it up. It is not divisible; it is not combustible; it is not to be moistened; it is not to be dried up.

W I S D O M

It is everlasting, all-pervading, stable, firm, and eternal. It is said to be unperceived, to be unthinkable, to be unchangeable.

But even if you think that it is constantly born, and constantly dies, still, O you of mighty arms! you ought not to grieve thus. For to one that is born, death is certain; and to one that dies, birth is certain.

This embodied (self), O descendant of Bharata! within every one's body is ever indestructible.

He who has obtained devotion in this world casts off both merit and sin. Therefore apply yourself to devotion; devotion in (all) actions is wisdom. The wise who have obtained devotion cast off the fruit of action; and released from the shackles of (repeated) births, repair to that seat where there is no unhappiness. When your mind shall have crossed beyond the taint of delusion, then will you become indifferent to all that you have heard or will hear.

The self-restrained man is awake, when it is night for all beings; and when all beings are awake, that is the night of the right-seeing sage.

The man who, casting off all desires, lives free from attachments, who is free from egoism, and from (the feeling that this or that is) mine, obtains tranquillity. This, O son of Pritha! is the Brahmic state; attaining to this, one is never deluded; and remaining in it (one's) last moments, one attains (brahma-nirvana) the Brahmic bliss.

One whose self is not attached to external objects, obtains the happiness that is in (one's) self; and by means of concentration of

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mind, joining one's self (with the Brahman), one obtains indestructible happiness. For the enjoyments born of contact (between senses and their objects) are, indeed, sources of misery; they have a beginning as well as an end.

The devotee whose happiness is within (himself), whose recreation is within (himself), and whose light (of knowledge) also is within (himself), becoming (one with) the Brahman, obtains the Brahmic bliss. The sages whose sins have perished, whose misgivings are destroyed, who are self-restrained, and who are intent on the welfare of all beings, obtain the Brahmic bliss. To the ascetics, who are free from desire and wrath, and whose minds are restrained, and who have knowledge of the self, the Brahmic bliss is on both sides (of death).

The self of one who has subjugated his self and is tranquil, is absolutely concentrated (on itself), in the midst of cold and heat, pleasure and pain, as well as honour and dishonour.

As a light standing in a windless (place) flickers not, that is declared to be the parallel for a devotee, whose mind is restrained, and who devotes his self to abstraction.

To him who sees me in everything, and everything in me, I am never lost, and he is not lost to me. The devotee who worships me abiding in all beings, holding that all is one, lives in me, however he may be living.

There is nothing else, O Dhanangaya! higher than myself; all this is woven upon me, like numbers of pearls upon a thread. I am the taste in water . . . I am the light of the sun and moon. I am 'Om' in all the Vedas . . . I am the fragrant smell in the earth, refulgence in the fire; I am life in all beings.

WISDOM

Surrounded by the delusion of my mystic power, I am not manifest to all. This deluded world knows not me unborn and inexhaustible. I know, O Arguna! the things which have been, those which are, and those which are to be. But me nobody knows.

I am the Kratu [Offering], I am the Yagna [Sacrifice], I am the Svadha [Oblation], I the product of the herbs. I am the sacred verse. I too, am the sacrificial butter, and I the fire, I the offering. I am the father of this universe, the mother, the creator, the grand-sire, the thing to be known, the means of sanctification, the syllable Om, the *Rik*, Saman, and Yagus also; the goal, the sustainer, the lord, the supervisor, the residence, the asylum, the friend, the source, and that in which it merges, the support, the receptacle, and the inexhaustible seed.

I am the single syllable (Om) among words. Among sacrifices I am the Gapa (sacrifice); the Himalaya among the firmly-fixed (mountains); the Asvattha [Tree of Life] among all trees.

Arguna said:

O god! I see within your body the gods, as also all the groups of various beings; and the lord Brahman seated on (his) lotus seat.

. . . difficult to look at, having on all sides the effulgence of a blazing fire or sun.

Bhagavad-Gita

TRANSLATED BY KASHINATH TRIMBAK TELANG

In everlastingness, immediacy is reconciled with objective immortality . . . the creative action completes itself. For the perfected actuality passes back into the temporal world, and qualifies this

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world so that each temporal actuality includes it as an immediate face of relevant experience. For the kingdom of heaven is with us to-day. The action of the fourth phase is the love of God for the world. It is the particular providence for particular occasions. What is done in the world is transformed into a reality in heaven, and the reality in heaven passes back into the world. By reason of this reciprocal relation, the love in the world passes into the love in heaven, and floods back again into the world. In this sense, God is the great Companion — the fellow-sufferer who understands.

We find here the final application of the doctrine of objective immortality. Throughout the perishing occasions in the life of each temporal Creature, the inward source of distaste or of refreshment, the judge arising out of the very nature of things, redeemer or goddess of mischief, is the transformation of Itself, everlasting in the Being of God. In this way, the insistent craving is justified — the insistent craving that zest for existence be refreshed by the ever-present, unfading importance of our immediate actions, which perish and yet live for evermore.

A. N. WHITEHEAD

If in this world there is one misery having no relief, it is the pressure on the heart from the *Incommunicable*. And if another Sphinx should arise to propose another enigma to man — saying, What burden is that which only is insupportable by human fortitude, I should answer at once — It is the burden of the *Incommunicable*.

DE QUINCEY 1785

Though the deep will of Zeus be hard to track,
Yet doth it flame and glance,
A beacon in the dark, 'mid clouds of chance
That wrap mankind.
Yea, though the counsel fall, undone it shall not lie,
Whate'er be shaped and fixed within Zeus' ruling mind.

W I S D O M

Dark as a solemn grove, with sombre leafage shaded,
His paths of purpose wind,
A marvel to men's eye.
Smitten by him, from towering hopes degraded,
Mortals lie low and still:
Tireless and effortless, works forth its will
The arm divine!
God from his holy seat, in calm of unarmed power,
Brings forth the deed at its appointed hour.

AESCHYLUS 525 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY E. D. A. MORSHEAD

Or, come ai colpi delli caldi rai
della neve riman nudo il soggetto
e dal colore e dal freddo primai;
Così rimaso te nello intelletto
voglio informar di luce sì vivace,
che ti tremolerà nel suo aspetto.

DANTE 1265

Now—as at the stroke of the warm rays the substrate of
the snow is stripped both of the colour and the coldness
which it had —
thee, so left stripped in thine intellect would I inform with
light so living, it shall tremble as thou lookest on it.

TRANSLATED BY PHILIP H. WICKSTEED

If therefore ye are intent upon Wisdom a lamp will not be wanting,
and a shepherd will not fail, and a fountain will not dry up.

SILENCE AND MEDITATION

Ein Sprechen ohne Wort und ohne Laut.
Ein Hören ohne Ohren.
Ein Sehen ohne Augen.

Speech without words and without sound.
A Hearing without ears.
A Seeing without eyes.

Truly my soul is silently waiting all hushed for God.

The silencing and focusing of the Soul upon God.

Mitten im Schweigen ward zu mir das heimliche Wort gesprochen.
ECKHART 1260

In the midst of Silence a secret word was spoken to me.

A little moony night and silence
With Spaces of sweet gardens & a tent of elegant beauty,
Closed in by a sandy desart & a night of stars shining.
And a little tender moon & hovering angels on the wing.

BLAKE 1757

SILENCE AND MEDITATION

In the true silence of the flesh, and in the pure Stillness of Spirit
. . . tasting the hidden life, the hidden manna in the heart.

ISAAC PENINGTON 1617

Here our ship has arrived in port and our net is filled. Let us then
be silent; for what it has gathered in, that was our quest.

HOMILIES OF NARSAI

TRANSLATED BY DOM. R. H. CONNOLLY

Blessed he who hath been, Lord, a sailor of Truth in this generation, whose Faith also hath not lost its savour among the savourless that pry into Thee! Blessed he that hath surrounded his hearing with the Wall of Silence, and through it hath never broken the questionings of the wise that have fought with Thee! Blessed he that hath let the wings of the Spirit grow secretly on him, and because there was questioning upon earth, hath left it and gone up to Heaven! Blessed he again that hath been a sailor for his Faith, and from the storms of controversy hath fled into the port of Silence.

ST. EPHRAÏM THE SYRIAN 306

TRANSLATED BY J. B. MORRIS

Und sieh! er hat nicht Wille.
Er hat eine ewige Stille.

And see! He hath no longer a Will
He hath an eternal Silence.

Thou savest the silent, O Thout, thou sweet well of water for him
who is athirst in the desert.

When the silent cometh, he findeth the well.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN POEM

TRANSLATED BY W. MAX MÜLLER

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

From of old, was there not in his life a weight of meaning, a terror and a splendour as of Heaven itself? . . . Death, Judgment, and Eternity: these already lay as the background of whatsoever he thought or did. All his life lay begirt as in a sea of nameless Thoughts, which no speech of a mortal could name. God's Word, as the Puritan prophets of that time had read it: this was great, and all else was little to him. . . .

Woe for us if we had nothing but what we can *show*, or speak. Silence, the great Empire of Silence, higher than the stars; deeper than the Kingdom of Death! It alone is great; all else is small.

THOMAS CARLYLE 1795

As the Swiss inscription says: *Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden*, or, as I might rather express it, Speech is of Time, Silence is of Eternity.

Ibid.

Abiding alone in a secret place, without craving and without possessions . . . and with the workings of the mind and of the senses held in check, with body, head and neck maintained in perfect equipoise, looking not round about him, so let him meditate, and thereby reach the peace of the Abyss: and the likeness of one such, who knows the boundless joy that lies beyond the senses and is grasped by intuition and who swerves not from the truth, is that of a lamp in a windless place that does not flicker.

Bhagavad-Gita

TRANSLATED BY A. K. COOMARASWAMY

Denn er war ein Freund des allein gehens.

NIETZSCHE 1844

Let him reduce his heart to a state in which the existence of anything and its non-existence are the same to him. Then let

SILENCE AND MEDITATION

him sit alone in some corner, limiting his religious duties to what is absolutely necessary, and not occupying himself either with reciting the Koran or considering its meaning or with books of religious traditions or with anything of the sort. And let him see to it that nothing save God most High enters his mind. Then, as he sits in solitude let him not cease saying continuously with his tongue, '*Allah, Allah,*' keeping his thought on it. At last he will reach a state when the motion of his tongue will cease, and it will seem as though the word flowed from it. Let him persevere in this until all trace of motion is removed from his tongue, and he finds his heart persevering in the thought. Let him still persevere until the form of the word, its letters and shape, is removed from his heart, and there remains the idea alone, as though clinging to his heart, inseparable from it. So far, all is dependent on his will and choice; but to bring the mercy of God does not stand in his will or choice. He has now laid himself bare to the breathings of that mercy, and nothing remains but to await what God will open to him, as God has done after this manner to prophets and saints. If he follows the above course, he may be sure that the light of the Real will shine out in his heart. At first unstable, like a flash of lightning, it turns and returns; though sometimes it hangs back. And if it returns, sometimes it abides and sometimes it is momentary. And if it abides, sometimes its abiding is long and sometimes short.

GHAZALI THE SUFI 1058

TRANSLATED BY D. B. MACDONALD

Another Sufi puts the gist of the matter in a sentence thus:

'The first stage of *dhikr* is to forget self, and the last stage is the effacement of the worshipper in the act of worship, without consciousness of worship, and such absorption in the object of worship as precludes return to the subject thereof. . . .'

This is what the Sūfīs call 'the passing-away of passing-away' (*fanā al-fanā*). The mystic is now rapt in contemplation of the Divine Essence.

GHAZALI AND OTHER SUFI MYSTICS

TRANSLATED BY R. A. NICHOLSON

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

In this blessed night of contemplation God guides the soul by a road so solitary and so secret, so remote and alien from sense, that nothing belonging thereto, nor any created thing, can approach to disturb it or detain it on the road to the union of love.

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS 1522

TRANSLATED BY DAVID LEWIS

A man or woman that is appointed to contemplative life, first God inspires them to forsake this world . . . Afterwards He leads them by their lone and speaks to their heart . . . He sets them in the will to give themselves wholly to prayers and meditations . . . He makes them gather up their heart to them and fasten it only in Him, and opens to the eye of their souls the gates of Heaven: and then the fire of love verily lies in their heart, and burns therein . . . for contemplation is a sight, and they see into Heaven with their ghostly eye.

RICHARD ROLLE OF HAMPOLE 14TH CENTURY

TRANSLATED BY GERALDINE E. HODGSON

He for whom there is neither the hither nor the farther shore, nor both, him, the fearless and unshackled, I call indeed a Brahmana. . . .

Him I call indeed a Brahmana who after cutting the strap and the thong, the rope with all that pertains to it, has destroyed all obstacles, and is awakened.

The Dhammapada

TRANSLATED BY F. MAX MÜLLER

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas
Forth to an hill that was both steepe and hy,
On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
And eke a little Hermitage thereby,

SILENCE AND MEDITATION

Wherein an aged holy man did lie,
That day and night said his devotion,
No other worldly business did apply:
His name was Heavenly Contemplation;
Of God and goodness was his meditation.

EDMUND SPENSER 1552

Happy is that fortunate man who, in meditation, prepares for the last journey by means of the knowledge of God. . . .

If thou hast relinquished the world, sleep upon the bare ground. . . .

Be silent, O thou who knowest many things!

When thou desirest continually to speak thou findest no sweetness in the speech of others.

Enclose thy secrets within the city walls of thy mind, and beware that none may find the gates of thy city open. . . .

Entrust jewels to treasurers, but be the keeper of thine own secrets. Thou hast the power until the Word be spoken; then, does it gain mastery over thee.

Speech is a demon confined in the well of the mind: leave it not free on thy palate and tongue. When the genii has escaped from the cage, no stratagem will bring him back. . . .

Express not in haste the thoughts of thy mind, for thou canst reveal them when thou wilt. . . .

Whether I be good or evil, keep thou silent, for I am the bearer of my own profit and loss, and God is better acquainted with my character than thou.

THE BUSTĀN OF SĀDĪ 1184

TRANSLATED BY A. HART EDWARDS

If thou would'st hear the Nameless, and descend
Into the Temple-cave of thine own self,
There, brooding by the central altar, thou
May'st haply learn the Nameless hath a voice,

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

By which thou wilt abide, if thou be wise;
For knowledge is the swallow on the lake,
That sees and stirs the surface-shadow there
But never yet hath dipt into the Abysm.

TENNYSON 1809

Sitting alone, lying down alone, walking alone without ceasing,
and alone subduing himself, let a man be happy near the edge of a
forest.

The Dhammapada

TRANSLATED BY F. MAX MÜLLER

For while all things were in quiet silence, and that night was in
the midst of her swift course, Thine Almighty Word leaped down
from heaven out of Thy royal throne.

Wisdom of Solomon

When, therefore, the soul in this purified state turns itself entirely
to God with love . . . the natural light of the intellect is darkened
by such excess of light, that the soul sees nothing in time, but
raised above time and place, takes to itself, as it were, a certain
characteristic of eternity. . . .

For when, through love, the soul goes beyond all work of the
intellect and all images in the mind, and is rapt above itself (a favour
only God can bestow), utterly leaving itself, it flows into God:
then is God its peace and fullness . . . It sinks down into the abyss
of divine love, where, dead to itself, it lives in God, knowing nothing,
feeling nothing, save only the love that it tastes.

It loses itself in the infinite solitude and darkness of the Godhead;
but so to lose itself is rather to find itself. . . .

The essence of God has so flowed into its essence, that we may
say the soul has, as it were, the same tint or (God) colour.

Plane tota Deicolor est; quia essentia eius essentia Dei perfusa est.

LOUIS OF BLOIS

TRANSLATED BY BERTRAND A. WILBERFORCE

SILENCE AND MEDITATION

He said, 'All this talk and turmoil and noise and movement and desire is outside of the veil; within the veil is silence and calm and rest.'

He said, 'Dost thou hear how there comes a voice from the brooks of running water? But when they reach the sea they are quiet, and the sea is neither augmented by their in-coming nor diminished by their out-going.'

ASCRIBED TO BĀYAZĪD AL-BISTĀMĪ BY FARUDĪ'DDIN 'ATTĀR 1200

TRANSLATED BY R. A. NICHOLSON

OF THE LOVE OF SOLITUDE AND SILENCE

Shut thy door upon thee, and call to thee Jesus thy beloved.

Stay with him in thy cell, for thou shalt not find so great peace anywhere else. . . .

Keep thyself as a pilgrim and a stranger upon earth, to whom the affairs of this world do not in the least belong.

Keep thy heart free, and raised upwards to God, because thou hast not here a lasting city. . . .

Thou hast not here a lasting city; and wherever thou art thou art a stranger and a pilgrim; nor wilt thou ever have rest unless thou be interiorly united to Christ.

Why dost thou stand looking about thee here, since this is not thy resting-place?

Thy dwelling must be in heaven, and all things of the earth are only to be looked upon as passing by.

All things pass away, and thou along with them.

THOMAS À KEMPIS 1379

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The Stars are threshed and the Souls
are threshed from their husks.

BLAKE 1757

Verily, verily, I say unto you, Hereafter ye shall see heaven open,
and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of
man.

St. John

Secretum meum mihi

The Burden of the Valley of Vision

The air of Visions and
The monstrous swell of visionary seas.

KEATS 1795

And immediately I was in the spirit: and, behold, a throne was
set in heaven, and one sat on the throne. And he that sat was to
look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone: and there was a rainbow
round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald . . . And
out of the throne proceeded lightnings and thunderings and voices:

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and there were seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, which are the seven Spirits of God. And before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal.

Revelation

Henceforth I am no longer a mortal being, but an immortal Spirit mounting unto Divinity, there to reflect upon its likeness which I behold in myself.

EMPEDOCLES 450 B.C.

In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice.

Job

We heard, astonish'd at the Vision & our hearts trembled within us . . .

. . . and thus he spake,
Idolatrous to his own Shadow, words of eternity uttering:
'O I am nothing when I enter into judgment with thee!
If thou withdraw thy breath, I die & vanish into Hades;
If thou dost lay thine hand upon me, behold I am silent;
If thou withhold thine hand, I perish like a fallen leaf.
O I am nothing, and to nothing must return again!
If thou withdraw thy breath, Behold, I am oblivion.'

He ceas'd: the shadowy voice was silent: but the cloud hover'd
over their heads
In golden wreathes.

BLAKE

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

So he came near where I stood, and when he came, I was afraid. Yet heard I the voice of his words: and, behold, an hand touched me, which set me upon my knees.

The Book of Daniel

And Saul, yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went unto the high priest and desired of him letters to Damascus to the synagogues, that if he found any of this way, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem. And as he journeyed, he came near Damascus: and suddenly there shined round about him a light from Heaven: and he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest: it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And he trembling and astonished said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do. And the men which journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing a voice, but seeing no man. And Saul arose from the earth; and when his eyes were opened, he saw no man: but they led him by the hand, and brought him into Damascus. And he was three days without sight, and neither did eat nor drink. And there was a certain disciple at Damascus, named Ananias; and to him said the Lord in a vision, Ananias. And he said, Behold, I am here, Lord. And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul, of Tarsus: for, behold, he prayeth, and hath seen in a vision a man named Ananias coming in, and putting his hand on him, that he might receive his sight. Then Ananias answered, Lord, I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he hath done to thy saints at Jerusalem . . . But the Lord said unto him, Go thy way: for he is a chosen vessel unto me . . . For I will shew him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake. And Ananias went his way, and entered into the house; and putting

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his hands on him said, Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost. And immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales: and he received sight forthwith, and arose, and was baptized. And when he had received meat, he was strengthened.

The Acts

He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: So the Lord alone did lead him.

Deuteronomy

I will come to visions and revelations of the Lord. I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth); such an one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man (whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth), how that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter. Of such an one will I glory: yet of myself I will not glory, but in mine infirmities . . . And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure. For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And he said unto me, my grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong. I am become a fool in glorying.

2 Corinthians

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THE MYSTIC CONTACT WITH GOD

'Now the Lord said unto Abram, get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto the land that I will shew thee.'

Genesis

If any yearning enters into thee, O Soul, of inheriting the good things of God, thou must leave not only thy 'country' — that is the Body — and thy 'kindred' — sense-perception, and the 'house of thy father,' thy Reason, but thou must even run away from thy *Self*, go out from thy Self, inspired by a kind of prophetic afflatus, like those possessed by the Corybantic or Bacchic frenzy. For the mind in this state of frenzy, no longer in itself, but exalted and maddened by heavenly love, led along by the One . . . pulled upwards towards Him, while Truth goes in advance and removes impediments so that it may travel along a plain road — behold, this is the 'inheritance.'

When the Soul, through the whole range of her words and works, is filled with God, then the call of the senses ceases, all the troublesome and ill-omened voices — the voices of Sight and Hearing and Smell, and all sense-perception — they all cease; the mind goes forth from the City of the Soul and refers her doings and her thoughts to God.

PHILO OF ALEXANDRIA 20 B.C.
TRANSLATED BY EDWYN BEVAN

And the angel that was sent unto me, whose name was Uriel, gave me an answer, and said, Thy heart hath gone too far in this world, and thinkest thou to comprehend the way of the most High? Then said I, Yea, my Lord. And he answered me, and said, I am sent to shew thee three ways, and to set forth three similitudes before thee . . . Go thy way, weigh me the weight of

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the fire, or measure me the blast of the wind, or call me again the day that is past. Then answered I and said, What man is able to do that, that thou shouldest ask such things of me? And he said unto me, If I should ask thee how great dwellings are in the midst of the sea, or how many springs are in the beginning of the deep, or how many springs are above the firmament, or which are the outgoings of paradise: Peradventure thou wouldest say unto me, I never went down into the deep, nor as yet into hell, neither did I ever climb up into heaven. Nevertheless now have I asked thee but only of the fire and wind, and of the day wherethrough thou hast passed, and of things from which thou canst not be separated, and yet canst thou give me no answer of them. He said moreover unto me, Thine own things, and such as are grown up with thee, canst thou not know; How should thy vessel then be able to comprehend the way of the Highest? . . . Then answered I and said, I beseech thee, O Lord, let me have understanding.

And he said unto me, Number me the things that are not yet come, gather me together the drops that are scattered abroad, make me the flowers green again that are withered, open me the places that are closed, and bring me forth the winds that in them are shut up, show me the image of a voice: and then will I declare to thee the thing that thou labourest to know.

And he said unto me, Stand up upon thy feet, and hear a mighty sounding voice

And it happened, that when I had heard it I stood up upon my feet, and hearkened, and, behold, there was a voice that spake, and the sound of it was like the sound of many waters. And it said, Behold, the days come, that I will begin to draw nigh, and to visit them that dwell upon the earth . . . And when the world that shall begin to vanish away, shall be finished, then will I shew these tokens: the books shall be opened before the firmament and they shall see all together. . . .

And the world shall be turned into the old silence seven days . . . And the earth shall restore those that are asleep in her, and so shall

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the dust those that dwell in silence, and the secret places shall deliver those souls that were committed unto them.

Then was I afraid, and cried with a loud voice, and said, Where is Uriel the angel, who came unto me at the first? for he hath caused me to fall into many trances . . . And as I was speaking these words, behold, he came unto me, and looked upon me. And, lo, I lay as one that had been dead, and mine understanding was taken from me: and he took me by the right hand, and comforted me, and set me upon my feet, and said unto me, What aileth thee? and why art thou so disquieted? and why is thine understanding troubled, and the thoughts of thine heart? And I said, Because thou hast forsaken me, and yet I did according to thy words, and I went into the field, and, lo, I have seen, and yet see, that I am not able to express. And he said unto me, Stand up manfully, and I will advise thee. Then said I, Speak on, my Lord, in me; only forsake me not, lest I die frustrate of my hope. For I have seen that I knew not, and hear that I do not know. Or is my sense deceived, or my soul in a dream? Now therefore I beseech thee that thou wilt shew thy servant of this vision. He answered me then, and said, Hear me, and I shall inform thee, and tell thee wherefore thou art afraid; for the Highest will reveal many secret things unto thee. . . .

And therefore I bade thee remain in the field where no house was builded . . . For in the place wherein the Highest beginneth to show his city, there can no man's building be able to stand. And therefore fear not, let not thine heart be affrighted, but go thy way in, and see the beauty and greatness of the building, as much as thine eyes be able to see: And then shalt thou hear as much as thine ears may comprehend. For thou art blessed above many other, and art called with the Highest; and so are but few . . . And so shall the Highest shew thee visions of the high things.

And the next day, behold, a voice called me, saying, Esdras, open thy mouth, and drink that I give thee to drink . . . And, behold, he reached me a full cup, which was full as it were with

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water, but the colour of it was like fire. And I took it, and drank: and when I had drunk of it, my heart uttered understanding, and wisdom grew in my breast, for my spirit strengthened my memory.

2 Esdras

THE VISION OF PASCAL

The Memorial of Pascal is a scrap of parchment on which, round a rough drawing of the Flaming Cross, there are written a few strange phrases, abrupt and broken words: the only news which has come to us concerning one of the strangest ecstatic revelations chronicled in the history of the mystic type. After Pascal's death a servant found a copy of this little document, now lost, sewn up in his doublet. He seems always to have worn it upon his person: a perpetual memorial of the supernal experience, the initiation into Reality, which it describes. . . . This illumination came at the end of a long period of spiritual distress, in which indifference to his ordinary interests was counterbalanced by an utter inability to feel the attractive force of that Divine Reality which his great mind discerned as the only adequate object of desire.

The Memorial opens thus:

'L'an de grace 1654

'lundi, 23 novembre, jour de Saint Clement,
pape et martyr, et autres au martyrologe,
veille de Saint Chrysogone, martyr et autres,
depuis environ dix heures et demie du soir jusques
environ minuit et demie,

Feu.'

'From half-past ten till half-past twelve, Fire!' That is all, so far as description is concerned . . . The rest tells us only the passion of joy and conviction which this nameless revelation — this

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long, blazing vision of Reality — brought in its train. It is but a series of amazed exclamations, crude, breathless words, placed there helter-skelter, the artist in him utterly in abeyance; the names of the overpowering emotions which swept him, one after the other, as the Fire of Love disclosed its secrets, evoked an answering flame of humility and rapture in his soul.

‘Dieu d’Abraham, Dieu d’Isaac, Dieu de Jacob,
Non des philosophes et des savants. Certitude,
Certitude, Sentiment. Joie. Paix.’

‘Not the God of philosophers and of scholars!’ cries in amazement this great scholar and philosopher abruptly turned from knowledge to love.

‘Oubli du monde et de tout hormis Dieu,’ he says again, seeing his universe suddenly swept clean of all but this Transcendent Fact. Then, ‘Le monde ne t’a point connu, *mais je t’ai connu*. Joie! joie! joie! pleurs de joie!’ Compare with the classic style, the sharp and lucid definition of the *Pensées*, the irony and glitter of the *Provinciales* these little broken phrases — this child-like stammering speech — in which a supreme master of language has tried to tell his wonder and delight. I know few things in the history of mysticism, more convincing, more poignant than this hidden talisman; upon which the brilliant scholar and stylist, the merciless disputant, has jotted down in hard, crude words . . . the inarticulate language of love. . . .

‘Mon Dieu, me quitterez vous?’ he says again; the fire apparently beginning to die down, the ecstasy drawing to an end. ‘Que je n’en sois pas séparé éternellement!’ ‘Are you going to leave me? Oh, let me not be separated from you for ever!’ . . .

But the rhapsody is over, the vision of the Fire has gone; and the rest of the memorial clearly contains Pascal’s meditations upon his experience, rather than a transcript of the experience itself. It ends with the watchword of all mysticism, Surrender — ‘Renoncia-tion, totale et douce’ in Pascal’s words: the only way, he thinks, in which he can avoid continued separation from Reality.

EVELYN UNDERHILL

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And the word of the Lord came unto Elijah, saying, Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And it shall be, that thou shalt drink of the brook; and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there. So he went and did according unto the word of the Lord: for he went and dwelt by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening; and he drank of the brook.

1 Kings

And Ahab told Jezebel all that Elijah had done, and withal how he had slain all the prophets with the sword. Then Jezebel sent a messenger unto Elijah, saying, So let the gods do to me and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of them by tomorrow about this time. And when he saw that, he arose, and went for his life, and came to Beer-sheba . . . and left his servant there. But he himself went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper tree: and he requested for himself that he might die; and said, It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers. And as he lay and slept under a juniper tree, behold, then an angel touched him, and said unto him, Arise and eat. And he looked, and, behold, there was a cake baken on the coals, and a cruse of water at his head. And he did eat and drink, and laid him down again. And the angel of the Lord came again the second time, and touched him, and said, Arise and eat; because the journey is too great for thee. And he arose, and did eat and drink, and went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights unto Horeb the mount of God. And he came thither unto a cave, and lodged there; and, behold, the word of the Lord came to him, and he said unto him, What doest thou here, Elijah? And he said, I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts: for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant . . . and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away. And he said, Go forth, and stand

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upon the mount before the Lord. And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice. And it was so, when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out, and stood in the entering in of the cave.

Ibid.

And these again surrounded by four Wonders of the Almighty, Incomprehensible, pervading all, amidst & around about, Fourfold, each in the other reflected; they are named Life's – in Eternity –

Four Starry Universes going forward from Eternity to Eternity. And the Fall'n Man who was arisen upon the Rock of Ages Beheld the Vision of God, & he arose up from the Rock.

BLAKE

The keynote of the Soul is solemnity.

The hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out in the spirit of the Lord, and set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones, and caused me to pass by them round about: and, behold, there were very many in the open valley; and, lo, they were very dry. And he said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest. Again he said unto me, Prophesy upon these bones, and say unto them, O ye dry bones; hear the word of the Lord. Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones; Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live: and I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall

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live; and ye shall know that I am the Lord. So I prophesied as I was commanded: and as I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone. And when I beheld, lo, the sinews and the flesh came up upon them, and the skin covered them above; but there was no breath in them. Then said he unto me, Prophesy unto the wind, prophesy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God; Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live. So I prophesied as he commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.

Ezekiel

And Jacob went out from Beer-sheba. . . . And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac And behold I am with thee and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest. . . . And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven. And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it. And he called the name of that place Beth-el.

Genesis

Far distant he describes,
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of Heaven, a structure high:
At top whereof, but far more rich, appeared
The work as of a kingly palace-gate,

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With frontispice of diamond and gold
Imbellished; thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shon, inimitable on Earth
By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
*The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cried, This is the gate of Heaven.*
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There always, but drawn up to Heaven sometimes
Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flowed
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from Earth sailing, arrived
Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.

MILTON 1608

And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. And he said unto him, What is thy name? And he said, Jacob. And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed. And Jacob asked him, and said, Tell me, I pray thee, thy name. And he said, Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name? And he blessed him there. And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel: for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved.

Genesis

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Then Samuel took a vial of oil, and poured it upon Saul's head, and kissed him, and said, Is it not because the Lord hath anointed thee to be captain over his inheritance? When thou art departed from me to day . . . thou shalt come to the plain of Tabor. . . . After that thou shalt come to the hill of God . . . and it shall come to pass . . . that thou shalt meet a company of prophets coming down from the high place with a psaltery, and a tabret, and a pipe, and a harp, before them; and they shall prophesy: And the Spirit of the Lord will come upon thee, and thou shalt prophesy with them, and shalt be turned into another man . . . for God is with thee. . . . And it was so, that when Saul had turned his back to go from Samuel, God gave him another heart: and all those signs came to pass that day. And when they came thither to the hill, behold, a company of prophets met him; and the Spirit of God came upon him, and he prophesied among them. . . . And Saul went home to Gibeah; and there went with him a band of men, whose hearts God had touched.

1 Samuel

Now it came to pass in the thirtieth year . . . as I was among the captives by the river of Chebar, that the heavens were opened, and I saw visions of God. . . .

And I looked, and, behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire enfolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the colour of amber, out of the midst of the fire. Also out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures. And this was their appearance; they had the likeness of a man. And every one had four faces, and every one had four wings. . . . Their wings were joined one to another. . . . As for the likeness of their faces, they four had the face of a man, and the face of a lion, on the right side: and they four had the face of an ox on the left side; they four also had the face of an eagle. Thus were their faces: and their wings were stretched upward; two wings of every one were joined one to another, and two

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covered their bodies. And they went every one straight forward: whither the spirit was to go, they went; and they turned not when they went. As for the likeness of the living creatures, their appearance was like burning coals of fire . . . and the fire was bright, and out of the fire went forth lightning. And the living creatures ran and returned as the appearance of a flash of lightning. . . .

And the likeness of the firmament upon the heads of the living creature was as the colour of the terrible crystal, stretched forth over their heads above. . . . And when they went, I heard the noise of their wings, like the noise of great waters, as the voice of the Almighty, the voice of speech, as the noise of an host: when they stood, they let down their wings. . . .

And above the firmament that was over their heads was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone: and upon the likeness of the throne was the likeness as the appearance of a man above upon it. And I saw as the colour of amber, as the appearance of fire round about within it. . . . As the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about. This was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord. And when I saw it, I fell upon my face, and I heard a voice of one that spake. And he said unto me, Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak unto thee. And the spirit entered into me when he spake unto me.

Then the spirit took me up, and I heard behind me a voice of a great rushing, saying, Blessed be the glory of the Lord from his place. I heard also the noise of the wings of the living creatures that touched one another. . . . So the spirit lifted me up, and took me away, and I went in bitterness, in the heat of my spirit; but the hand of the Lord was strong upon me.

Ezekiel

ST. GREGORY'S ACCOUNT OF ST. BENEDICT'S VISION

While Benedict was standing at the window of the tower, beseeching Almighty God, suddenly, at dead of night, looking out he saw

VISION

that a light shed from above had dissipated all the darkness of the night, and was shining with such splendour that the light that had shone forth amid the darkness surpassed the day. And a very wonderful thing followed in that spectacle: for, as afterwards he himself narrated, the whole world, gathered as it were under one ray of the sun, was brought before his eyes.

GREGORY'S DIALOGUES 580

TRANSLATED BY DOM. CUTHBERT BUTLER

I know that I am mortal and ephemeral; but when I scan the multitudinous circling spirals of the stars, no longer do I touch earth with my feet, but sit with Zeus himself, and take my fill of the ambrosial food of the gods.

PTOLEMAEUS 120

TRANSLATED BY J. W. MACKAIL

I assert for myself that I do not behold the outward creation. 'What,' it will be questioned, 'when the sun rises, do you not see a round disc of fire, something like a guinea?' Oh! no! no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying – Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty! I question not my corporeal eye, any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it and not with it.

BLAKE

Nothing can withstand the fury of my course among the stars of God.

Ibid.

Casting the Body's vest aside,
My Soul into the boughs does glide;
There like a bird it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And till prepared for longer flight
Waves in its plumes the various Light.

ANDREW MARVELL 1621

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Man's Soul perceiveth full well that there is somewhat above itself, that it knoweth not, nor hath not, yet, but would have it and burningly yearneth after it: and that is nought else than the sight of Jerusalem, outwardly, which is like a city which the Prophet Ezekiel saw in his vision. He saith that he saw a city upon a hill, toward the South; that to his sight, when it was measured, was no more in length and breadth than a reed that is six cubits and a palm of length. But as soon as he was brought into the City, and looked about him, then he saw that it was wondrous great, for he saw many halls and chambers, both open and secret: he saw gates and porches, without and within, and many more buildings than I now speak of; and it was in length and breadth many hundred cubits, that it seemed a wonder to him, that this City was so long and so large within, that seemed so little to his sight, when he was without.

WALTER HILTON 1320

*Full of Zeus are the cities: full of Zeus the harbours:
full of Zeus are all the ways of men.*

What domination of what darkness dies this hour,
And through what new, rejoicing, winged, ethereal power
O'erthrown, the cells opened, the heart released from fear?
Gay twilight and grave twilight pass. The stars appear
O'er the prodigious, smouldering, dusky city flare.
The hanging gardens of Babylon were not more fair
Than these blue flickering glades, where childhood in its glee
Re-echoes with fresh voice the heaven-lit ecstasy.
Yon girl whirls like a eastern dervish. Her dance is
No less a god-intoxicated dance than his,
Though all unknowing the arcane fire that lights her feet,
What motions of what starry tribes her limbs repeat.
I, too, fire-smitten, cannot linger: I know there lies
Open somewhere this hour a gate to Paradise,
Its blazing battlements with watchers thronged, O where?
I know not, but my flame-winged feet shall lead me there.

VISION

O, hurry, hurry, unknown shepherd of desires,
And with thy flock of bright imperishable fires
Pen me within the starry fold, ere the night falls
And I am left alone below immutable walls.
Or am I there already, and is it Paradise
To look on mortal things with an immortal's eyes?
Above the misty brilliance the streets assume
A night-dilated blue magnificence of gloom
Like many-templed Nineveh, tower beyond tower;
And I am hurried on in this immortal hour.
Mine eyes beget new majesties: my spirit greets
The trams, the high-built glittering galleons of the streets
That float through twilight rivers from galaxies of light.
Nay, in the Fount of Days they rise, they take their flight
And wend to the great deep, the holy Sepulchre.
Those dark misshapen folk to be made lovely there
Hurry with me, not all ignoble as we seem,
Lured by some inexpressible and gorgeous dream.
The earth melts in my blood. The air that I inhale
Is like enchanted wine poured from the Holy Grail.
What was that glimmer then? Was it the flash of wings
As through the blinded mart rode on the King of Kings?
O stay, departing glory, stay with us but a day,
And burning seraphim shall leap from out our clay,
And plumed and crested hosts shall shine where men have been.
Heaven holds no lordlier court than earth at College Green.
Ah, no, the wizardry is over; the magic flame
That might have melted all in beauty fades as it came.
The stars are far and faint and strange. The night draws down,
Exiled from light, forlorn, I walk in Dublin town.
Yet had I might to lift the veil, the will to dare,
The fiery rushing chariots of the Lord are there,
The whirlwind path, the blazing gates, the trumpets blown,
The halls of heaven, the majesty of throne by throne,
Enraptured faces, hands uplifted, welcome sung
By the thronged gods, tall, golden-coloured, joyful, young.

A. E.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

I see afar

O'ersailing the blue cragginess, a car
And steeds with streamy manes – the charioteer
Looks out upon the winds with glorious fear:
And now the numerous tramlings quiver lightly
Along a huge cloud's ridge; and now with sprightly
Wheel downward come they into fresher skies,
Tipt round with silver from the sun's bright eyes.
Still downward with capacious whirl they glide;
And now I see them on a green hill's side
In breezy rest among the nodding stalks.
The charioteer with wondr'ous gesture talks
To the trees and mountains; and there soon appear
Shapes of delight, of mystery, and fear,
Passing along before a dusky space
Made by some mighty oaks: as they would chase
Some ever-fleeting music on they sweep. . . .
Most awfully intent
The driver of those steeds is forward bent,
And seems to listen; O that I might know
All that he writes with such a hurrying glow.

The visions are all fled – the car is fled
Into the light of heaven, and in their stead
A sense of real things comes doubly strong,
And, like a muddy stream, would bear along
My soul to nothingness: but I will strive
Against all doubtings, and will keep alive
The thought of that same chariot, and the strange
Journey it went.

Is there so small a range
In the present strength of manhood, that the high
Imagination cannot freely fly

VISION

As she was wont of old? prepare her steeds,
Paw up against the light, and do strange deeds
Upon the clouds?

KEATS 1795

A kind of waking trance, I have frequently had . . . when I have been all alone. This has often come upon me through *repeating my own name* to myself silently till, all at once . . . out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being; and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, the weirdest of the weirdest, utterly beyond words.

TENNYSON 1809

More than once when I
Sat all alone, revolving in myself
The word that is the symbol of myself,
The mortal limit of the Self was loosed,
And passed into the Nameless, as a cloud
Melts into heaven.

Ibid.

THE CANDLE OF VISION

I remember the exultation with which I realized about life that, as Heraclitus has said, it was in a flux, and that in all its flowings there was meaning and law; that I could not lose what was my own; I need not seek, for what was my own would come to me. . . .

When I was made certain about this I accepted what befell with resignation. I knew that all I met was part of myself and that what I could not comprehend was related by affinity to some yet unrealized forces in my being. We have within us the Lamp of the World; and Nature, the gen e, is Slave of the Lamp, and must fashion life about us as we fashion it within ourselves. What we

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are, alone has power. . . . Man becomes truly the Superman when he has this proud consciousness. . . . Circumstance reels about him or is still as he, in the solitude of his spirit, is mighty or is humble. . . .

Then do we move in miracle and wonder. Then does the universe appear to us as it did to the Indian sage who said that to him who was perfect in meditation all rivers were sacred as the Ganges and all speech was holy.

There is no personal virtue in me other than this that I followed a path all may travel but on which few do journey. It is a path within ourselves where the feet first falter in shadow and darkness, but which is later made gay by heavenly light. . . .

None need special gifts of genius. Gifts! There are no gifts. For all that is ours we have paid the price. There is nothing we aspire to for which we cannot barter some spiritual merchandise of our own. Genius! There is no stinting of this by the Keeper of the Treasure House. It is not bestowed but is won. . . . Powers are not bestowed by caprice on any. The formulae the chemist illustrates, making exposition before his students, are not more certainly verifiable than the formulae of that alchemy by which what is gross in us may be transmuted into ethereal fires. . . . The ancients spake of a divine vision to be attained while we are yet in the body.

The gods are still living. They are our brothers. They await us. They beckon us to come up to them and sit upon equal thrones. To those who cry out against romance I would say, you yourself are romance. You are the lost prince herding obscurely among the swine. The romance of your spirit is the most marvellous of stories. Your wanderings have been greater than those of Ulysses. . . .

If you will but awaken the inner sight, Hy Brazil, Ildathach, all the lands of Immortal Youth will build themselves up anew for you no longer as fantasy but in vivid actuality. . . . You will be drunken with beauty. You may see the fiery eyes of the Cyclops wandering over the mountains and hear the Bell Branch shaken,

VISION

the sound that summons the spirit home. From long ponderings I have come to believe in the eternity of the spirit and that it is an inhabitant of many spheres, for I know not how otherwise I can interpret to myself the myriad images that as memories or imaginations cling to it, following it into the body as birds follow the leader in the migratory flock. . . .

Looking back upon that other life through the vistas of memory I see breaking in upon the images of this world forms of I know what antiquity. I walk out of strange cities steeped in the jewel glow . . . of evening, or sail in galleys over the silvery waves of the antique ocean. I reside in tents, or in palace chambers, go abroad in chariots, meditate in Cyclopean buildings, am worshipper of the Earth gods upon the mountains, lie tranced in Egyptian crypts, or brush with naked body through the long sunlit grasses of the prairies. Endlessly the procession of varying forms goes back into remote yesterdays of the world. How do these self-conceptions spring up? How are they clothed with the state of ancient civilizations? . . . Are they not, rather I ask myself, memories of the spirit incarnated many times?

A. E.

SONG OF MAELDUIN

There are veils that lift, there are bars that fall,
There are lights that beckon, and winds that call,
There are hurrying feet, and we dare not wait,
For the hour is on us — the hour of Fate,
The circling hour of the flaming gate. . . .

Fair, fair they shine through the burning zone
The rainbow gleams of a world unknown,
And oh! to follow, to seek, to dare,
When, step by step, in the evening air
Floats down to meet us the cloudy stair!

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

The cloudy stair of the Brig o' Dread
Is the dizzy path that our feet must tread.
O children of Time – O Nights and Days,
That gather and wonder and stand agaze,
And wheeling stars in your lonely ways. . . .

The music calls and the gates unclose,
Onward and upward the wild way goes.
We die in the bliss of a great new birth.
O fading phantoms of pain and mirth,
O fading loves of the old green earth.

T. W. H. ROLLESTON 1857

Sometimes, when I have come to my work empty, I have suddenly become full, ideas being in an invisible manner showered upon me, and implanted in me from on high; so that through the influence of divine inspiration I have become filled with enthusiasm, and have known neither the place in which I was nor those who were present, nor myself, nor what I was saying, nor what I was writing, for then I have been conscious of a richness of interpretation, an enjoyment of light, a most keen-sighted vision, a most distinct view of the objects treated, such as would be given through the eyes from the clearest exhibition.

PHILO

TRANSLATED BY W. R. INGE

Sensation, soul and form
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live
And by them did he live; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed; he proffered no request;

VISION

Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made him; it was blessedness and love.

WORDSWORTH 1770

Inspiration and vision . . . are . . . and I hope will always
remain my element, my eternal dwelling-place. . . . God forbid
that truth should be confined to mathematical demonstration. . . .
He who does not know truth at sight is not worthy of her notice.

BLAKE

It is no flaming lustre, made of light,
No sweet concert nor well-timed harmony,
Ambrosia, for to feast the appetite
Of flowery odour mixed with spicery, –
No soft embrace or pleasure bodily;
And yet it is a kind of inward feast,
A harmony that sounds within the breast,
An odour, light, embrace, in which the soul doth rest.

A heavenly feast no hunger can consume;
A light unseen, yet shines in every place;
A sound no time can steal; a sweet perfume
No winds can scatter; an entire embrace
That no satiety can e'er unlace;
Engraced into so high a favour there,
The saints with all their peers whole worlds outwear,
And things unseen do see, and things unheard do hear.

GILES FLETCHER 1587

While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things
which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal;
but the things which are not seen are eternal.

2 Corinthians

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Without which we are dust.

WORDSWORTH

Now was I come up in the Spirit, through the flaming sword, into the Paradise of God. All things were new, and all the creation gave another smell unto me than before, beyond what words can utter. I knew nothing but pureness, innocency and righteousness, being, renewed up into the image of God by Christ Jesus. . . . The creation was opened to me; and it was showed me how all things had their names given them according to their nature and virtue.

GEORGE FOX 1624

With my Beloved I alone have been
When secrets tenderer than evening airs
Passed, and the Vision blest
Was granted to my prayers,
That crowned me, else obscure, with endless fame:
The while amazed between
His Beauty and His Majesty
I stood in silent ecstasy,
Revealing that which o'er my spirit went and came.
Lo, in His face commingled
Is every charm and grace;
The whole of Beauty, singled
Into a perfect face,
Beholding Him, would cry,
'There is no God but He, and He is the Most High.'

IBNU 'L-FÁRID 13TH CENTURY
TRANSLATED BY R. A. NICHOLSON

For they shall behold the world which is now invisible to them,
And they shall behold the time which is now hidden from them,

VISION

And time shall no longer age them,
For in the heights of that world shall they dwell.
And they shall be made like unto the angels
And be made equal to the stars.
And they shall be changed into every form they desire,
From beauty into loveliness
And from light into the splendour of glory.
For there shall be spread before them the extents of Paradise.

THE APOCALYPSE OF BARUCH
TRANSLATED BY R. H. CHARLES

And the priests brought in the ark of the covenant of the Lord unto his place, to the oracle of the house, into the most holy place, even under the wings of the cherubims: For the cherubims spread forth their wings over the place of the ark, and the cherubims covered the ark. . . . There was nothing in the ark save the two tables which Moses put therein at Horeb. . . . And it came to pass, when the priests were come out of the holy place . . . (Also the Levites which were the singers . . . being arrayed in white linen, having cymbals and psalteries and harps, stood at the east end of the altar, and with them an hundred and twenty priests sounding with trumpets:) It came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of musick, and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever: that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord: So that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud: for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God.

2 *Chronicles*

This kind of knowledge is a thing that comes in a moment 'like a light kindled from a leaping spark which, once it has reached the soul, finds its own fuel.'

PLATO 428 B.C.
JOHN BURNET

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

'In the first days of his conversion it happened upon the Feast of St. Agnes . . . that the Servitor went into the choir. He was alone and he placed himself in the last stall on the prior's side. He was in much suffering, for a heavy trouble weighed upon his heart. And being there alone, and devoid of all consolations . . . of a sudden his soul was rapt in his body, or out of his body. Then did he see and hear that which no tongue can express.

'That which the Servitor saw had no form neither any manner of being; yet he had of it a joy such as he might have known in the seeing of the shapes and substances of all joyful things. His heart was hungry, yet satisfied, his soul was full of contentment . . . his prayers and hopes were all fulfilled. . . . He altogether forgot himself. . . . Was it day or night? He knew not. It was, as it were, a manifestation of the sweetness of Eternal Life in the sensations of silence and of rest. He said, "If that which I see and feel be not the Kingdom of Heaven, I know not what it can be". . . . This ecstasy lasted from half an hour to an hour, and whether his soul were in the body or out of the body he could not tell. But when he came to his senses it seemed to him that he returned from another world.

'The Servitor came to himself moaning, and fell down upon the ground like a man who swoons. And he cried inwardly, heaving great sighs from the depths of his soul and saying, "Oh, my God, where was I and where am I?" . . . He walked, but it was but his body that walked, as a machine might do. None knew from his demeanour that which was taking place within. But his Soul and his Spirit were full of marvels; heavenly lightnings passed and re-passed in the deeps of his being, and it seemed to him that he walked on air. . . . He was like a vase from which one has taken a precious ointment, but in which the perfume long remains.

HENRY SUSO 1300

TRANSLATED BY EVELYN UNDERHILL

And it came to pass, when ye heard the voice out of the midst of the darkness, (for the mountain did burn with fire,) that ye came

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near unto me . . . and ye said, Behold, the Lord our God hath shewed us his glory and his greatness, and we have heard his voice out of the midst of the fire: we have seen this day that God doth talk with man, and he liveth.

Deuteronomy

Nihil tam occultum erit quod non revelabitur.

There is nothing so hidden that it shall not be revealed.

Ella giunse e levò ambo le palme,
ficcando gli occhi verso l'oriente,
come dicesse à Dio: 'D'altro non calme.'

DANTE 1265

It joined and lifted up both its palms, fixing its eyes towards the east, as though 'twere saying to God : 'For aught else I care not.'

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS OKEY

This is the voice which I seem to hear murmuring in my ears, like the sound of the flute in the ears of the mystic; that voice, I say, is humming in my ears, and prevents me from hearing any other . . . Let me follow the intimations of the will of God.

PLATO

TRANSLATED BY JOWETT

The great wastes to be found in the Divine Ground have neither image nor form nor condition, for they are neither here nor there — they are like a fathomless Abyss . . . A man who verily desires to enter will surely find God here, and himself *simply in God* . . . There is no past nor present here, and no created light can reach unto or shine into this Divine Ground; for here is the dwelling place of God and His Sanctuary.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

This Wilderness is the Quiet Desert of the Godhead. All there is so still and mysterious . . . There is nothing there but God only.

The Divine Abyss can be fathomed by no creatures; it can be filled by none . . . God only can fill it in His Infinity. For this Abyss belongs only to the Divine Abyss, of which it is written: *Abyssus abyssum invocat*. He who is truly conscious of this ground, which shone into the powers of his soul, and lighted and inclined its lowest and highest powers to turn to their pure Source and true Origin, must diligently examine himself, and remain alone, listening to the voice which cries in the wilderness of this ground. This ground is so desert and bare, that no thought has ever entered there . . . It is so close and yet so far off, and so far beyond all things, that it has neither time nor place. It is a simple and unchanging condition. A man who really and truly enters, feels as though he had been here throughout eternity and as though he were one therewith.

JOHN TAULER 1300

TRANSLATED BY A. W. HUTTON

His spirit is as it were sunk and lost in the Abyss of the Deity, and loses the consciousness of all creature-distinctions. All things are gathered together in one with the divine sweetness, and the man's being is so penetrated with the divine substance that he loses himself therein, as a drop of water is lost in a cask of strong wine. And thus the man's spirit is so sunk in God in divine union, that he loses all sense of distinction, and there remains a secret still union, without cloud or colour.

JOHN TAULER

RUNES AND CHARMS

THE RUNE OF THE PEAT FIRE

The ceremony of 'Smoothing the Fire,' is artistic and symbolic, and is performed with loving care. . . .

The first peat is laid down in name of the God of Life, the second in name of the God of Peace, the third in name of the God of Grace. The circle is then covered over with ashes . . . in name of the Three of Light. The heap is called 'Tula nan Tri,' the Hearth of the Three.

An Tri numh
A chumhnadh
A chomhnadh
A chromraig
An tula
An taighe
An teaghlaich
An oidhche
An nochd
O! an oidhche
An nochd
Agus gach oidhche
Gach aon oidhche

The sacred Three
To save
To shield
To surround
The hearth
The house
The household
This eve
This night
Oh! this eve
This night
And every night
Each single night

Amen.

Amen.

TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER CARMICHAEL

A Rune still used by the Islanders of Aran in Galway asking the intervention of Mary and Brigit.

Between us and the Fairy Hosts,
Between us and the Hosts of the Wind,

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Between us and the drowning water,
Between us and heavy temptations,
Between us and the shame of the world,
Between us and the death of captivity.

TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE

A HIGHLAND INVOCATION FOR PROTECTION

From every brownie and banshee,
From every evil wish and sorrow,
From every nymph and water-wraith,
From every fairy-mouse and grass-mouse,
From every troll among the hills,
From every siren hard pressing me,
From every ghoul within the glens,
Oh! Save me till the end of my day,
Oh! Save me till the end of my day.

TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER CARMICHAEL

EXORCISM OF THE EVIL EYE

Power of wind I have over it,
Power of wrath I have over it,
Power of fire I have over it,
Power of thunder I have over it,
Power of lightning I have over it,
Power of storms I have over it,
Power of moon I have over it,
Power of sun I have over it,
Power of stars I have over it,
Power of firmament I have over it,
Power of the heavens
And of the worlds I have over it.

Ibid.

RUNES AND CHARMS

A FRITH CHARM OF THE HEBRIDES

I go out in thy path, O God; God be before me, God be behind me, God be in my track: the knowledge that Mary made for her Son, Brigit breathed through her palms; knowledge of truth, without knowledge of falsehood. As she obtained her quest so may I too, see the semblance of that which I am myself in quest of.

TRANSLATED BY GEORGE HENDERSON

This chant is attributed to St. Columba as he fled by night from the Court of Tara; and for hundreds of years it was repeated by those who travelled in danger.

Alone am I on the mountain,
O royal Sun! prosper my path
And then I shall have nothing to fear. . . .
Were I guarded by six thousand,
In no fortress could I be safe . . .
Even in a church the wicked are slain,
Even in an isle amidst a lake;
But God's elect are safe. . . .
No man can kill me before my day
And no man can save my life
When the hour of death has come.
My life!
As God pleases let it be.
The lot which God has given
Ere a man dies must be lived out. . . .

O living God!
There is no omen that can tell our fate,
Nor bird upon the branch
Nor trunk of gnarled oak. . . .

My Druid is Christ, the Son of God.

MONTALEMBERT

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

PRAYER FOR LONG LIFE

I invoke the seven Daughters of the Sea,
Who fashion the threads of the sons of long life.
May three deaths be taken from me!
May three periods of age be granted to me!
May seven waves of good fortune be dealt to me!
Phantoms shall not harm me on my journey! . . .
May old age come to me! Death shall not find me till I am old . . .

May my double be destroyed!
May my strength be increased!
Let not my gravestone be raised;
May death not meet me on my way;
May my journey be secured! . . .
Let increase of time be to me from the King of the
Universe! . . .

May my seven candles not be extinguished!
I am an indestructible stronghold,
I am an unshaken rock,
I am a precious stone,
I am the luck of the week.
May I live a hundred times a hundred years, each hundred of them
apart!
I summon to me their good gifts.
May the grace of the Holy Spirit be upon me!

ASCRIBED TO ABBOT CONRY OF WESTMEATH 762
TRANSLATED BY KUNO MEYER

A CHARM AGAINST ENEMIES

Three things are of the Evil One —
An evil eye;
An evil tongue;
An evil mind.

RUNES AND CHARMS

Three things are of God, and these three are what Mary told
to her Son, for she heard them in heaven —

The merciful word,
The singing word,
And the good word.

May the power of these three holy things be on all the men
and women of Erin for evermore.

ANCIENT IRISH CHARM
EDITED BY LADY WILDE

A CHARM AGAINST SORROW

A charm set by Mary for her Son, before the fair man and the
turbulent woman laid Him in the grave.

The charm of Michael with the shield,
Of the palm-branch of Christ,
Of Bridget with her veil.

The charm which God set for Himself when the divinity
within Him was darkened.

A charm to be said by the Cross when the night is black and
the soul is heavy with sorrow.

A charm to be said at sunrise, with the hands on the breast,
when the eyes are red with weeping, and the madness of grief is
strong. A charm that has no words, only the silent prayer.

Ibid.

A CHARM AGAINST DROWNING

May Christ and His Saints stand between you and harm.

Mary and her Son,
St. Patrick with his staff,
Martin with his mantle,
Bridget with her veil,
Michael with his shield.

And God over all with His strong right hand.

Ibid.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

'God save thee, Michael archangel! God save thee.'

'What aileth thee, O man?'

'A headache and a sickness and a weakness of the heart. O Michael, archangel, canst thou cure me, O angel of the Lord?'

'May three things cure thee, O man:

'May the shadow of Christ fall on thee! May the garment of Christ cover thee! May the breath of Christ breathe on thee! And when I come again thou wilt be healed.'

Ibid.

WHEN RISING AT MORN

I rise up with God;
May God rise with me,
God's hand round about me,
Sitting and lying
And rising of me.

ON COVERING THE TURF FIRE

I save this fire as kind Christ saves,
Mary at the two ends of the house
And Brigit at the middle.
All that there are of angels
And of saints in the City of Graces
Protecting and keeping
The folk of this house till day.

TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE

RUNES AND CHARMS

There is an old Gaelic belief that Christ comes often in the guise of a stranger, a beggar or a leper.

RUNE OF HOSPITALITY

I saw a stranger yestreen:
I put food in the eating place,
Drink in the drinking place,
Music in the listening place:
And, in the sacred name of the Triune
He blessed myself and my house,
My cattle and my dear ones.
And the lark said in her song,
 Often, often, often,
Goes the Christ in the stranger's guise;
 Often, often, often,
Goes the Christ in the stranger's guise.

TRANSLATED BY KENNETH MACLEOD

PRAYER

OREMUS. FLECTAMUS GENUA

We are mysterious creatures and need mysterious food.

*HERE THOU HAST WHAT PROFIT IS IN PRAYER,
AND HOW THOU SHALT PRAY*

Right as it is needful to a knight that shall go into battle have with him armour and weapons, right so it is speedful and needful to each Christian man have with him continual prayer; for what of our own frailty . . . we be ever in this world in ghostly battle. . . .

Prayer is a sovereign help to thy soul, comfort and solace to thy good angel.

Prayer is also a needful messenger from each man's Soul to Almighty God in heaven; and namely from that man's Soul which much is troubled and hath no rest. . . .

Prayer is also a needful messenger, to hold the Soul in ghostly comfort, and to increase it and stable it in goodness. . . .

As oft as thou prayest, or whatever thou prayest, put all thy will in God's will . . . desiring evermore in each asking His will to be fulfilled, and no thing thy will. For thou mayst pray and ask something that He will not hear nor grant. . . . Also, it may so be that thou desirest not that is most helping to thy soul, nor to others peradventure for whom thou prayest. . . .

When thou shalt pray thou must pray with full heart; and put away from thee all vanities of the world, all imaginations and

PRAYER

idle thoughts. . . . If thou set thine heart thus in the beginning of thy prayer, thou shalt not, I trow, greatly be let; and though it so be that sometime thou be let with other thoughts, fight against them with all thy busyness, and anon turn to thy prayer.

Furthermore, if thou be used to such devotion, thou shalt fervently desire to love God; and so by God's grace thou shalt soon come to love. Thus then love prayer, if thou wilt come to the love of God.

FROM THE HARLEIAN MS.

DONE INTO MODERN ENGLISH BY FRANCES M. M. COMPER

Prayer can obtain every thing, it can open the windows of heaven and shut the gates of hell; it can put a holy constraint upon God, and detain an Angel till he leave a blessing; it can open the treasures of rain, and soften the iron ribs of rocks, till they melt into tears and a flowing river; prayer can unclasp the girdles of the North, saying to a mountain of ice, be thou removed hence, and cast into the bottom of the Sea; it can arrest the Sun in the midst of his course, and send the swift winged winds upon our errand; and all those strange things and secret decrees and unrevealed transactions which are above the clouds and far beyond the regions of the stars shall combine in ministry and advantages for the praying man.

JEREMY TAYLOR 1613

Yet prayer that does all this, is of itself nothing but an ascent of the mind to God.

Ibid.

Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest; prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts, it is the daughter of charity and the sister of meekness.

Ibid.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Defende and kepe the soul of thy litel seruaunt amonge so many perels of this corruptible lyf and, thy grace goyng with, dresse hym by the way of pes to the countrey of eyer-lasting clerenes.

A PRAYER FOR THE FULFILLING OF THE WILL OF GOD

Grant me thy grace, most merciful Jesus, that it may be with me, and continue with me to the end.

Grant me always to will and desire that which is most acceptable to thee, and which pleaseth thee best.

Let thy will be mine, and let my will always follow thine, and agree perfectly with it.

Let me always will or not will the same with thee; and let me not be able to will or not will any otherwise than as thou wiltest or wiltest not.

Grant that I may die to all things that are in the world, and for thy sake love to be despised, and not to be known in this world.

Grant that I may rest in thee above all things desired, and that my heart may be at peace in thee.

Thou art the true peace of the heart; thou art its only rest; out of thee all things are hard and uneasy.

In this peace that is in thee, the one sovereign eternal Good, I will sleep, and I will rest. Amen.

THOMAS À KEMPIS 1379

And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne. And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God out of the angel's hand. And the angel took the censer, and filled it with fire of the altar, and cast it into the earth: and there were voices, and thunderings, and lightnings, and an earthquake.

Revelation

P R A Y E R

Pater noster, qui es in coelis, sanctificetur nomen tuum; adveniat regnum tuum: fiat voluntas tua, sicut in coelo, et in terra. Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie: et dimitte nobis debita nostra, sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem: sed libera nos a malo. Amen.

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen.

Your fadir woot what is nede to you, bifore that ye axen him. And thus ye schulen pryve.

OUR FADIR that art in hevenys halewid be thi name. Thi kyngdom come to, be thi wil done in erthe as in hevene. Give to us this day oure breed ovir othir Substaunce. And forgive to us our dettis as we forgiven to our dettouris. And lede us not into temptacioun: but delyvere us from yvel. Amen.

WICLIF VERSION 1380

O Padre nostro, che nei cieli stai,
non circoscritto, ma per più amore
che ai primi effetti di lassù tu hai,

laudato sia il tuo nome e il tuo valore
da ogni creatura, com' è degno
di render grazie al tuo dolce vapore.

Vegna ver noi la pace del tuo regno
chè noi ad essa non potem da noi,
s'ella non vien, con tutto nostro ingegno.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Come del suo voler gli angeli tuoi
fan sacrificio a te, cantando *Osanna*,
così facciano gli uomini de' suoi.

Dà oggi a noi la cotidiana manna,
senza la qual per questo aspro deserto
a retro va chi più di gir s'affanna.

E come noi lo mal che avem sofferto
perdoniamo a ciascuno, e tu perdona
benigno, e non guardare al nostro merto.

Nostra virtù che di leggier s' adona,
non spermentar con l' antico avversaro,
ma libera da lui, che sì la sprona.

DANTE 1265

O our Father, who art in Heaven, not circumscribed, but for the greater love which Thou hast to the first works on high, praised be Thy name and Thy power by every creature, as it is meet to render thanks to Thy sweet effluence. May the peace of Thy Kingdom come unto us, for if it come not, we cannot unto it of ourselves, with all our striving. As Thine angels, singing Hosanna, make sacrifice to Thee of their will, so may men make of theirs. Give us this day the daily manna, without which, in this rough desert, he backward goes, who toils most to go on. And as we forgive to each the wrong that we have suffered, even do Thou, benignant, forgive, and regard not our desert. Our virtue, which is easily overcome, put not to proof with the old adversary, but deliver from him who so assails it.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

ORATIO S. BONAVENTURAE

Transfige, dulcissime Domine Jesu, medullas et viscera animae meae suavissimo ac saluberrimo amoris tui vulnere, vera, serenaque

P R A Y E R

et apostolica sanctissima caritate: ut langueat et liquefiat anima mea sole semper amore et desiderio tui, te concupiscat, et deficiat in atria tua, cupiat dissolvi, et esse tecum. Da, ut anima mea te esuriat, panem Angelorum, refectionem animarum sanctarum, panem nostrum quotidianum, supersubstantialem, habentem omnem dulcedinem et saporem, et omne delectamentum suavitatis: te, in quem desiderant Angeli prospicere semper esuriat, et comedat cor meum, et dulcedine saporis tui repleantur viscera animae meae: te semper sitiatur fontem vitae, fontem sapientiae et scientiae, fontem aeterni luminis, torrentem voluptatis, ubertatem domus Dei; te semper ambiat, te quaerat, te inveniat, ad te tendat, ad te perveniat, to meditetur, te loquatur, et omnia operetur in laudem et gloriam nominis tui, cum humilitate et discretione, cum dilectione et delectatione, cum facilitate et affectu, cum perseverantia usque in finem: et tu sis solus semper spes mea, tota fiducia mea, divitiae meae, delectatio mea, jucunditas mea, gaudium meum, quies et tranquillitas mea, pax mea, suavitas mea, odor meus, dulcedo mea, cibus meus, refectio mea, refugium meum, auxilium meum, sapientia mea, portio mea, possessio mea, thesaurus meus, in quo fixa et firma et immobiliter semper sit radicata mens mea, et cor meum. Amen.

ST. BONAVENTURA 13TH CENTURY

O most sweet Lord Jesus, transfix the affections of my inmost soul with that most joyous and most healthful wound of Thy love, with true, serene, most holy apostolic charity; that my soul may ever languish and melt with entire love and longing for Thee. Let it desire Thee, and faint for Thy courts; long to be dissolved and be with Thee. Grant that my soul may hunger after Thee, The Bread of Angels, the refreshment of holy souls, our daily supersubstantial Bread, Who hast all sweetness and savour, and every pleasurable delight. Thee, Whom the Angels desire to look unto, may my heart ever hunger after and feed upon, and may the appetite of my soul be filled with the sweetness of Thy savour. May it ever thirst for Thee, the Fountain of Life, the Fountain of wisdom and knowledge, the Fountain of eternal light,

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

the Torrent of pleasure, the Richness of the House of God. Let it ever compass Thee, seek Thee, find Thee, stretch towards Thee, arrive at Thee, meditate upon Thee, speak of Thee, and do all things to the praise and glory of Thy holy Name, with humility and discretion, with love and delight, with readiness and affection, with perseverance to the end: and be Thou ever my Hope, my whole Confidence, my Richness, my Delight, my Pleasure, my Joy, my Rest and Tranquillity, my Peace, my sweet Savour, my Food, my Refreshment, my Refuge, my Help, my Wisdom, my Portion, my Possession, my Treasure, in Whom my mind and my heart may ever remain fixed and firm, and rooted immovably. Amen.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN KEBLE 1792

Glorious virgine, of alle floures flour,
To thee I flee, confounded in errour!
Help and releve, thou mighty debonaire,
Have mercy on my perilous langour!
Venquished m'hath my cruel adversaire.

Bountee so fix hath in thyn herte his tente,
That wel I wot thou wolt my sucour be

Comfort is noon, but in yow, lady dere. . . .

Ever hath myn hope of refut been in thee,
For heer-biforn ful ofte, in many a wyse,
Hast thou to misericorde receyved me. . . .

Fleeing, I flee for socour to thy tente
Me for to hyde from tempest ful of drede,
Biseching you that ye you not absente,
Though I be wikke. O help yit at this nede! . . .

P R A Y E R

Moises, that saugh the bush with flaumes rede
Brenninge, of which ther never a stikke brende,
Was signe of thyn unwemmed maidenhede.
Thou art the bush on which ther gan descende
The Holy Gost, the which that Moises wende
Had ben a-fyr; and this was in figure.
Now lady, from the fyr thou us defende
Which that in helle eternally shal dure.

Noble princesse, that never haddest pere,
Certes, if any comfort in us be,
That cometh of thee, thou Cristes moder dere,
We han non other melodye or glee
Us to rejoyse in our adversitee.

CHAUCER 1340

EDITED BY W. W. SKEAT

Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum; benedicta tu in mulieribus, et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus. Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostrae. Amen.

Almightie God, the fountayn of all wisdom, which knowest our necessities beefore we aske, and our ignoraunce in asking: we beseeche thee to haue compassion upon our infirmities, and those thynges, which for our unwoorthines we dare not, and for our blindnes we cannot aske, vouchsaue to geue us for the woorthines of thy sonne Jesu Christ our Lorde. Amen.

ANCIENT COLLECT

Daughter of Zeus the Deliverer, O Saviour Fortune, keep watch, I pray, over wide-ruling Himera. Thy power is upon

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

sea and land; by thee swift ships are piloted; and thou guidest men in the assemblies of peace and in the counsels of sudden war.

To and fro toss the hopes of man, cleaving the waste foam-drift of a perfidious sea. No man upon earth has found a sure token from heaven of how it shall fare with him. Warnings of what will come are wrapt in blind darkness.

PINDAR 522 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY F. M. CORNFORD

My soul, divinely moved within me, bade me converse with gods; I prayed without ceasing, lifting my hands to heaven, that there might be graciously vouchsafed me, whether by way of a dream-vision or by a divine inbreathing, something which would enable me to return exultant to Alexandria and to my own native city.

THESSALUS OF TRALLES 50

TRANSLATED BY EDWYN BEVAN

Lead Thou me God, Law, Reason, Motion, Life!

All names alike for Thee are vain and hollow.

Lead me — for I will follow without strife;

Or if I strive, still must I blindly follow.

CLEANTHES 300 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

Inscribed on his Grave

This paternoster of Socrates was reported written more than four centuries before Christ taught the Lord's Prayer.

When Socrates and Phaedrus have discoursed away the noon-day under the plane trees by the Ilissus, they rise to depart toward the city. But Socrates (pointing perhaps to some images of Pan and other sylvan deities) says it is not decent to leave their haunts without praying to them, and he prays:

'O auspicious Pan, and ye other deities of this place, grant to me

PRAYER

to become beautiful *inwardly*, and that all my outward goods may prosper my inner soul. Grant that I may esteem wisdom the only riches, and that I may have so much gold as temperance can handsomely carry.'

'Have we yet aught else to pray for, Phaedrus? For myself I seem to have prayed enough.'

Phaedrus: 'Pray as much for me also: for friends have all in common.'

Socrates: 'Even so be it. Let us depart.'

PLATO 428 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY EDWARD FITZGERALD

SOCRATES' RELIGIOUS PRACTICE

His formula of prayer was simple: 'Give me that which is best for me,' for, said he, 'the gods know best what good things are — to pray for gold or silver or despotic power were no better than to make some particular throw at dice the subject of prayer.'

XENOPHON 435 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY H. G. DAKYNS

Let me not yet enter into the house of clay; have mercy, have mercy!

If I go along trembling like a cloud driven by the wind; have mercy!

Through want of strength have I gone to the wrong shore.

Thirst came upon thy worshipper, *though he stood in the midst of the waters*; have mercy!

VEDIC PRAYER

PRAYER BEFORE STUDY

O Ineffable Creator, who, out of the treasure of thy wisdom, hast ordained three hierarchies of angels, and placed them in wonderful order above the heavens, and hast most wisely distributed

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

the parts of the world; thou, who art called the true fountain of light and wisdom, and the highest beginning, vouchsafe to pour upon the darkness of my understanding, the double beam of thy brightness, removing from me all darkness of sin and ignorance. Thou, who makest eloquent the tongue of the dumb, instruct my tongue, and pour into my lips the grace of thy blessing. Give me quickness of understanding, capacity of retaining, subtilty of interpreting, facility in learning, and copious grace of speaking. Guide my going in, accomplish my going forth through Christ our Lord. Amen.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS 1226
Angel of the Schools

O sweetest love of God, too little known; he who has found thee is at rest . . . Everywhere with Thee, O my God, everywhere all things with Thee; I wish, O my Love, all for Thee, nothing for me — nothing for me, everything for Thee. O my God, how sweet to me is Thy presence, who art the supreme Good! I will draw nigh to Thee in silence . . . that it may please Thee to unite me to Thyself, making my Soul Thy bride . . . O Lord I beseech Thee leave me not for a moment, because I know not the value of mine own Soul.

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS 1522

Teach me, O Lord, and enable me to live the life of saints and angels. Take me out of the languor, the irritability, the sensitiveness, the anarchy, in which my soul lies, and fill it with Thy fulness. Breathe on me with that Breath which infuses energy and kindles fervour. In asking for fervour, I ask for all that I can need, and all that Thou canst give. In asking for fervour, I am asking for faith, hope, and charity, in their most heavenly exercise: I am asking for that loyal perception of duty, which follows on yearning affection: I am asking for sanctity, peace, and joy. Nothing would be a trouble to me, nothing a difficulty, had I but

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fervour of soul. Lord, in asking for fervour, I am asking for Thyself, for nothing short of Thee, O my God. Enter my heart, and fill it with fervour by filling it with Thee.

TAKEN FROM THE *Meditations*
J. H. NEWMAN 1801

TO CHRIST

Wilt thou forgive that sinn, where I begunn,
Which is my sinn, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive those sinns through which I runn
And doe run still, though still I doe deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sinn, by which I've wonne
Others to sinn, and made my sinn their dore?
Wilt thou forgive that sinn which I did shunne
A yeare or twoe, but wallowed in a score?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

I have a sinn of feare that when I have spunn
My last thred, I shall perish on the shore;
Sweare by thy self that at my Death, thy Sonne
Shall shine as he shines nowe, & heretofore;
And having done that, thou hast done,
I feare noe more.

JOHN DONNE 1573

THE SWORD OF SURPRISE

Sunder me from my bones, O sword of God,
Till they stand stark and strange as do the trees;
That I whose heart goes up with the soaring woods
May marvel as much at these.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Sunder me from my blood that in the dark
I hear that red ancestral river run,
Like branching buried floods that find the sea
But never see the sun.

Give me miraculous eyes to see my eyes,
Those rolling mirrors made alive in me,
Terrible crystals more incredible
Than all the things they see.

Sunder me from my soul, that I may see
The sins like streaming wounds, the life's brave beat;
Till I shall save myself, as I would save
A stranger in the street.

G. K. CHESTERTON

Beloved Jesus! Because I count myself to be my own, and say 'I', 'my', 'mine', 'me', and the like, Thou art hindered and cannot do Thy work in me. For this cause my fall and my going astray remain unhealed. Behold! This all cometh of my claiming somewhat for my own. O Jesus, show me Thy face above images and similitudes, uncovered and unveiled. So shall I be blessed indeed and it shall be sufficient for me. Seal me with the Seal of the Kingdom of God. Amen.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

PRAYER TO OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL

O most faithful companion, appointed by God to be my guide and protector, and who is ever at my side, what thanks can I offer thee for thy faithfulness and love, and for all the benefits which thou hast conferred upon me! Thou watchest over me in sleep; thou consolest me when I am sad; thou liftest me up when I fall; thou avertest the dangers that threaten me; thou preparest me for the future; thou withdrawest me from evil and excitest me

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to good . . . Leave me not, then, I entreat thee; but still comfort me in adversity, restrain me in prosperity, defend me in danger, assist me in temptations. Amen.

ROMAN MISSAL

Let not be shut in my soul, let not be fettered my shadow; let a way be opened for my soul and for my shadow, and let them see the Great God.

Egyptian Book of the Dead

TRANSLATED BY E. A. WALLIS BUDGE

O Thou who lovest me so much, Jesus my hidden God, hear my prayer. May Thy good pleasure be my pleasure, my passion and my love. Grant me to seek it—to find it. Show me Thy ways, Thy paths; make known to me Thy design, and give me grace to follow them. Indifferent to all that passes away may I love all that is of Thee. Make bitter every joy which comes not from Thee; delightful every labour undertaken for Thee; unbearable all rest which is not sought in Thee. At every hour may my soul wing its flight towards Thee. Cause me to feel that every work which is not done for Thee is useless and dead. O Jesus, let me be without self-seeking in my humility, without despondency in sadness, without harshness in austerity. Grant that I may speak without dissimulation, reprove without anger and obey without questioning, suffer without murmuring. Jesus Christ! I ask a heart captivated by Thee, which no sight nor sound may distract from Thee, a faithful heart which never wavers or is afraid, a dauntless heart, ever ready to renew the battle after each defeat, a free heart never enslaved. Grant, dear Lord Jesus, that, eager to know Thee, ardent in seeking Thee, my mind may know how to find Thee. May I always, confiding and calm, await Thy answer and tranquilly repose on Thy Word. Load me with the gifts of the Spirit during my exile here and inebriate my soul with Thy Joy. Amen.

ATTRIBUTED TO ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Alläh! Alläh! We have lit this light — the pride of all Darvishes, for the love of God — the love of the Lord of both worlds — the seal of all prophets — the love of Him who gives water from the fountain of Kausar in Paradise.

Light of the saints! light of the heavens! May this spot be like the mountain of Sinai, where Moses saw the divine light, and worshipped it! Whenever thou art lit, may the lighter offer up a prayer for Muhammad and 'Alī!

PRAYER OF THE BĀQTASHĪ
TRANSLATED BY JOHN P. BROWN

AN EARLY PAGAN PRAYER

May I be no man's enemy, and may I be the friend of that which is eternal and abides. May I never quarrel with those nearest to me; and if I do, may I be reconciled quickly. May I never devise evil against any man; if any devise evil against me, may I escape uninjured and without the need of hurting him. May I love, seek and attain only that which is good. May I wish for all men's happiness and envy none. May I never rejoice in the ill-fortune of one who has wronged me. . . . When I have done or said what is wrong, may I never wait for the rebuke of others, but always rebuke myself until I make amends. . . . May I win no victory that harms either me or my opponent. May I reconcile friends who are wroth with one another. May I, to the extent of my power, give all needful help to my friends and to all who are in want. May I never fail a friend in danger. When visiting those in grief may I be able by gentle and healing words to soften their pain . . . May I respect myself. May I always keep tame that which rages within me. May I accustom myself to be gentle, and never be angry with people because of circumstances. May I never discuss who is wicked and what wicked things he has done, but know good men and follow in their footsteps.

ASCRIBED BY STOBÆUS TO EUSEBIUS 264
TRANSLATED BY GILBERT MURRAY

PRAYER

How unpretending is this prayer and yet how searching! And in the whole there is no petition for any material blessing, and — most striking of all — it is addressed to no personal god. It is pure prayer. No one man's attitude towards the Uncharted can be quite the same as his neighbours. . . . The son shrugs his shoulders at the watchwords that thrilled his father . . . and writes out for himself the manuscript of his creed. Yet, even for the wildest or bravest rebel, that manuscript is only a palimpsest. On the surface all is new writing, clean and self-assertive. Underneath, dim but indelible in the very fibres of the parchment, lie the characters of many ancient aspirations and raptures and battles which his conscious mind has rejected or utterly forgotten. And forgotten things, if there be real life in them, will sometimes return out of the dust, vivid to help still in the forward groping of humanity.

GILBERT MURRAY

The assembled prayer, the united cry that rises from the oppressed of the world, is itself grown to be a god, and the greatest god.

Ibid.

This sort goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.

O great and incomprehensible God, Thou who fillest all things, be Thou my heaven in which my New Birth in CHRIST JESUS may dwell. Let my spirit be the stringed instrument, harmony, sound, and joy of Thy Holy Spirit. Strike the strings in me . . . and carry through my harmony into Thy divine kingdom of joy, in the great love of God, in the wonders of Thy glory and majesty, in the communion of the holy angelical harmony. . . . Into thee I wholly plunge myself, do with me what Thou pleasest. Amen.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

O Thou breaker-through-death, assist me, I beseech Thee, I cannot, I am able to do nothing! I am dead in myself, and have no strength before Thee, in myself I am become a fool; I am naked and bare; my shame stands before mine eyes. What shall I say before Thee, who art the Judge of all the world? I have nothing to bring before Thee.

O Thou breath of the great love of God, quicken I beseech Thee my weak breath in me, that it may begin to hunger and thirst after Thee. O Lord Jesus, Thou sweet strength, I beseech Thee give my soul to drink of Thy fountain of grace, Thy sweet water of eternal life, that it may awake from death and thirst after Thee. O how extreme fainting I am for want of Thy strength! O merciful God, do Thou turn me I beseech thee, I cannot turn myself. I beseech Thee come and take the desire of my soul into Thyself. I pray thee, do Thou but clothe that breath which yet liveth in me and panteth after Thy grace; and so shall I yet see Thy salvation.

Commending ourselves to God when we rise, before we suffer any other thing to enter into us.

Bless me, O God, the Father Son and Holy Ghost, Thou only true God. I thank Thee for Thy preservation of me, and for all other benefits. I now commend myself, both soul and body, and all that Thou hast set me to do in my employment or calling, into Thy protection. Be Thou the beginning of my conceptions, my undertakings, and all my doings. Work Thou so in me, that I may begin all things to the glory of Thy name, and accomplish them in Thy love for the good and service of my neighbour. Bless me, and all that I am to go about and do this day. Let Thy Holy Spirit guide me in my beginning, and my progress, on to my last end, and be the willing, working, and accomplishing of all in me. Amen.

PRAYER

When we have finished our daily employment, and are going to rest.

I lift my heart to Thee, O God, Thou Fountain of Eternal Life, and give Thee thanks through Jesus Christ Thy beloved Son, for having protected and preserved me this day from all mischief that might have befallen me. I commend to Thy disposal my condition and employment, together with the work of my hands, and humbly repose them on Thee. Let my mind only delight in Thee in Thy temple, and let Thy good angel stay with me, that I may rest safely in Thy power, and under Thy protection. Amen.

I, a poor unworthy creature, come before Thee, O great and holy God, and lift up mine eyes to Thee . . . And though it is but a strange child which was disobedient unto Thee, yet now it desireth to be obedient; and doth now infold itself with its desire into that Word which became man, which became flesh and blood, and hath opened a gate for my soul to the clear face of Thy strength and power.

And he shall find all that he can ask, and that as deep as the mind of man is able to reach.

JACOB BOEHME-1575

Thou Brightness of eternal glory, Thou Comfort of the Pilgrim Soul, with Thee is my tongue without voice and my very silence speaketh unto Thee. Come, O come; for without Thee I shall have no joyful day or hour; for Thou art my joy, and without Thee my table is empty. Praise and glory be unto Thee: let my mouth, my soul, praise and bless Thee. Amen.

THOMAS À KEMPIS

MODERN HINDU PRAYER

Whatsoever hath been made, God made. Whatsoever is to be made, God will make. . . .

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

He is my God, who maketh all things perfect. Meditate upon him in whose hands are life and death.

He is my God, who created heaven, earth, hell, and the intermediate space; who is the beginning and end of all creation; and who provideth for all. . . .

O foolish one! God is not far from you. He is near you. You are ignorant, but he knoweth everything, and is careful in bestowing.

Whatever is the will of God, will assuredly happen; therefore do not destroy yourselves by anxiety, but listen. . . .

God is my clothing and my dwelling. He is my ruler, my body and my soul. . . .

O God, thou who art the truth, grant me contentment, love, devotion and faith. Thy servant Dadu prayeth for true patience and that he may be devoted to thee.

DADU

FOUNDER OF THE DADAPANTHI SECT. ABOUT 1600

TRANSLATED BY F. MAX MÜLLER

O Lord, my God! the amazing horrors of darkness were gathered round me, and covered me all over, and I saw no way to go forth; I felt the depth and extent of the misery of my fellow-creatures separated from the Divine Harmony, and it was heavier than I could bear, and I was crushed down under it: I lifted up my hand, I stretched out my arm, but there was none to help me; I looked round about, and was amazed. In the depths of misery, O Lord, I remembered that Thou art omnipotent; that I had called Thee Father; and I felt that I loved Thee, and I was made quiet in my will, and I waited for deliverance from Thee. Thou hadst pity upon me, when no man could help me; I saw that meekness under suffering was showed to us in the most affecting example of Thy Son, and Thou taughtest me to follow Him, and I said, 'Thy will, O Father, be done!'

JOHN WOOLMAN 1720

PRAYER

For thirty years I have prayed as though every prayer that I performed were the last prayer of all, and I have become so detached from mankind that, for fear lest any one should distract my mind from God, I cry at sunrise, 'O God! make me busy with Thee, that they may not make me busy with them.'

ASCRIBED TO RÁBÍ'A AL-'ADAWIYA BY FARÍDU'DDIN 'ATTÁR 1200

TRANSLATED BY R. A. NICHOLSON

PRAYER BEFORE SLEEP

Lord Jesus Christ, I accept this sleep in the spirit of love with which thou didst sanctify it when thou didst deign to sleep in thy most sacred humanity, to the glory of God the Father, and for the salvation of all mankind. Amen.

ST. GERTRUDE *circa* 1250

PRAYER WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES THE HOUR

O Most sweet Jesus, I commend to thy divine Heart all that I have done in the hour that is gone, to be cleansed and purified, and offered to God the Father for his eternal praise. And whatsoever I shall do in the hour that is beginning, I resolve to do simply and purely for the glory of God. Amen.

Ibid.

Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.

1 *Corinthians*

A CHILD'S GRACE

Here a little child I stand
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat and on us all. Amen.

ROBERT HERRICK 1591

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

BENEDICTIONS

Let not a man taste anything until he pronounces a Benediction, for it is said: 'The Lord's is the earth, and the fullness thereof; the world and they that dwell in it.'

If they have brought before him different kinds of dessert he says this Benediction over them: 'Thou that createst different kinds of sweetmeats.' Over the seeds he says: 'Thou that createst different kinds of seeds.' And over the herbs he says: 'Thou that createst different kinds of herbs.' And over the vegetables he says: 'Thou that createst the fruit of the ground.'

TRACTATE BERAKOTH

TRANSLATED BY A. LUKYN WILLIAMS

At shooting stars, and at earthquakes, and at lightnings, and at thunder, and at winds one says: 'Blessed be He whose power filleth the world.' At mountains and hills, at seas and rivers and at deserts he says: 'Blessed be the Maker of the works of creation.' He who sees the Great Sea says: 'Blessed be He who made the Great Sea.'

He who sees one has lost a limb, or a lame man, or a blind man, says: 'Blessed be He that judgeth in truth.' If one sees beautiful persons and beautiful trees he says: 'Blessed be He who has beautiful creatures thus in His world.' He who sees the bow in the cloud says: 'Blessed be He who is faithful in His covenant, remembering the covenant.' If one walks in a burial-ground one says: 'Blessed be He who knows the number of you all; He will judge you; He will raise you up. Blessed be He who is faithful in His word, restoring the dead to life.' He who sees the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the planets, says 'Blessed be He who maketh the things of Creation.'

Ibid.

He that entereth into a town prays two prayers, one on his entrance and one on his exit. . . . What does he say on his entrance?

PRAYER

'May it be pleasing before Thee, O Lord our God, that Thou wilt cause me to enter this town in peace.' If he has entered in peace he says: 'I acknowledge before Thee that Thou hast caused me to enter in peace. May it be pleasing before Thee, O Lord my God, that thou wilt bring me out of this town in peace.' If he has gone out in peace he says: 'I acknowledge before Thee, O Lord my God, that Thou hast brought me out of this town in peace, and even as Thou hast brought me out in peace so mayest Thou cause me to walk in peace and mayest uphold me in peace until I reach my home.'

Ibid.

O Lord God, in whose hand are the wills and affections of men, kindle in my mind holy desires, and repress sinful and corrupt imaginations: enable me to love Thy commandments, and to desire Thy promises. Let me, by Thy protection and influence, so pass through things temporal, as finally not to lose things eternal: and, among the hopes and fears, the pleasures and sorrows, the dangers and deliverances, and all the changes of this life, let my heart be surely fixed, by the help of Thy Holy Spirit, on the everlasting fruition of Thy presence, where true joys are to be found. Grant, O Lord, these petitions. Forgive whatever I have done contrary to Thy laws, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

SAMUEL JOHNSON 1709

Show Thy mercy to me, O Lord, to glad my heart withal. Let me find Thee, for whom I long. Lo, here the man that was caught of thieves, wounded, and left for half dead, as he was going towards Jerico. Thou kind-hearted Samaritan, take me up. I am the sheep that is gone astray. O good Shepherd, seek me out, and bring me home to Thy fold again. Deal favourably with me according to Thy good pleasure, that I may dwell in Thy house all the days of my life, and praise Thee for ever and ever with them that are there. Amen.

ST. JEROME *circa* 331

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

O Lord, teach us to ask Thee aright for the right blessings. Steer Thou the vessel of our life toward Thyself, Thou tranquil Haven of all storm-tossed Souls. Show us the course wherein we should go. Let Thy Spirit curb our wayward senses, and guide and enable us unto that which is our true good, to keep Thy laws, and in all our works to rejoice in Thy glorious and gladdening Presence. Amen.

ST. BASIL 379

All-seeing Light and Eternal Life of all things, look upon my misery with Thine eye of mercy, and let Thine infinite power vouchsafe to limit out some portion of deliverance unto me, as unto Thee shall seem most convenient. O my God I yield unto Thy will, and joyfully embrace what sorrow Thou wilt have me suffer. Only this much let me crave of Thee — let me crave even by the noblest title, which is my greatest affliction I may give myself, that I am Thy creature, and by Thy goodness, that Thou wilt suffer some beam of Thy Majesty so to shine into my mind, that it may still depend confidently on Thee. Amen.

PHILIP SIDNEY 1554

Lord, I shall be verie busie this day:
I may forget Thee, but doe not Thou forget me!

JACOB ASTLEY

Prayer before the Battle of Newbury

PRAYER TAUGHT BY A ROMANY WOMAN TO HER GRANDSON

Little bird of Sparadise,
Do the work of Jesu Chrise,
Go by sea, go by lan',
Go by Goddes holy han'.

God make me a branch and flower,
May the Lord send us all a happy hour.

Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society

PRAYER

Every creature hath some kind of sense of its state; it feeleth its weakness, its wants, its misery. It hath some sense of that Power from which it came . . . who is leading it some whither; and it cannot but cry and complain to this Power according to what it feels and desires. The young Ravens cry to it for food. The whole creation groaneth and panteth to it, to be delivered from its bondage. Man, as he hath a clearer light than these, so he hath more clear addresses to it.

By prayer I do not mean any bodily exercise of the outward man; but the going forth of the Spirit of Life towards the Fountain of Life. . . . The natural tendency of the poor, rent, derived Spirit towards the Fountain of Spirits.

To retire inwardly and wait to feel somewhat of the Lord — somewhat of His Holy Spirit and power — discovering and drawing from that which is contrary to Him, and into His holy nature and heavenly image.

True prayer is the breathing of the child to the Father which begat it, from the sense of its wants, for the supply of these wants.

ISAAC PENINGTON 1617

And hark, the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea;
So lonely 'twas, that God Himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company! —

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

To walk together to the kirk
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

S. T. COLERIDGE 1772

It is reported that our master and your patron the Blessed Bede said, 'I know that angels visit the canonical houses and the congregations of the brethren. What if they should not find me among the brethren? Would they not have to say, Where is Bede? Why does he not come with the brethren to the appointed prayers?'

ALCUIN OF YORK 735

WRITING TO THE MONKS OF WEARMOUTH

TRANSLATED BY G. F. BROWNE

It must be held, I think, as Emerson so well puts it, that there is 'no bar or wall in the soul' separating God and man. We lie open on one side of our nature to God, who is the Oversoul of our souls, the Overmind of our minds, the Overperson of our personal selves. There are deeps in our consciousness which no primitive plumb-line of our own can sound; there are heights in our moral conscience which no ladder of our human intelligence can scale; there are spiritual hungers, longings, yearnings, passions, which find no explanation in terms of our physical inheritance or of our outside

PRAYER

world. We touch upon the coasts of a deeper universe, not yet explored or mapped, but no less real and certain than this one in which our mortal senses are at home. We cannot explain our normal selves or account for the best things we know — even for condemnation of our poorer, lower self — without an appeal to and acknowledgment of a divine Guest and Companion who is the real presence of our central being. How shall we best come into conscious fellowship with God and turn this environing presence into a positive source of inner power, and of energy for the practical tasks and duties of daily life?

RUFUS M. JONES

Prayer as a sacrament is an expression of what appears also in sacrifice, in the praise of God, in cults, hymns, and best of all in silent meditation: the opening of the consciousness to the influences which are awaiting liberation in the innermost depths of the soul, which, when liberated, connect the spirit directly with God. The means in themselves are indifferent. The Hindu knows this, and this knowledge imparts the same sacramental nature to all the manifestations of his religiosity, be they spiritualized or naive. Whence has he got this knowledge? From his nursery. The first thing which an Indian mother teaches her child is the art of meditation, the submersion at will into the highest which it can conceive. Once it has learned this art, then it does not require any exterior apparatus, no church atmosphere, no belief in dogma, no seclusion to enter into communication with God. And thus, you can see children on the Ganges in the midst of the noise, the traffic, in spite of all the foreigners who stare at them stupidly as they pass by, fervently absorbed in their divinity, imperturbable and calm when the hour of prayer has come. And the art which the child has acquired, the grown-up learns slowly to understand, if not with his intellect, at any rate with his heart. He knows from experience what matters; he knows the exaltation which is produced by the liberation of the fundamental forces of life; the whole of his education was directed towards teaching him

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

how to differentiate between the essential and the inessential . . .
and that all concepts of faith have the sole object of giving an aid
to men to become conscious of their deepest selves.

KEYSERLING

TRANSLATED BY J. HOLROYD REECE

Ballade que Villon fait à la requeste de sa mère pour prier Nostre-Dame.

Femme je suis povrette et ancienne,
Qui rien ne sçay; oncques lettre ne leuz;
Au moustier voy dont je suis paroissienne
Paradis paint, ou son harpes & luz,
Et ung enfer où dampnez sont boulluz:
L'ung me faict paour, l'autre joye & liesse.
La joye avoir me fay, haulte Deese,
A qui pecheurs doivent tous recourir,
Comblez de foy, sans fainte ne paresse.
En ceste foy je vueil vivre & mourir.

FRANCOIS VILLON 1431

PRAYER OF THE OLD WOMAN, VILLON'S MOTHER

Mother of God that's Lady of the Heavens, take myself, the poor
sinner, the way I'll be along with them that's chosen.

Let you say to your own Son that He'd have a right to forgive
my share of sins, when it's the like He's done, many's the day,
with big and famous sinners. I'm a poor aged woman, was never
at school, and is no scholar with letters, but I've seen pictures in the
chapel with Paradise on one side, and harps and pipes in it, and the
place on the other side, where sinners do be boiled in torment; the
one gave me great joy, and the other a great fright and scaring; let
me have the good place, Mother of God, and it's in your faith I'll
live always.

PRAYER

It's yourself that bore Jesus, that has no end or death, and He the Lord Almighty, that took our weakness and gave Himself to sorrows, a young and gentle man. It's Himself is our Lord surely, and it's in that faith I'll live always.

PARAPHRASED BY J. M. SYNGE 1871

Go, sweep out the chamber of your heart.
Make it ready to be the dwelling-place of the Beloved.
When you depart out, He will enter in.
In you, void of yourself, will He display His beauty.

MAHMUD SHABISTARA

TRANSLATED BY E. H. WHINFIELD

O God, deliver us from preoccupation with worldly vanities, and show us the nature of things 'as they really are.' Remove from our eyes the veil of ignorance, and show us things as they really are. Show not to us non-existence as existent, nor cast the veil of non-existence over the beauty of existence. Make this phenomenal world the mirror to reflect the manifestations of Thy beauty, and not a veil to separate and repel us from Thee. Cause these unreal phenomena of the universe to be for us the sources of knowledge and insight, and not the cause of ignorance and blindness. Our alienation and severance from Thy beauty all proceed from ourselves. Deliver us from ourselves, and accord to us intimate knowledge of Thee.

The Larwaih of Jâmi

(THE PERSIAN MYSTIC JÂMÍ 1414)

TRANSLATED BY E. H. WHINFIELD

I drew in a breath and held it fast,
Then sent it forth again;
And spake six times and ten
The holy word of Om.
Thou and I are twain no longer: . . .
As water joins itself with water,
So am I one with God.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

Thus speaks Jai-dev:
I am wedded by prayer and name to Thee,
Jai-dev: Victorious Lord.

JAI-DEV 1150

TRANSCRIBED BY PAUL ALTHAUS

TRANSLATED BY R. T. GRIBBLE

O Jesu, Lord of Love . . . who art greater than all angels, cherubims and men, let my love unto Thee be as strong as Death, and so deep that no waters may be able to drown it. O let it be ever endless and invincible! . . . O that no torments . . . no allurements might divide me from Thee. Let the length and breadth and height and depth of my love unto Thee be like Thine unto me. Let undrainable fountains, and unmeasurable abysses be hidden in it. Let it be more vehement than flame, more abundant than the sea, more constant than the candle in Aaron's Tabernacle that burned day and night. . . . O let it be a perpetual fire on the altar of my heart, and let my Soul itself be Thy living sacrifice.

TRAHERNE 1620

EDITED BY BERTRAM DOBELL

TO RAIN AS A HEALING POWER

'Come, O Clouds, from up above, down on the earth, by thousands of drops, by myriads of drops' — thus say, O holy Zarathustra! 'to destroy sickness, to destroy death, to destroy the sickness that kills . . . If death come after noon, may healing come at eve! If death come at eve, may healing come at night! If death come at night, may healing come at dawn! And showers shower down new water, new earth, new plants, new healing powers.'

ZOROASTER *circa* 800 B.C.

TRANSLATED BY JAMES DARMESTETER

PRAYER

PRAYER FOR REPENTANCE

All that I ought to have thought and have not thought, all that I ought to have said and have not said, all that I ought to have done and have not done, all that I ought to have ordered and have not ordered, all that I ought not to have thought and yet have thought, all that I ought not to have spoken and yet have spoken, all that I ought not to have done and yet have done, all that I ought not to have ordered and yet have ordered; for thoughts, words, and works, bodily and spiritual, earthly and heavenly, pray I for forgiveness, and repent of it.

ZOROASTER

TRANSLATED BY A. H. BLEECK

O my Lord, the stars are shining and the eyes of men are closed, and kings have shut their doors and every lover is alone with his beloved, and here am I alone with Thee.

ASCRIBED TO RĀBĪ'A BY AL-GHAZALĪ

TRANSLATED BY MARGARET SMITH

O God, the night has passed and the day has dawned. How I long to know if Thou hast accepted my prayers or if Thou hast rejected them. Therefore console me for it is Thine to console this state of mine. Thou hast given me life and cared for me and Thine is the glory. If Thou wert to drive me from Thy door, yet would I not forsake it, for the love that I bear in my heart towards Thee.

Ibid.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS

With Amen for a signet let us seal the Mystery of Life

All Angels and Archangels, the Cherubims with many eyes, and the Seraphims covered with wings, from the terror and amazement of Thy Brightest Glory; these and all the Powers of Heaven do perpetually sing praises to the Eternal God. With these Holy and Blessed Spirits, I also Thy servant, O Thou great lover of Souls, humbly offer up my heart and voice to join in this blessed Quire, and confess the Glories of the Lord. For Thou art Holy, and of Thy Greatness there is no end. O that men would praise the Lord and declare the wonders that He hath done for the children of men.
AMEN





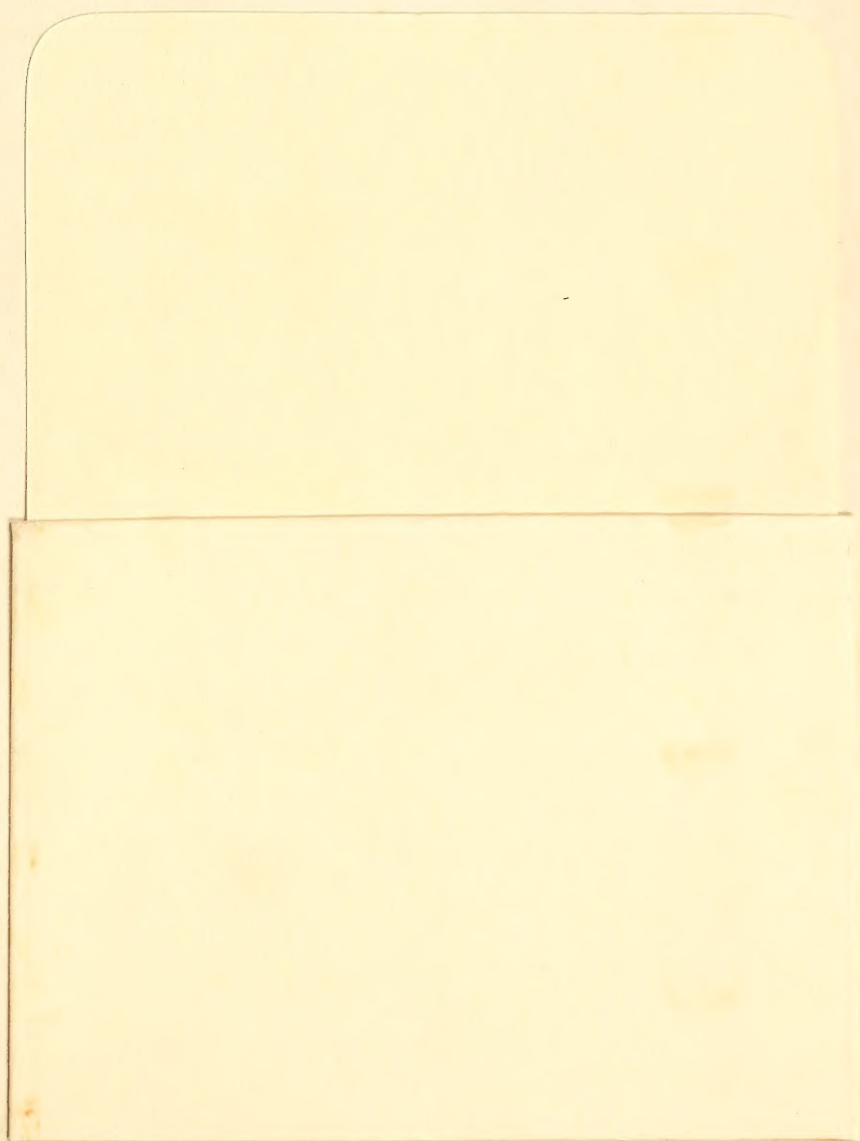
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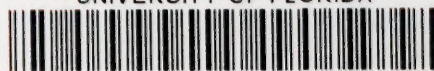
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